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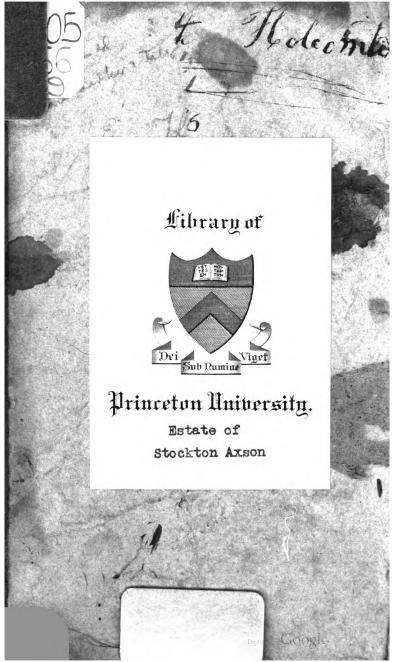
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ENGLISH READER;

PIECES A PROSE AND POETRY,

CTED FROM THE BEST WRITERS.

CA CONTROL

LANGUAGE AND SENTIMENTS;

NO TO INCULCATE SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PRINCIPLES OF

PIETY AND VIRTUE.

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WITH A FEW PRELIMINARY OF and prons

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ON THE PRINCIPLES OF GOO other ADING

BY LINDLEY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH GRAMMAR, ADAPTED TO THE DIFFERENT CLASSES OF LEARNERS," &C.

ELEVENTH EDITION, CORRECTED.

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PREFACE.

MANY selections of excellent matter have lately been made for the benefit of young persons. Performances of this kind are of so great utility, that fresh productions of them, and new attempts to improve the young mind, will scarcely be deemed superstands, if the writer make his compilation instructive and interesting and sufficiently distinct from others. The present work, as the title expresses, aims at the attainment of three objects to improve youth in the art of reading to meliorate their language and septiments; and to inculcate some of the most important panelles of piety and virtue.

The pieces felected, not only give exercise to a great variety of emotions, and the correspondent tones and variations of voice, but contain fentences and members of fentences, which are diversified, proportioned, and pointed with accur-Exercises of this nature are, it is presumed, well calculated to teach youth to read with propriety and effect. A Selection of sentences, in which variety and proportion, with exact punctuation, have been carefully observed, in all their parts as well as with respect to one another, will probably have a much greater effect, in properly teaching the art of reading, than is commonly imagined. In fuch constructions, every thing is accommodated to the understanding and the voice; and the common difficulties in learning to read well, are obviated. When the learner has acquired a habit of reading fuch fentences, with justness and facility, he will Feadily apply that habit, and the improvements he has made. to fentences more complicated and irregular, and of a con. }ftruction entirely different.

The language of the pieces chosen for this collection, has been carefully regarded. Purity, propriety, perspicuity, and, in many instances, elegance of diction, distinguish them. They are extracted from the works of the most correct and relegant writers. From the sources whence the sentiments

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are drawn, the reader may expect to find them connected and regular, sufficiently important and impressive, and divested of every thing that is either trite or eccentric. The frequent perusal of such composition, naturally tends to insufe a taste for this species of excellence; and to produce a habit of thinking, and of composing, with judgment and accuracy.*

That this collection may also serve the purpose of promoting piety and virtue, the Compiler has introduced many extracts, which place religion in the most annable light; and which recommend a great variety of moral duties, by the excellence of their nature, and the happy effects which they produce. These subjects are exhibited in a style and manner, which are calculated to arrest the attention of youth; and to make strong and durable impressions on their minds t

The Compiler has been careful to avoid every expression and fentiment, that might gratify a corrupt mind, or, in the least degree, offend the eye or ear of innocence. conceives to be peculiarly incumbent on every person who writes for the benefit of youth. It would, indeed, be a great and happy improvement in education, if no writings were allowed to come under their notice, but fuch as are perfectly innocent; and if, on all proper occasions, they were encouraged to perule those which tend to inspire a due reverence for virtue, and an abhorrence of vice, as well as to animate them with fentiments of piety and goodness. Such impresfions deeply engraven on their minds, and connected with all their attainments, could scarcely fail of attending them through life; and of producing a folidity of principle and character, that would be able to resist the danger arising from future intercourse with the world.

The Author has endeavoured to relieve the grave and ferious parts of his collection, by the occasional admission of

^{*} The Gramatical Student, in his progress through this work will meet with numerous instances of composition, in strict conformity to the rules for promoting perspicuous and elegant writing contained in the Appendix to the Author's English Grammar. By occasionally examining this conformity, he will be confirmed in the utility of those rules; and be enabled to apply them with ease and dexterity.

[†] In some of the pieces, the Compiler has made a few alterations; chiefly verbal, to adapt them the better to the design of his work.

pieces which amuse as well as instruct. If, however, any of his readers should think it contains too great a proportion of the former, it may be some apology, to observe that, in the existing publications designed for the perusal of young persons, the preponderance is greatly on the side of gay and amusing productions. Too much attention may be paid to this medium of improvement. When the imagination, of youth especially, is much entertained, the sober dictates of the understanding are regarded with indifference; and the influence the good affections, is either seeble, or transient. A tentilerate rule of such entertainment seems therefore remained proper scope for the operations of the understand the heart.

citous remained to young persons, the perusal of the sacred Scriptures, by interspersing through his work, some of the most beautiful and interesting passages of those invaluable writings. To excite an early taste and veneration for this great rule of life, is a point of so high importance, as to warrant the attempt to promote it on every proper occasion.

To improve the young mind, and to afford some assistance to tutors, in the arduous and important work of education, were the motives which led to this production. If the Author should be so successful as to accomplish these ends, even in a small degree, he will think his time and pains well employed, and himself amply rewarded.

My

INTRODUCTION.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRINCIPLES OF GOOD READING.

TO read with propriety is a pleasing and important attainment; productive of improvement both to the understanding and the heart. It is effential to a complete reader, that he minutely perceive the ideas, and enter into the feelings of the author, whose sentiments he professes to repeat : for how is it possible to represent clearly to others, what we have but faint or inaccurate conceptions of ourfelves? If there were no other benefits resulting from the art of reading well, than the necessity it lays us under, of precisely ascertaining the meaning of what we read; and the habit thence acquired, of doing this with facility, both when reading filently and aloud, they would constitute a sufficient compenfation for all the labour we can bestow upon the subject. But the pleasure derived to ourselves and others, from a clear communication of ideas and feelings; and the strong and durable impressions made thereby on the minds of the reader and the audience, are confiderations, which give additional importance to the study of this necessary and use-The perfect attainment of it doubtless requires great attention and practice, joined to extraordinary natural powers: but as there are many degrees of excellence in the art, the student whose aims fall short of perfection, will find himself amply rewarded for every exertion he may think proper to make.

To give rules for the management of the voice in reading, by which the necessary pauses, emphasis, and tones, may be discovered and put in practice, is not possible. After all the directions that can be offered on these points, much will remain to be taught by the living instructor: much will be attainable by no other means, that the force of example in-

NOTE.

For many of the observations contained in this preliminary tract, the Author is indebted to the writings of Dr. Blair, and to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

fluencing the imitative powers of the learner. Some rules and principles on these heads will, however, be found useful, to prevent erroneous and vicious modes of utterance; to give the young reader some taste of the subject; and to affish him in acquiring a just and accurate mode of delivery. The observations which we have to make, for these purposes, may be comprised under the following heads: PROPER LOUDNESS OF VOICE; DISTINCTNESS; SLOWNESS; PROPRIETY OF PRONUNCIATION; EMPHASIS; TONES; PAUSES; and MODE OF READING VERSE.

SECTION I.
Proper Loudness of Voice.

THE first attention of every person who reads to others, doubtless, must be, to make himself be heard by all those to whom he reads. He must endeavour to fill with his voice the space occupied by the company. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is, in a good measure, the gift of nature; but it may receive confiderable affistance from art. Much depends, for this purpose, on the proper pitch and management of the voice. Every person has three pitches in his voice; the HIGH, the MIDDLE, and the Low one. The high, is that which he uses in calling aloud to some person at a distance. The low is, when he approaches to a whifper. The middle is, that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should generally use in reading to others. For it is a great mistake, to imagine that one must take the highest pitch of his voice, in order to be well heard in a large company. This is confounding two things which are different, loudness or strength of sound, with the key or note on which we speak. There is a variety of found within the compass of each key. A speaker may therefore render his voice louder, without altering the key: and we shall always be able to give most body, most persevering force of found, to that pitch of voice, to which in convertation we are accustomed. Whereas by fetting out on our highest pitch or key, we certainly allow ourselves less compass, and are likely to frain our voice before we have done. We shall fatigue ourselves, and read with pain; and whenever a person speaks with pain to himself, he is always heard with pain by his audience. Let us therefore give the voice full strength and swell of

variound; but always pitch it on our ordinary speaking key. It should be a constant rule, never to utter a greater quantity of voice, than we can afford without pain to ourselves, and without any extraordinary effort. As long as we keep within these bounds, the other organs of speech will be at liberty to discharge their several offices with ease; and we shall always have our voice under command. But whenever we transgress these bounds, we give up the reins, and have no longer any management of it. It is a useful rule too, in order to be well heard, to cast our eye on some of the most distant persons in the company, and to consider ourselves as reading to them. We naturally and mechanically utter our words with fuch a degree of strength, as to make our elves be heard by the person whom we address, provided he is within the reach of our voice. As this is the case in converfation, it will hold also in reading to others. But let us remember, that in reading, as well as in conversation, it is posfible to offend by speaking to loud. This extreme hurts the ear, by making the voice come upon it in rumbling indistinct maffes.

By the habit of reading, when young, in a loud and vehement manner, the voice becomes fixed in a strained and unnatural key; and is rendered incapable of that wantety of elevation and depression which constitutes the true harmony of utterance, and affords ease to the reader, and pleasure to the audience. This unnatural pitch of the voice, and disagreeable monotony, are most observable in persons who were taught to read in large rooms; who were accustomed to stand at too great distance, when reading to their teachers; whose instructors were very imperfect in their hearing; or who were taught by persons that considered loud expression as the chief requisite in forming a good reader. These are circumstances which demand the serious attention of every one to whom the education of youth is committed.

SECTION II. Distinctness.

In the next place, to being well heard and clearly underfrood, distinctness of articulation contributes more than mere loudness of found. The quantity of found necessary to fill even a large space, is smaller than is commonly imagined; and, with diftinct articulation, a person with a weak voice will make it reach farther, than the strongest voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every reader ought to pay great attention. He must give every sound which he utters, its due proportion; and make every syllable, and even every letter in the word which he pronounces, be heard distinctly; without slurring, whispering, or suppressing any of the proper sounds.

An accurate knowledge of the simple, elementary sounds of the language, and a facility in expressing them, are so necessary to distinctness of expression, that if the learner's attainments are, in this respect, impersect, (and many there are in this situation,) it will be incumbent on his teacher, to carry him back to these primary articulations; and to suspend his progress, till he become persectly master of them. It will be in vain to press him forward, with the hope of forming a good reader, if he cannot completely articulate every elementary sound of the language.

SECTION III.

Due Degree of Slowness.

In order to express ourselves distinctly, moderation is requisite with regard to the speed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of speech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that there may be also an extreme on the opposite side. It is obvious that a lifeless drawling manner of reading, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the speaker, must render every fuch performance infipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of reading too fast is much more common, and requires the more to be guarded against, because, when it has grown up into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of flowness, and with full and clear articulation, is necessary to be studied by all, who wish to become good readers; and it cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to the subject. It is a great assistance to the voice, by the pauses and rests which it allows it more eafily to make; and it enables the reader to swell all his founds, both with more force and more harmony.

SECTION IV.

Propriety of Pronunciation.

AFTER the fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to distinct articulation, and to a proper degree of flowness of speech, what the young reader must, in the next place, study, is propriety of pronunciation; or, giving to every word which he utters, that found which the best usage of the language appropriates to it; in opposition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requisite both for reading intelligibly, and for reading with correctness and ease. Instructions concerning this article may best be given by the living teacher. But there is one observation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the English language, every word which consists of more syllables than one, has one accented syllable. The accent rests sometimes on the vowel, sometimes on the consonant. The genius of the language, requires the voice to mark that fyllable by a stronger percussion, and to pass more slightly over the rest. Now, after we have learned the proper seats of these accents, it is an important rule, to give every word just the same accent in reading, as in common discourse. Many persons err in this respect. When they read to others, and with folemnity, they pronounce the fyllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them, and protract them; they multiply accents on the fame words; from a mistaken notion, that it gives gravity and importance to their fubject, and adds to the energy of their delivery. Whereas this is one of the greatest faults that can be committed in pronunciation: it make what is called a pompous or mouthing manner; and gives an artificial affected air to reading, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableness, and its impression.

Sheridan and Walker have published Dictionaries, for as-

Sheridan and Walker have published Dictionaries, for astacertaining the true and best pronunciation of the words of our language. By attentively consulting them, particularly "Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary," the young reader will be much assisted, in his endeavours to attain a correct pronunciation of the words belonging to the English language.

SECTION V.

Emphasis.

By Emphasis is meant a stronger and fuller found of voices by which we distinguish some word or words, on which we design to lay particular stress, and to show how they affect the rest of the sentence. Sometimes the emphasic words must be distinguished by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a particular stress. On the right management of the emphasis depends the life of pronunciation. If no emphasis be placed on any words, not only is discourse rendered heavy and lifeless, but the meaning lest often ambiguous. If the emphasis be placed wrong, we pervert and consound the meaning wholly.

Emphasis may be divided into the SUPERIOR and the INFERIOR emphasis. The superior emphasis determines the meaning of a sentence, with reference to something said before, presupposed by the author as general knowledge, or removes an ambiguity, where a passage may have more senses than one. The inferior emphasis enforces, graces, and enlivens, but does not fix, the meaning of any passage. The words to which this latter emphasis is given, are, in general, such as seem the most important in the sentence, or, on other accounts, to merit this distinction. The following passage will serve to exemplify the superior emphasis.

" Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit

" Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste

"Brought death into the world, and all our wo," &c.

" Sing heav'nly Muse !"

Supposing that originally other beings, besides men, had disobeyed the commands of the Almighty, and that the circumstance were well known to us, there would fall an emphasis upon the word man's in the first line; and hence it would be read thus:

" Of MAM's first disobedience, and the fruit," &c.

But if it were a notorious truth, that mankind had tranfgreffed in a peculiar manner more than once, the emphasis thould fall on first, and the line be read,

[&]quot; Of man's FIRST disobedience," &c.

Again, admitting death (as was really the case) to have been an unheard of and dreadful punishment, brought upon man in consequence of his transgression; on that supposition the third line would be read,

" Brought DEATH into the world," &c.

But if we were to suppose, that mankind knew there was fuch an evil as death in other regions, though the place they inhabited had been free from it till their transgression, the line would run thus:

" Brought death into the world," &c.

The superior emphasis finds place in the following short sentence, which admits of four distinct meanings, each of which is afcertained by the emphasis only.

" Do you ride to town to-day?"

The following examples illustrate the nature and use of the inferior emphasis:

" Many persons mistake the love, for the practice of virtue."

"Shall I reward his fervices with falfehood? Shall I for-

get him who cannot forget me?"

"If his principles are false, no apology from himself can make them right: if founded in truth, no censure from others can make them wrong.

"Though DEEP yet CLEAR, though GENTLE yet not DULL; "STRONG without RAGE; without o'ERFLOWING, FULL."

" A friend exaggerates a man's virtues; an enemy, his crimes."

"The wife man is happy, when he gains his own approba-

tion: the fool, when he gains that of others."

The fuperior emphasis, in reading as in speaking, must be determined entirely by the fense of the passage, and always made alike: but as to the inferior emphasis, taste alone seems

to have the right of fixing its fituation and quantity.

Among the number of persons, who have had proper opportunities of learning to read, in the best manner it is now taught, very few could be selected, who, in a given instance, would use the inferior emphasis alike, either as to place or quantity. Some persons, indeed, use scarcely any deciment it : and others do not scruple to carry it much bey

thing to be found in common discourse; and even sometimes throw it upon words so very trifling in themselves, that it is evidently done with no other view, than to give greater variety to the modulation.* Notwithstanding this diversity of practice, there are certainly proper boundaries, within which this emphasis must be restrained, in order to make it meet the approbation of sound judgment and correct taste. It will doubtless have different degrees of exertion, according to the greater or less degree of importance of the words upon which it operates; and there may be very properly some variety in the use of it: but its application is not arbitrary, depending on the caprice of readers.

As emphasis often falls on words in different parts of the same sentence, so it is frequently required to be continued, with a little variation, on two, and sometimes more words together. The following sentences exemplify both the parts of this position: "If you seek to make one rich, study not to increase his stores, but to diminish his desires." "The Mexican sigures or picture writing, represent things not words: they exhibit images to the eye, not ideas to the understanding."

Some fentences are so full and comprehensive, that almost every word is emphatical: as, "Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains!" or, as that pathetic exposulation in the

prophecy of Ezekiel. "Why will ye die!"

Emphasis, beside its other offices, is the great regulator of quantity. Though the quantity of our syllables is fixed in words separately pronounced, yet it is mutable, when these words are ranged in sentences; the long being changed into short, the short into long, according to the importance of the words with regard to meaning. Emphasis, also in particular cases, alters the seat of the accent. This is demonstrable from the following examples. "He shall increase, but I shall decrease." "There is a difference between giving and forgiving." "In this species of composition, plausibility is much more essential than probability." In these examples,

[•] By modulation is meant that pleasing variety of voice, which is perceived in uttering a sentence, and which in its nature, is perfectly distinct from emphasis, and the tones of emotion and passion. The young reader should be careful to render his modulation correct and easy: and, for this purpose, should form it upon the model of the most judicious and accurate speakers-

the emphasis requires the accent to be placed on syllables, to which it does not commonly belong.

In order to acquire the proper management of the emphasis, the great rule to be given, is, that the reader study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiments which he is to pronounce. For to lay the emphasis with exact propriety, is a constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the most decisive trials of a true and just taste; and must arise from seeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is sittest to strike the seelings of others.

There is one error, against which it is particularly proper to caution the learner; namely, that of multiplying emphatical words too much, and using the emphasis indiscriminately. It is only by a prudent reserve and distinction in the use of them, that we can give them any weight. If they recur too often; if a reader attempts to render every thing he expresses of high importance, by a multitude of strong emphasis, we soon learn to pay little regard to them. To crowd every sentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages of a book with Italic characters; which, as to the effect, is just the same as to use no such distinctions at all.

SECTION VI.

Tones are different both from emphasis and pauses; consisting in the notes or variations of found which we employ, in the expression of our sentiments. Emphasis affects particular words and phrases, with a degree of tone or inflection of voice; but tones, peculiarly so called, affect sentences, paragraphs, and sometimes even the whole of a discourse.

To show the use and necessity of tones, we need only observe, that the mind, in communicating its ideas, is in a constant state of activity, emotion, or agitation, from the different effects which those ideas produce in the speaker. Now the end of such communication being, not merely to lay open the ideas, but also the different feelings which they excite in him who utters them, there must be other signs than words, to manifest those feelings; as words ut-

tered in a monotonous manner can represent only a similar flate of mind, perfectly free from all activity or emotion. As the communication of these internal feelings, was of much more consequence in our social intercourse, than the mere conveyance of ideas, the Author of our being did not, as in that conveyance, leave the invention of the language of emotion, to man; but impressed it himself upon our nature, in the same manner as he has done with regard to the reft of the animal world; all of which express their various feelings, by various tones. Ours, indeed, from the funerior rank that we hold, are in a high degree more comprehenfive; as there is not an act of the mind, an exertion of the fancy, or an emotion of the heart, which has not its peculiar tone, or note of the voice, by which it is to be expressed; and which is fuited exactly to the degree of internal feeling. It is chiefly in the proper use of these tones, that the life, spirit, beauty, and harmony of delivery consist.

The limits of this introduction, do not admit of examples, to illustrate the variety of tones belonging to the different passions and emotions. We shall, however, select one, which is extracted from the beautiful lamentation of David over Saul and Jonathan, and which will, in some degree, elucidate what has been faid on this subject. "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon: lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice; lest the daughters of the uncircumcifed triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew nor rain upon you, nor fields of offerings? for there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away; the shield of Saul, as though he had not been anointed with oil." The first of these divisions expresses forrow and lamentation: therefore the note is low. The next contains a spirited command, and should be pronounced much higher. The other fentence, in which he makes a pathetic address to the mountains where his friends had been flain, must be expressed in a note quite different from the two former; not so low as the first, nor so high as the second, in a manly, firm, and yet plaintive tone.

The correct and natural language of the emotions, is not fo difficult to be attained, as most readers feem to imagine.

If we enter into the spirit of the author's sentiments, as well as into the meaning of his words, we shall not fail to deliver the words in properly varied tones. For there are sew people, who speak English without a provincial note, that have not an accurate use of tones, when they utter their sents ments in earnest discourse. And the reason that they have not the same use for them, in reading aloud the sentiments of others, may be traced to the very desective and erroneous method, in which the art of reading is taught; whereby all the various, natural, expressive tones of speech, are suppressed; and a sew artificial, unmeaning reading notes, are substituted for them.

But when we recommend to readers, an attention to the tone and language of emotions, we must be understood to do it with proper limitation. Moderation is necessary in this point, as it is in other things. For when reading becomes strictly imitative, it assumes a theatrical manner, and nust be highly improper, as well as give offence to the hearers; because it is inconsistent with that delicacy and modesty, which are indispensable on such occasions. The speaker who delivers his own emotions, must be supposed to be more vivid and animated, than would be proper in the person who relates them at second hand.

We shall conclude this section with the following rule, for the tones that indicate the passions and emotions. "In reading, let all your tones of expression be borrowed from those of common speech, but, in some degree, more faintly characterized. Let those tones which signify any disagreeable passion of the mind, be still more faint than those which indicate agreeable emotions: and, on all occasions, preserve yourself so far from being affected, with the subject, as to be able to proceed through it, with that easy and masterly manner, which has its good effects in this, as well as in every other art."

SECTION VII. Paules.

Pauses or rests, in speaking or reading, are a total cessation of the voice, during a perceptible, and, in many cases, a measurable space of time. Pauses are equally necessary to the speaker, and the hearer. To the speaker, that he may take breath, without which he cannot proceed far in delivery; and that he may, by these temporary rests, relieve the organs of speech, which otherwise would be soon tired by continued action: to the hearer, that the ear also may be relieved from the fatigue, which it would otherwise endure from a continuity of sound; and that the understanding may have sufficient time to mark the distinction of sentences, and their several members.

There are two kinds of pauses: first, emphatical pauses; and next, such as mark the distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is generally made after something has been said of peculiar moment; and on which we desire to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, before such a thing is said, we usher it in with a pause of this nature. Such pauses have the same effect as a strong emphasis; and are subject to the same rules; especially to the caution, of not repeating them too frequently. For as they excite uncommon attention, and of course raise expectation, if the importance of the matter be not fully answerable to such expectation, they occasion disappointment and disgust.

But the most frequent and the principal use of pauses, is, to mark the divisions of the fense, and at the same time to allow the reader to draw his breath; and the proper and delicate adjustment of such pauses, is one of the most nice and difficult articles of delivery. In all reading, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, so as not to oblige us to divide words from one another, which have so intimate a connection, that they ought to be pronounced with the same breath, and without the least separation. Many a sentence is miferably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally loft, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is reading, should be very careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. a great mistake to imagine, that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at the intervals of the period, when the voice is suspended only for a moment; and, by this management, one may always have a sufficient stock for carrying on the long of fentence, without improper interruptions.

Pauses in reading must generally be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourselves in ordinary, sensible converfation; and not upon the stiff artificial manner, which is acquired from reading books according to the common punctuation. It will by no means be sufficient to attend to the points used in printing; for these are far from marking all the pauses, which ought to be made in reading. A mechanical attention to these resting places, has perhaps been one cause of monotony by leading the reader to a similar tone at every stop, and an uniform cadence at every period. The primary use of points, is to affish the reader in discerning the grammatical construction; and it is only as a secondary object, that they regulate his pronunciation. On this head, the following direction may be of use: "Though in reading great attention should be paid to the stops, yet a greater should be given to the sense; and their correspondent times occasionally lengthened beyond what is usual in common speech."

To render pauses pleasing and expressive, they must not only be made in the right place, but also accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of these pauses is intimated; much more than by the length of them, which can feldom be exactly measured. Sometimes it is only a flight and fimple suspension of voice that is proper; sometimes a degree of cadence in the voice is required; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence which denote the fentence to be finished. In all thefe cases, we are to regulate ourselves by attending to the manner in which nature teaches us to speak, when engaged in real and earnest discourse with others. The following fentence exemplifies the fulpending and the closing paufes: "Hope, the balm of life, fooths us under every misfortune." The first and second pauses are accompanied by an inflection of voice, that gives the hearer an expectation of fomething further to complete the fense: the inflection attending the third paufe, fignifies that the fenfe is. completed.

The preceding example is an illustration of the suspending pause, in its simple state: the following instance exhibits that pause with a degree of cadence in the voice; "If content cannot remove the disquietudes of mankind, it will at least alleviate them."

The suspending pause is often, in the same intence, at-

tended with both the rising and the falling inflection of voice; as will be seen in this example: "Moderate exercise, and

habitual temperance/, strengthen the constitution."*

As the suspending pause may be thus attended with both the rising and the falling inflection, it is the same with regard to the closing pause: it admits of both. The falling inflection generally accompanies it; but it is not unfrequently connected with the rising inflection. Interrogative sentences, for instance, are often terminated in this manner: as, "Am I ungrateful'?" "Is he in earnest!?"

But where a fentence is begun by an interrogative pronoun or adverb, it is commonly terminated by the falling inflection:

as, "What has he gained by his folly?" "Who will affift him?" "Where is the messenger?" "When did he ar-

rive' ?"

Where two questions are united in one sentence, and connected by the conjunction or, the first takes the rising, the second the falling inflection: as, "Does his conduct support dicipline, or destroy it"?"

The rifing and falling inflections must not be confounded with emphasis. Though they may often coincide, they are, in their nature, perfectly distinct. Emphasis sometimes con-

trols those inflections.

The regular application of the rifing and falling inflections, confers fo much beauty on expression, and is so necessary to be studied by the young reader, that we shall infert a sew more examples to induce him to pay greater attention to the subject. In these instances, all the inflections are not marked. Such only are distinguished as are most striking, and will best serve to show the reader their utility and importance.

"Manufactures', trade', and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts in twenty, of the human species."

"He who resigns the world, has no temptation to envy', hatred', malice', anger'; but is in constant possession of a series mind: he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care', folitude', remorse', and consusion'."

^{*}The rising inflection is denoted by the acute; the falling, by the grave accents.

"To advice the ignorant', relieve the needy', comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives."

"Those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality; malice, and revenge; an aversion to every thing that is good, just, and laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and mifery."

"I am persuaded, that neither death', not life'; nor angels', nor principalities', nor powers'; nor things prefent', nor things to come'; nor height', nor depth'; nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God.".

The reader who would wish to see a minute and ingenious investigation of the nature of these inflections, and the rules by which they are governed, may confult the first volume of Walker's Elements of Elecution.

SECTION VIII.

Manner of Reading Verse.

WHEN we are reading verse, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the paufes justly. The difficulty arises from the melody of verse, which dictates to the ear pauses or rests of its own: and to adjust and compound these properly with the pauses of the sense, so as neither to hurt the ear, nor offend the understanding, is so very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we fo feldom meet with good readers, of poetry. There are two kinds of pauses that belong to the melody of verse: one is, the pause at the end of the line; and the other, the cassural pause in or near the middle of it. With regard to the paule at the end of the line, which marks that strain or verse to be finished, rhyme renders this always senfible; and in some measure compels us to observe it in our pronunciation. In respect to blank verse, we ought also to read it fo as to make every line sensible to the ear: for, what is the use of melody, or for what end has the poet composed in verse, if, in reading his lines, we suppress his numbers, by omitting the final pause; and degrade them, by our pronunciacion, into mere prose? At the same time that we attend to this pause, every appearance of fing-long and tone must be carefully guarded against. The close of the line where it makes no pause in the meaning, ought not to be marked by

fuch a tone as is used in finishing a sentence; but, without either fall or elevation of the voice, it should be denoted only by such a slight snspension of sound as may distinguish the passage from one line to another, without injuring the meaning.

The other kind of melodious pause, is that which falls somewhere about the middle of the verse, and divides it into two hemistics; a pause, not so great as that which belongs to the close of the line, but still sensible to an ordinary ear. This, which is called the cæsural pause, may fall, in English heroic verse, after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th syllables in the line. Where the verse is so constructed, that this cæsural pause coincides with the slightest pause or division in the sense, the line can be read easily; as in the two sirst verses of Pope's Messiah:

"Ye nymphs of Solyma!" begin the fong;
"To heav'nly themes," fublimer strains belong."

But if it should happen that words which have such a strict and intimate connection, as not to bear even a momentary separation, are divided from one another by this cæsural pause, we then feel a fort of struggle between the sense and the sound, which renders it difficult to read such lines harmoniously. The rule of proper pronunciation in such cases, is to regard only the pause which the sense forms; and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of the cæsural pause may make the line sound somewhat unharmoniously; but the effect would be much worse, if the sense were sacrificed to the sound. For instance in the following line of Milton,

"What in me is dark, "Illumine; what is low, reife and support."

the fense clearly dictates the pause after illumine, at the end of the third syllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, illumine should be connected with what follows, and the pause not made till the fourth or fixth syllable. So in the following line of Pope's Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,

" I fit, with fad civility I read :"

the ear plainly points out the cæsural pause as falling after sad, the fourth syllable. But it would be very bad reading to make any pause there, so as to separate sad and civility.

The fense admits of no other pause than after the second syllable sit, which therefore must be the only pause made in

reading this part of the sentence.

There is another mode of dividing some verses, by introducing what may be called demi cæsuras, which require very slight pauses; and which the reader should manage with judgment, or he will be apt to fall into an affected sing-song mode of pronouncing verses of this kind. The following lines exemplify the demi cæsura.

"Warms' in the fun", refreshes in the breeze,

"Glows' in the stars", and blossoms in the trees;

" Lives' through all life", extends through all extent,

" Spreads' undivided", operates unspent."

Before the conclusion of this introduction, the Compiler takes the liberty to recommend to those teachers, who may favour his compilation, to exercise their pupils in discovering and explaining the emphatic words, and the proper tones and pauses, of every portion assigned them to read, previously to their being called out to the performance. These preparatory lessons, in which they should be regularly examined, will improve their judgment and taste; prevent the practice of reading without attention to the subject; and establish a habit of readily discovering the meaning, force, and beauty, of every sentence they peruse.

The English Reader.

PART I.

PIECES IN PROSE.

CHAPTER I.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

SECTION I.

DILIGENCE, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young.

The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honour-

able occupations of youth.

Whatever useful or engaging endowments we possess, virtue is require, in order to their shining with proper lustre.

Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and

flourishing manhood.

Sincerity and truth form the basis of every virtue.

Disappointments and distress are often blessings in disguise. Change and alteration form the very essence of the world.

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise.

NOTE.

In the first chapter, the compiler has exhibited sentences in a great variety of construction, and in all the diversity of punctuation. If well practised upon, he presumes they will fully prepare the young reader for the various pauses, inflections, and modulations of voice, which the susceeding pieces require. The Author's "English Exercises," under the head of Punctuation, will afford the learner additional scope for improving himself in reading sentences and paragraphs variously constructed.

In order to acquire a capacity for happiness, it must be our first study to rectify inward diforders.

Whatever purifies, fortifies also the heart.

From our eagerness to grasp, we strangle and destroy pleasure.

A temperate fpirit, and moderate expectations, are excellent fafeguards of the mind, in this uncertain and changing

There is nothing, except simplicity of intention, and purity of principle, that can stand the test of near reproach and strict examination.

The value of any possession is to be chiefly estimated, by the relief which it can bring us in the time of our greatest need.

No person who has once yielded up the government of his mind, and given loose rein to his desires and passions, can tell how far these may carry him.

Tranquillity of mind is always most likely to be attained, when the business of the world is tempered with thoughtful

and ferious retreat.

He who would act like a wife man, and build his house on the rock, and not on the fand, should contemplate human life, not only in the funshine, but in the shade.

Let usefulness and beneficence, not oftentation and vanity,

direct the train of your pursuits.

To maintain a steady and unbroken mind, amidst all the shocks of the world, marks a great and noble spirit.

Patience, by preserving composure within, resists the im-

pression which trouble makes from without.

Compassionate affections, even when they draw tears from our eyes for human misery, convey satisfaction to the heart.

They who have nothing to give, can often afford relief to

others, by imparting what they feel.

Our ignorance of what is to come, and of what is really good or evil, should correct anxiety about worldly success.

The veil which covers from our fight the events of fuc-

ceeding years, is a veil woven by the hand of mercy.

The best preparation for all the uncertainties of futurity, consists in a well ordered mind, a good conscience, and a cheerful submission to the will of heaven.

SECTION II.

THE chief misfortunes that befall us in life, can be traced to some vices or follies which we have committed.

Were we to survey the chambers of sickness and distress, we should often find them peopled with the victims of intemperance and sensuality, and with the children of vicious indolence and sloth.

To be wife in our own eyes, to be wife in the opinion of the world, and to be wife in the fight of our Creator, are three things to very different, as rarely to coincide.

Man, in his highest earthly glory, is but a reed floating on the stream of time, and forced to follow every new direc-

tion of the current.

The corrupted temper, and the guilty passions of the bad, frustrate the effect of every advantage which the world confers on them.

The external misfortunes of life, disappointments, poverty, and sickness, are light in comparison of those inward distresses of mind, occasioned by folly, by passion, and by guilt.

No station is so high, no power so great, no character so unblemished, as to exempt men from the attacks of rashness,

malice or envy.

Moral and religious instruction derives its efficacy, not so much from what men are taught to know, as from what they

are brought to feel.

He who pretends to great fensibility towards men, and yet has no feeling for the high objects of religion, no heart to admire and adore the great Father of the universe, has reason to distrust the truth and delicacy of his sensibility.

When, upon rational and fober inquiry, we have established our principles, let us not suffer them to be shaken by the

fcoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the skeptical.

When we observe any tendency to treat religion or morals with disrespect and levity, let us hold it to be a sure indication of a perverted understanding, or a deprayed heart.

Every degree of guilt incurred by yielding to temptation, tends to debase the mind, and to weaken the generous and

benevolent principles of human nature.

Luxury, pride, and vanity, have frequently as much influence in corrupting the featiments of the great, as ignorance,

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bigotry, and prejudice, have in mifleading the opinions of the multitude.

Mixed as the present state is, reason and religion pronounce, that generally, if not always, there is more happiness than misery, more pleasure than pain, in the condition of man.

Society, when formed, requires diffinctions of property, diversity of conditions, subordination of ranks, and a multiplicity of occupations, in order to advance the general good.

That the temper, the fentiments, the morality, and, in general, the whole conduct and character of men, are influenced by the example and disposition of the persons with whom they associate, is a reflection which has long since passed into a proverb, and been ranked among the standing maxims of human wisdom, in all ages of the world.

SECTION III.

THE defire of improvement discovers a liberal mind; and is connected with many accomplishments, and many virtues.

Innocence confers ease and freedom on the mind; and

leaves it open to every pleasing sensation.

Moderate and simple pleasures relish high with the temperate: in the midst of his studied refinements, the voluptuary languishes.

Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alle-

viate the burden of common misery.

That gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart: and, let me add, nothing except what flows from the heart, can ren-

der even external manners truly pleasing.

Virtue, to become either vigorous or useful, must be habitually active: not breaking forth occasionally with a transient lustre, like the blaze of the comet; but regular in its returns, like the light of day: not like the aromatic gale, which sometimes seasts the sense; but like the ordinary breeze, which purifies the air, and renders it heakthful.

The happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind, than upon any one external circumstance;

nay, more than upon all external things put together.

In no station, in no period, let us think ourselves secure from the dangers which spring from our passions. Every age, and every station they beset; from youth to gray hairs, and from the peasant to the prince.

Riches and pleasures are the chief temptations to criminal deeds. Yet those riches, when obtained, may very possibly overwhelm us with unforeseen miseries. Those pleasures

may cut short our health and life.

He who is accustomed to turn aside from the world, and commune with highest in retirement, will, sometimes at legat, hear the truths which the multitude do not tell him. A more sound instructor will lift his voice, and awaken within the heart those latent suggestions, which the world had overpowered and suppressed.

Amusement often becomes the business, instead of the relaxation, of young persons: it is then highly pernicious

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes; and regret, in the last

hour, his useless intentions and barren zeal.

The spirit of true religion breathes mildness and affability. It gives a native, unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful: far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition, which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to sit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this.

Reveal none of the fecrets of thy friend. Be faithful to his interests. Forfake him not in danger. Abhor the thought

of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice.

Man, always prosperous, would be giddy and insolent; always afflicted, would be sullen or despondent. Hopes and sears, joy and forrow, are, therefore, so blended in his life, as both so give room for worldly pursuits, and to recall, from the to time, the admonitions of conscience.

SECTION IV.

Time once past never returns: the moment which is lost,

is lost for ever.

There is nothing on earth so stable, as to affure us of undisturbed rest; nor so powerful, as to afford us constant protection.

The house of seging too often becomes an avenue to the

house of mourning. Short, to the licentious, is the interval between them.

It is of great importance to us, to form a proper estimate of human life; without either loading it with imaginary evils, or expecting from it greater advantages than it is able to yield.

Among all our corrupt paffions, there is a strong and intimate connection. When any one of them is adopted into our family, it feldom quits us until it has fathered upon us all its kindred.

Tharity, like the fun, brightens every object on which is shines; a censorious disposition casts every character into the darkest shade it will bear.

Many men mistake the love, for the practice of virtue; and are not fo much good men, as the friends of goodness.

Genuine virtue has a language that speaks to every heart throughout the world. It is a language which is understood by all. In every region, every clime, the homage paid to it is the same. In no one sentiment were ever mankind more generally agreed.

The appearances of our fecurity are frequently deceitful. When our fky feems most fettled and ferene, in some unobserved quarter gathers the little black cloud in which the tempest ferments, and prepares to discharge itself on our head.

The man of true fortitude may be compared to the castle built on a rock, which defies the attacks of furrounding waters: the man of a feeble and timorous spirit, to a hut placed on the shore, which every wind shakes, and every wave overflows.

Nothing is so inconsistent with fell possession as violent anger. It overpowers reason; confounds our ideas; distorts the appearance, and blackens the colour, of every object. By the storm which it rifes within, and by the misch which it occasions without, it generally brings on the passion. ate and revengeful man, greater mifery than he can bring o the object of his refentment.

The palace of virtue, has, in all ages, been represented as placed on the summit of a hill; in the ascent of which, labour is requifite, and difficulties are to be furnounted; and where a conductor is needed, to direct our way, and to aid

our Reps.

In judging of others, let us always think the best, and employ the spirit of charity and candour. But in judging of ourselves, we ought to be exact and severe.

Let him that defires to fee others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed; and remember, that every moment of delay, takes away fomething from the value of his benefaction. And let him who proposes his own happiness reflect, that while he forms his purpose, the day rolls on,

and "the night cometh, when no man can work,"

To fenfual persons, hardly any thing is what it appears to be: and what flatters most, is always farthest from reality. There are voices which fing around them; but whose strains allure to ruin. There is a banquet spread, where poison is in every dish. There is a couch which invites them to repose; but the slumber upon it, is death.

If we would judge whether a man is really happy, it is not folely to his houses and lands, to his equipage and his retinue, we are to look. Unless we could see farther, and discernwhat joy, or what bitterness, his heart feels, we can pro-

nounce little concerning him.

The book is well written; and I have perused it with pleasure and profit. It shows, first, that true devotion is rational and well founded; next, that it is of the highest importance to every other part of religion and virtue; and,

lastly, that it is most conducive to our happiness.

There is certainly no greater felicity, than to be able to look back on a life usefully and virtuously employed; to trace our own progress in existence, by such tokens as excite neither shame nor forrow. It ought therefore to be the care of those who wish to pass the last hours with comfort, to lay up fuch a treasure of pleasing ideas, as shall support the expenses of that time, which is to depend wholly upon the fund already acquired.

SECTION V.

WHAT avails the show of external liberty, to one who has loft the government of himfelf?

He that cannot live well to day, (fays Martial,) will be less

qualified to live well to-morrow.

Can we esteem that man prosperous, who is raised to a fituation which flatters his passions, but which corrupts his

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principles, diforders his temper, and, finally, overfets his virtue?

What misery does the vicious man secretly endure !—Adversity! how blunt are all the arrows of thy quiver, in comparison with those of guilt!

When we have no pleafure in goodness, we may with certainty conclude the reason to be, that our pleafure is all de-

rived from an opposite quarter.

How strangely are the opinions of men altered, by a change in their condition !

How many have had reason to be thankful, for being disappointed in designs which they earnestly pursued, but which, if successfully accomplished, they have afterwards seen, would have occasioned their ruin!

What are the actions which afford in the remembrance a rational fatisfaction? Are they the purfuits of fenfual pleafure, the riots of jollity, or the displays of show and vanity? No: I appeal to your hearts, my friends, if what you recollect with most pleasure, are not the innocent, the virtuous, the honourable parts of your past life.

The present employment of time should frequently be an object of thought. About what are we now busied? What is the ultimate scope of our present pursuits and cares? Can we justify them to ourselves! Are they likely to produce any thing that will survive the moment, and bring forth some

fruit for futurity?

Is it not strange, (fays an ingenious writer,) that some perfons should be so delicate as not to bear a disagreeable picture in the house, and yet by their behaviour, sorce every sace they see about them, to wear the gloom of uneasiness and discontent?

If we are now in health, peace, and fafety; without any particular or uncommon evils to afflict our condition; what more can we reasonably look for in this vain and uncertain world? How little can the greatest prosperity add to such a state? Will any future situation ever make us happy, if now, with so few causes of grief, we imagine ourselves miserable? The evil lies in the state of our mind, not in our condition of fortune; and by no alteration of circumstances is likely to be remedied.

When the love of unwarrantable pleasures, and of vicious companions, is allowed to amuse young persons, to engross their time, and to stir up their passions; the day of ruin,let them take heed, and beware! the day of irrecoverable ruin, begins to draw nigh. Fortune is squandered; health is broken; friends are offended, affronted, estranged; aged parents, perhaps, fent afflicted and mourning, to the dust.

On whom does time hang so heavily, as on the slothful and lazy? to whom are the hours fo lingering? Who are so often devoured with spleen, and obliged to fly to every expedient, which can help them to get rid of themselves? Instead of producing tranquillity, indolence produces a fretful reftlefsness of mind; gives rise to cravings which are never fatisfied; nourishes a fickly effeminate delicacy, which

fours and corrupts every pleafure.

SECTION VI.

WE have feen the husbandman scattering his feed upon the furrowed ground! It springs up, is gathered into his barns, and crowns his labours with joy and plenty.—Thus the man, who distributes his fortune with generofity and prudence, is amply repaid by the gratitude of those whom he obliges; by the approbation of his own mind; and by the favor of Heaven.

Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness: intemperance, by enervating them, ends general-

ly in mifery.

Title and ancestry render a good man more illustrious; but an ill one, more contemptible. Vice is infamous, though in a prince; and virtue honourable, though in a peasant.

An elevated genius, employed in little things, appears (to use the similie of Longinus) like the sun in his evening declination: he remits his splendor, but retains his magnitude:

and pleafes more, though he dazzles less.

If envious people were to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situation with the persons envied, (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their perions, fortunes, and dignities,)—I prefume the felf love, common to human nature, would generally make them prefer their own condition.

We have obliged some persons: very well! what would we have more? Is not the consciousness of doing good, 2 Digitized by Google

fufficient reward?

Do not hurt yourselves or others, by the pursuit of pleas-Confult your whole nature. Confider yourselves not only as fensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational. but focial; not only as focial, but immortal.

Art thou poor? Show thyself active and industrious. peaceable and contented. Art thou wealthy? Show thyfelf

beneficent and charitable, condescending and humane.

Though religion removes not all the evils of life, though it promises no continuance of undisturbed prosperity, (which indeed it were not falutary for man always to enjoy,) yet, if it mitigates the evils which necessarily belong to our state, it may justly be faid to give "rest to them who labour and are heavey laden."

What a smiling aspect does the love of parents and children, of brothers and fifters, of friends and relations, give to every furrounding object, and every returning day! With what a luftre does it guild even the finall habitation, where fuch placid intercourse dwells! where such scenes of heartfelt satisfaction succeed uninterruptedly to one another !

How many clear marks of benevolent intention appear every where around us! What a profusion of beauty and ornament is poured forth on the face of nature! What a magnificent spectacle presented to the view of man! What supply contrived for his wants! What a variety of objects fet before him, to gratify his fenses, to employ his understanding, to entertain his imagination, to cheer and gladden his heart!

The hope of future happiness is a perpetual source of confolation to good men. Under trouble, it fooths their minds; amidst temptation, it supports their virtue; and, in their dying moments, enables them to fay "O death! where is

thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory!"

SECTION VH.

AGESILAUS, king of Sparta, being alked, "What things he thought most proper for boys to learn," answered; "Those which they ought to practise when they come to be men." A wifer than Agefilaus has inculcated the fame fentiment: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it?"

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that "time was his estate." An estate indeed, which will produce noth-

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ing without cultivation; but which will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive defires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence; to be overrun with noxious plants; or laid out for show, rather than use.

When Aristotle was asked, "What a man could gain by telling a salsehood," he replied, "Not to be credited when

he speaks the truth."

L'Estrange, in his Fables, tells us that a number of frolicfome boys were one day watching frogs, at the fide of a pond; and that, as any of them put their heads above the water, they pelted them down again with stones. One of the frogs, appealing to the humanity of the boys, made this striking observation; "Children, you do not consider, that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us."

Sully, the great statesman of France, always retained at his table, in his most prosperous days, the same frugality to which he had been accustomed in early life. He was frequently reproached, by the courtiers, for this simplicity; but he used to reply to them, in the words of an ancient philosopher; "If the guests are men of sense, there is sufficient for them: if they are not, I can very well dispense with their company."

Socrates, though primarily attentive to the culture of his mind, was not negligent of his external appearance. His cleanlines refulted from those ideas of order and decency, which governed all his actions; and the care which he took of his health, from his desire to preserve his mind free and tranquil.

Eminently pleafing and honourable was the friendship between David and Jonathan. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan," said the plaintive and surviving David; "very pleafant hast though been to me: thy love for me was

wonderful; passing the love of women."

Sir Philip Sydney, at the battle near Zutphen, was wounded by a musket ball, which broke the bone of his thigh. He was carried about a mile and a half, to the camp; and being faint with the loss of blood, and probably parched with thirst through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was immediately brought to him: but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who

happened at that inftant to be carried by him, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sydney took the bottle from his mouth, and delivered it to the foldier, saying, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

Alexander the Great demanded of a pirate whom he had taken, by what right he infested the seas? "By the same right," replied he, "that Alexander enslaves the world. But I am called a robber, because I have only one small vessel; and he is styled a conqueror, because he commands great sleets and armies." We too often judge of men by the splendor, and not by the merit of their actions.

Antoninus Pius, the Roman Emperor, was an amiable and good man. When any of his courtiers attempted to inflame him with a passion for military glory, he used to answer: "That he more desired the preservation of one sub-

ject, than the destruction of a thousand enemies."

Men are too often ingenious in making themselves miserable, by aggravating to their own savey, beyond bounds, alkthe evil which they endure. They compare themselves with none but those whom they imagine to be more happy; and complain, that upon them alone has fallen the whole load of human forrows. Would they look with a more impartial eye on the world, they would see themselves surrounded with sufferers; and find that they are only drinking out of that mixed cup, which Providence has prepared for all.—"I will restore thy daughter again to life," said the eastern sage, to a prince who grieved immoderately for the loss of a beloved child, "provided thou art able to engrave on her tomb, the names of three persons who have never mourned." The prince made inquiry after such persons; but sound the inquiry vain, and was filent.

SECTION VIII.

He that hath no rule over his own fpirit, is like a city that is broken down, and without walls.

A foft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words ftir up anger

Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Pride goeth before destruction; and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Hear council, and receive instruction, that thou may be truly wife.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kiffes of an enemy are deceitful. Open rebuke is better than secret love.

Seeft thou a man wife in his own conceit? There is more

hope of a fool than of him.

He that is flow to anger, is better than the mighty; and

he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.

He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord? that which he hath given, will he pay him again.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if

he be thirsty, give him water to drink.

He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?

I have been young, and now I am old; yet have I never

feen the righteous forfaken, nor his feed begging bread.

It is better to be a door keeper in the house of the Lord,

than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

I have feen the wicked in great power; and fpreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away: I sought him, but he could not be found.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand, riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

How good and how pleafant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like precious ointment: Like the dew of Hermon, and the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion.

The fluggard will not plough by reason of the cold; he

shall therefore beg in harvest, and have nothing.

I went to the field of the flothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding: and lo! it was all grown over with thorns; nettles had covered its face; and the stone wall was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it, and received instruction.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time; nor that which is measured by number of years:—But wisdom is the gray hair to man; and an unspotted life is

old age.

Solomon may fon, know thou the God of thy fathers; and ferve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. If thou feek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou for-fake him, he will cast thee off for ever.

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SECTION IX.

THAT every day has its pains and forrows, is univerfally experienced, and almost universally confessed. But let us not attend only to mournful truths: if we look impartially about us, we shall find, that every day has likewise its pleasures and its joys.

We should cherish sentiments of charity towards all men. The Author of all good nourishes much piety and virtue in hearts that are unknown to us; and beholds repentance ready to spring up among many, whom we consider as reprobates:

No one ought to confider himself as infiguisticant in the fight of his Creator. In our several stations, we are all sent forth to be laborers in the vineyard of our heavenly Father. Every man has his work allotted, his talent committed to him; by the due improvement of which he may, in one way or other, serve God, promote virtue, and be useful in the world.

The love of praise should be preserved under proper subordination to the principle of duty. In itself, it is a useful motive to action; but when allowed to extend its influence too far, it corrupts the whole character; and produces guilt, disgrace, and misery. To be entirely destitute of it, is a defect. To be governed by it, is depravity. The proper a suffment of the several principles of action in human nature, as a matter that deserves our highest attention. For when any one of them becomes either too weak or too strong, it endangers both our virtue and our happiness.

The defires and passions of a vicious man, having once obtained an unlimited sway, trample him under their seet. They make him seel that he is subject to various, contradictory and imperious masters, who often pull him different ways. His soul is rendered the receptacle of many repugnant and jarring dispositions; and resembles some barbarous country, cantoned out into different principalities, which are continually waging war on one another.

Diseases, poverty, disappointment, and shame, are far from being in every instance, the unavoidable doom of man. They are much more frequently the offspring of his own misguided choice. Intemperance engenders disease, slother roduces poverty, pride creates disappointments, and dishenesty exposes to shame. The ungoverned passions of men betray them in-

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to a thousand follies; their follies into crimes; and their crimes into misfortunes.

When we reflect on the many distresses which abound in human life; on the scanty proportion of happiness which any man is here allowed to enjoy; on the small difference which the diversity of fortune makes on that scanty proportion; it is surprising, that envy should ever have been a prevalent passion among men much more that it should have prevailed among thristians. Where so much is suffered in common, little room is left for envy. There is more occasion for pity and sympathy, and inclination to affist each other.

At our first setting out in life, when yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty; let us beware of the seducing appearances which surround us; and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If we allow any passion, even though it be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendant, our inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt, take early possession of our mind, we may date, from that moment, the ruin of our tranquility.

Every man has some darling passion, which generally affords the first introduction to vice. The irregular gratification into which it occasionally seduces him, appear under the form of venial weaknesses; and are indulged, in the beginning, with scrupulousness and reserve. But, by longer practice, these restraints weaken, and the power of habit grows. One vice brings in another to its aid. By a sort of natural affinity they connect and entwine themselves together; till sheir roots come to be spread wide and deep over all the soul.

SECTION X.

WHENCE arises the misery of this present world? It is not owing to our cloudy atmosphere, our changing seasons, and inclement skies. It is not owing to the debility of our bodies, or to the unequal distribution of the goods of fortune. Amidst all disadvantages of this kind, a pure, a steadfast, and enlightened mind, possessed of strong virtue, could enjoy itself in peace, and smile at the impotent assaults of fortune and the elements. It is within ourselves that mis-

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ery has fixed its feat. Our difordered hearts, our guilty passions, our violent prejudices, and misplaced desires, are the instruments of the trouble which we endure. These sharpen the darts which adversity would otherwise point in

vain against us.

While the vain and the licentious are revelling in the midst of extravagance and riot, how little do they think of those scenes of fore distress which are passing at that mement throughout the world; multitudes struggling for a poor subsistence, to support the wife and the children whom they love, and who look up to them with eager eyes for that bread which they can hardly procure; multitudes groaning under sickness in desolate cottages, untended and unmourated; many, apparently in a better situation of life, pining away in secret with concealed griefs families weeping over the beloved friends whom they have lost, or, in all the bitterness of anguish, bidding shose who are just expiring the last adieu.

Never adventure on too near an approach to what is evil. Familiarize not yourself with it, in the slightest instances, without sear. Listen with reverence to every reprehension of conscience; and preserve the most quick and accurate sensibility to right and wrong. If ever your moral impressions begin to decay, and your natural abhorrence of guilt to lessen, you have ground to dread that the ruin of virtue

is fast approaching.

By disappointments and trials the violence of our passions is tamed, and our minds are formed to sobridy and reflection. In the varieties of life, occasioned by the vicissitudes of worldly fortune, we are inured to habits both of the active and the suffering virtues. How much soever we complain of the vanity of the world, facts plainly show, that if its vanity were less, it could not answer the purpose of falutary discipline. Unsatisfactory as it is, its pleasures are still too apt to corrupt our hearts. How satal then must the consequences have been, had it yielded us more complete enjoyment? If, with all its troubles, we are in danger of being soo much attached to it, how entirely would it have seduced our affections, if no troubles had been mingled with its pleasures?

In feafons of diffress or difficulty, to abandon ourselses

to dejection, carries no mark of a great or a worthy mind. Instead of sinking under trouble, and declaring "that his soul is weary of life," it becomes a wise and a good man, in the evil day, with firmness to maintain his post; to bear up against the storm; to have recourse to those advantages which, in the worst of times, are always left to integrity and virtue: and never to give up the hope that better days may yet arise.

How many young perfons have at first let out in the world with excellent dispositions of heart; generous, charitable, and humane; kind to their friends, and amiable among all with whom they had intercourse! And yet, how often have we seen all those fair appearances unhappily blasted in the progress of life, merely through the influence of loose and corrupting pleasures; and those very persons, who promised once to be bleffings to the world, sunk down, in the end, to

be the burden and nuisance of society!

The most common propensity of mankind, is, to store suturity with whatever is agreeable to them; especially in those periods of life, when imagination is lively, and hope is ardent. Looking forward to the year now beginning, they are ready to promise themselves much, from the soundations of prosperity which they have laid; from the friendships and connexions which they have secured; and from the plans of conduct which they have formed. Alas! how deceitful do all these dreams of happiness often prove! While many are saying in secret to their hearts, "Tomorrow shall be as this day, and more abundantly," we are obliged in return to say to them; "Boast not yourselves of tomorrow; for you know not what a day may bring forth!"

CHAP. II: NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

No rank or possessions can make the guilty mind happy.

DIONYSIUS, the tyrant of Sicity, was far from being happy, though he possessed great riches, and all the pleasures which wealth and power could procure. Damocles,

one of his flatterers, deceived by these specious appearances of happiness, took occasion to compliment him on the extent of his power, his treasures, and royal magnificence; and declared that no monarch had ever been greater or happier than Dionysius. "Hast thou a mind, Damocles," fays the king, "to taste this happiness; and to know, by experience, what the enjoyments are, of which thou haft to high an idea?" Damocles, with joy, accepted the offer. The King ordered that a royal banquet should be prepared, and a guilded fofa, covered with rich embroidery, placed for his favourite. Side boards, loaded with gold and filver plate of immense value, were arranged in the apartment. Pages of extraordinary beauty were ordered to attend his table, and to obey his commands with the utmost readiness, and the most profound submission. Fragrant ointments. chaplets of flowers, and rich perfumes, were added to the entertainment. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles, intoxicated with pleasure, fancied himself amongst superior beings. But in the midst of all this happiness, as he lay indulging himfelf in state, he sees let down from the ceiling, exactly over his head, a glittering fword hung by a fingle hair. fight of impending destruction put a speedy end to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, the glitter of the carved plate, and the delicacy of the viands, ceafe to afford him any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the garland of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous fituation; and earneftly entreats the king to reftore him to his former humble condition, having no defire to enjoy any longer a happiness fo terrible.

By this device, Dionysius intimated to Damocles, how miserable he was in the midst of all his treasures; and in possession of all the honours and enjoyments which royalty could bestow.

SECTION II.

Change of external condition often adverse to virtue.

In the days of Joram, king of Israel, flourished the prophet Elista. His character was so eminent, and his tame so widely spread, that Benhadad the king of Syria,

though an idolator, fent to confult him concerning the iffue of a distemper which threatened his life. The messenger employed on this occasion was Hazael, who appears to have been one of the princes, or chief men, of the Syrian court. Charged with rich gifts from the king, he presents himself before the prophet; and accosts him in terms of the highoft respect. During the conference which they held together, Elisha fixed his eyes steadfastly on the countenance of Hazael; and discerning, by a prophetic spirit, his future tyranny and cruelty, he could not contain himself from bursting into a flood of tears. When Hazael, in surprize, inguired into the cause of this sudden emotion, the prophet plainly informed him of the crimes and barbarities, which he foresaw that he would afterwards commit. The soul of Hazael abhorred, at this time, the thoughts of cruelty. Uncorrupted, as yet, by ambition or greatness, his indignation rose at being thought capable of such savage actions, as the prophet had mentioned; and, with much warmth, he replies; "But what? is thy fervant a dog, that he should do this great thing;" Elisha makes no return, but to point out a remarkable change, which was to take place in his condition; "The Lord hath shown me, that thou shalt be king -over Syria." In the course of time, all that had been predicted came to pass. Hazael ascended the throne, and ambition took possession of his heart. "He smote the children of Ifrael in all their coasts. He oppressed them during all the days of king Jehoahaz:" and, from what is left on record of his actions, he plainly appears to have proved, what the prophet forefaw him to be, a man of violence, cruelty, and blood.

In this passage of history, an object is presented, which deserves our serious attention. We behold a man who, in one state of life, could not look upon certain crimes without surprise and horror; who knew so little of himself, as to believe it impossible for him ever to be concerned in committing them; that same man, by a change of condition, and an unguarded state of mind, transformed in all his sentiments; and as he rose in greatness rising also in guilt; till at last he completed that whole character of iniquity, which he once detested.

SECTION III.

Haman; or, the mijery of pride.

AHASUERUS, who is supposed to be the prince known among the Greek historians by the name of Artaxerxes, had advanced to the chief dignity in his kingdom, Haman, an Amalekite, who inherited all the ancient enmity of his race to the Jewish nation. He appears, from what is recorded of him, to have been a very wicked minister. Raifed to greatness without merit, he employed his power folely for the gratification of his passions. As the honors which he possessed were next to royal, his pride was every day fed with that servile homage, which is peculiar to Asiatic courts; and all the fervants of the king prostrated themselves before him. In the midst of this general adulation, one per-This was Mordecai the fon only stooped not to Haman. Jew; who, knowing this Amalekite to be an enemy to the people of God, and, with virtuous indignation, despising that insolence of prosperity with which he saw him lifted up, bowed not, nor did him reverence. On this appearance of difrespect from Mordecai, Haman "was full of wrath: but he thought fcorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone." Perfonal revenge was not fufficient to fatisfy him. So violent and black were his passions, that he resolved to exterminate the whole nation to which Mordecai belonged. Abusing, for this cruel purpose, the favour of his credulous sovereign, he obtained a decree to be fent forth, that, against a certain day, all the Jews throughout the Persian dominions thould be put to the fword. Meanwhile, confident of fuccefs, and blind to approaching ruin, he continued exulting in his prosperity. Invited by Ahasuerus to a royal banquet, which Esther the queen had prepared, "he went forth that day joyful, and with a glad heart." But behold how slight an incident was fufficient to poison his joy! As he went forth, he faw Mordecai in the king's gate; and observed, that he still refused to do him homage: "He stood not up, nor was moved for him;" although he well knew the formidable defigns, which Haman was preparing to execute. One private man, who despised his greatness, and disdained submission, while a whole kingdom trembled before him; one fririt, which the utmost stretch of his power could neither

fubdue nor humble, blasted his triumphs. His whole foul was shaken with a storm of passion. Wrath, pride, and desire of revenge, rose into sury. With dissiculty he restrained himself in public; but as soon as he came to his own house, he was forced to disclose the agony of his mind. He gathered together his friends and family, with Zeresh his wife. He told them of the glory of his riches, and the multitude of his children, and of all the things wherein the king had promoted him; and how he had advanced him above the princes and servants of the king. He said moreover, Yea, Esther the queen suffered no man to come in with the king, to the banquet that she had prepared, but myself; and tomorrow also am I invited to her with the king." After all this preamble, what is the conclusion? "Yet all this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate."

The fequel of Haman's history I shall not now pursue. It might afford matter for much instruction, by the conspicuous justice of God in his fall and punishment. But contemplating only the singular situation, in which the expressions just quoted present him, and the violent agitation of his mind which they display, the following reslections naturally arise: How miserable is vice, when one guilty passion creates so much torment! how unavailing is prosperity, when, in the height of it, a single disappointment can destroy the relish of all its pleasures! how weak is human nature, which, in the absence of real, is thus prone to form to itself imaginary woes!

SECTION IV.

Ortogrul; or, the vanity of riches.

As Ortogrul of Basa was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandise which the shops offered to his view; and observing the different occupations which bushed the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation, by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief vizier, who, having returned from the divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants; and being fupposed to have some petition for the vizier, was permitted to / **9**2

enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the sloors covered with silken carpets; and despised the simple neat-ness of his own little habitation.

"Surely," faid he to himfelf, "this palace is the feat # happiness; where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discomtent and forrow can have no admission. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of fense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the mafter of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table; the voice of harmony lulls him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Javaand fleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. speaks, and his mandate is obeyed; he wishes, and his wishis gratified; all whom he fees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unfatisfied defire; and who halt no amusement in thy power, that canwithhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell-thee that thou art wife; but what does wisdom avail with povercy? None will flatter the poor; and the wife have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is furely the most wretched of the fons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him; and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long fought content, and have not found it; I will from this moment endeavour to be rich."

Full of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich. He sometimes purposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings in India; and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent sluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair. He dreamed that he was ranging a desert country, in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the topos a hill, shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to direct his steps, his sather appeared on a sudden standing beforehim. "Ortogrul," said the old man, "I know thy perplexity; listen to thy father; turn thine eye on the opposite



mountain." Ortogrul looked, and faw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scat-tering its foam on the impending woods. "Now," said his father, "behold the valley that lies between the hills." . Ortogrul looked and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. "Tell me now," said his father, "dost thou with for fudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent; or for a flow and gradual increase, refembling the rill gliding from the well?" "Let me be quickly rich," faid Ortogral; "let the golden stream be quick and violent." "Look round thee," faid his father, "once again." Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, flow and confrant, kept always full. He awoke, and determined to grow rich by filent profit, and perfevering industry.

Having fold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandise; and in twenty years purchased lands, on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the vizier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure foon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be perfuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal: he gave all that approached him hopes of pleafing him, and all who should please him, hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every fource of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties; his own understanding reproached him with his faults. "How long," faid he, with a deep figh, " have I been labouring in vain to amass wealth, which at last is useless ! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wife to be flat-DR. JOHNSON. tered!"

SECTION V.

Lady Jane Grey.
This excellent personage was descended from the royal line of England by both her parents.

She was carefully educated in the principles of the reformation; and her wisdom and virtue rendered her a shining

example to her fex. But it was her lot to continue only at short period on this stage of being; for in early life, she fell, a facrifice to the wild ambition of the duke of Northumber-land; who promoted a marriage between her and his fou, lord Guilford Dudley; and raised her to the throne of England, in opposition to the rights of Mary and Elizabeth. At the time of their marriage, she was only about eighteen years of age, and her husband was also very young: a season of life very unequal to oppose the interested views of artful and aspiring men; who instead of exposing them to danger should have been the protectors of their innocence and youth.

This extraordinary young person, besides the solid endowments of piety and virtue, possessed the most engaging dispofition, the most accomplished parts; and being of an equaliage with king Edward VI. she had received all her educa-. tion with him, and feemed even to possess a greater facility in: acquiring every part of manly and classical literature. She had attained a knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, as well as of feveral modern tongues; had paffedi most of her time in an application to learning; and expressed a great indifference for other occupations and amusements. usual with her fex and station. Roger Ascham, tutor to the lady Elizabeth, having at one time paid her a vifit, found heremployed in reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the park; and upon his admiring the fingularity of her choice, the told him, that the " received more pleasure from that author, than the others could reap from all their spore and gaiety." Her heart, replete with this love of literature and ferious studies, and with tenderness towards her husband, who was deserving of her affection, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements. of ambition; and the information of her advancement to the throne was by no means agreeable to her. She even refused to accept of the crown; pleaded the preferable right of the two princesses; expressed her dread of the confequences attending an enterprise so dangerous, not to say so criminal; and defired to remain in that private station in Overcome at last with the entreaties, which she was born. rather than reasons, of her father and father in law, and, above all, of her hufband, the fubmitted to their will, and

was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment. But her elevation was of very short continuance. The nation declared for queen Mary; and the lady Jane, after wearing the vain pageantry of a crown during ten days, returned to a private life, with much more satisfaction than she felt when

the royalty was tendered to her.

Queen Mary, who appears to have been incapable of genprofity or clemency, determined to remove every person, from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was, therefore, given to lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which the had expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which the had been exposed, rendered no unwelcome news to her. The queen's bigoted zeal, under color of tender mercy to the prisoner's foul, induced her to fend priefts, who molested her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve of three days was granted her, in hopes that the would be perfuaded, during that time, to pay, by a timely conversion to popery, some regard to her eternal welfare. Lady Jane had prefence of mind, in those metancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by folid arguments, but also to write a letter to her fifter, in the Greek language; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, the exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like fleady perseverance. On the day of her execution, her husband, lord Guildford, defired permission to fee her; but she refused her consent, and sent him word, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both; and would too much unbend their minds from that conftancy, which their approaching end required of them. Their separation, the said, would be only for a moment; and they would foon rejoin each other in a fcene, where their affections would be forever united; and where death, difappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or diffurb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the lady Jane and lord Guilford together on the same scaffold, at Tower hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execu-

tion; and having given him from the window fome token of her remembrance, she waited with tranquility till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even faw his headless-body carried back in a cart; and found herself more confirmed by the reports, which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melanchely a spectacle. Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, defired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her. She gave him her table book, in which the had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, " that human justice was against his body, but the Divine Mercy would be favourable to his foul; and that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth, at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, the trufted, would thow her favor." On the scaffold, the made a speech to the by-standers, in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame entirely on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said, that her offence was, not having laid her hand upon the crown, but not rejecting it with fufficient conftancy; that she had less erred through ambition than through reverence to her parents, whom the had been taught to respect and obey; that she willingly received death, as the only fatisfaction which she could now make to the injured state; and though her intringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience, into which too much filial piety had betrayed her: that the had justly deserved this punishment for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others : and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend any way to the destruction of the commonwealth. After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women, and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted herses to the executioner.

HUMB.



SECTION VI.

The Hill of Science.

In that season of the year, when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the fweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiofity began to give way to weariness; and I fat down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss; where the ruslling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity; and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries, which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom preffed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill, thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rifing to their view; and the fummit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, a friendly instructor suddenly appeared: "The mountain before thee," faid he, "is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a vail of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries: be filent and attentive."

After I had noticed a variety of objects, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the steep ascent; and observed amongst them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and fomething fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain; and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progress was unequal, and interrupted by a thousand caprices. When Pleasure warbled

in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made fo many excursions from the road that his feebler companions often outstripped him. I observed that the muses beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned, and turned afide her face. While Genius was thus wasting his strength in eccentric flights, I saw a person of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a flow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every stone that obstructed his way, till he faw most of those below him, who had at first derided his flow and toilfome progress. Indeed, there were few who ascended the hill with equal, and uninterrupted steadiness; for, beside the difficulties of the way, they were continually folicited to turn aside, by a numerous crowd of appetites, passions, and pleasures, whose importunity, when once complied with, they became less and less able to resist: and though they often returned to the path, the asperities of the road were more severely felt; the hill appeared more fteep and rugged; the fruits which were wholesome and refreshing, seemed harsh and ill tasted; their fight grew dim; and their feet tript at every little obstruction.

I saw, with some surprise, that the muses, whose business was to cheer and encourage those who were toiling up the ascent, would often sing in the bowers of pleasure, and accompany those who are enticed away at the call of the pas-They accompanied them, however, but a little way; and always forfook them when they loft fight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives; and led them away, without refistance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the mansions of Misery. Amongst the innumerable seducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of science, there was one so little formidable in her appearance, and so gentle and languid in her attempts, that I should scarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers she had imperceptibly loaded with her chains Indolence, (for fo she was called) far from proceeding to open hostilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herfelf with

retarding their progress; and the purpose she could not force them to abandon, she persuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the strength of those who came within its influence mhappy captives still turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground seemed to flide from beneath their feet, and they found themselves at the bottom, before they suspected they had changed their place. The placed ferenity, which at first appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the stream of Infignificance; a dark and flugglish water which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead fea, where startled passengers are awakened by the shock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deserters from the paths of Science, none seemed less able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of appetite and passion could often seize the moment when their tyrants were languid or assept to escape from their enchantment! but the dominion of Indolence was constant and unremitted; and seldom resisted,

till relistance was in vain.

After contemplating these things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path shaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of Science seemed to shed a glory round her votaries. Happy, faid I, are they who are permitted to afcend the mountain! But while I was pronouncing this exclamation, with uncommon ardour, I faw, standing beside me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. "Happier," faid she, " are they whom Virtue conducts to the mansions of content !" "What," faid I, "does Virtue then reside in the vale?" " I am found," faid she, " in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bless the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wishes for me I am already present. Science may raise thee to eminence; but I alone can guide thee to felicity!" While Virtue was thus ipeaking, I firetched out my arms towards her, with a vehemence which broke my flumber. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward; and resigned the night to silence and meditation.

SECTION VII.

The journey of a day: A picture of human life.

OBIDAH, the fon of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last slutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the lists; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were

gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on, till the fun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path, He faw, on his right hand, a grove that feemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation: he entered it and found the coolness and verdure irrefistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whether he was travelling; but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the fame direction with the main road; and was pleafed, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without fuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was fometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, which the heat had affembled in the shade; and for the times amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either fide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paufed for a time, and began to confider whether it were longer fafe to forfake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his folicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneafiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him. He listened to every echo; he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect; he turned aside to every cascade; and pleafed himfelf with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and consused, asraid to go forward left he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the iky was overforead with cloulds; the day. vanished from before him; and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now faw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to feek shelter in the grove; and despised the petty curiofity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what yet remained in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of Nature. He rose with considence and tranquility, and pressed on with resolution. The beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and sear, and ravage and expiration. All the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounds.

ed him: the winds roared in the woods; and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and diffressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to fasety, or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his sate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light; and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obrained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah sed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or

palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, fink deep into thy heart. Remember, my fon, that human life is the journey of a day. We rife in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we fet forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the direct road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time, we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and fome more easy means of obtaining the fame end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a diffance; but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which, for

a while, we keep in our fight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with fensual gratifications. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy; till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and difeate and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with forrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forfaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my fon, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair; but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made: that reformation is never hopeless, nor fincere endeavours ever unaffifted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my fon, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

DR. JOHNSON.

CHAP. III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

SECTION 1.

The importance of a good Education.

I CONSIDER a human foul, without education, like marble in the quarry: which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vain, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virgue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allufion

- 94

so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of fubstantial forms, when he tells us that a fratue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous manner, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, and the fculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human foul. The philosopher, the faint, or the hero, the wife, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have difinterred, and have brought to fight. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of. favage nations; and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated: to fee courage exerting itfelf infierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in fullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different. kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified. and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their mafters, or upon changing their fervice, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it sometimes: happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that favage greatness of foul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occusions, be raifed to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be, for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species; that we should not put them upons the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an infignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world, as well as in this; and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

It is therefore an unspeakable bleffing, to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though, it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons who are but sittle above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantage of a mere-



liberal education, rife above one another by several different degrees of persection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes, we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features; sometimes, we find the figure wrought up to great elegancy; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or a Praxiteles could not give several since touches and sinishings.

SECTION II.

On Gratitude.

THERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind, than gratitude. It is accompanied with such inward satisfaction, that the duty, is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not, like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompense laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification which it affords.

If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every bleffing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and the Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleafing fensation in the mind of a grateful man, it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude; on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

ADDISON.

SECTION III.

On Forgiveness.

The most plain and natural sentiments of equity concurs with divine authority, to enforce the duty of forgiveness. Let him who has never in his life done wrong, be allowed the privilege of remaining inexorable. But let such as are

conscious of frailties and crimes, confider forgiveness as a debt which they owe to others. Common failings are the strongest lesson of mutual forbearance. Were this virtue unknown among men, order and comfort, peace and repofe. would be strangers to human life. Injuries retaliated according to the exorbitant measure which passion prescribes, would excite refentment in return. The injured person would become the injurer; and thus wrongs, retaliations, and fresh injuries, would circulate in endless succession, till the world was rendered a field of blood. Of all the passions which invade the human breaft, revenge is the most direful. When allowed to reign with full dominion, it is more than fufficient to poison the few pleasures which remain to man in his present state. How much soever a person may faffer from injustice, he is always in hazard of suffering more from the prolecution of revenge. The violence of an enemy cannot inflict what is equal to the torment he creates to himself, by means of the fierce and desperate passions which he allows to rage in his foul.

Those evil spirits who inhabit the regions of misery, are represented as delighting in revenge and cruelty. But all that is great and good in the universe, is on the fide of clemency and mercy. The almighty Ruler of the world, though for ages offended by the unrighteousnels, and infulted by the impiety of men, is "long fuffering and flow to. anger." His Son, when he appeared in our nature, exhibited, both in his life and his death, the most illustrious example of forgiveness which the world ever beheld. If we look into the history of mankind, we shall find that, in every age, they who have been respected as worthy, or admired as great, have been distinguished for this virtue. Revenge dwells in little minds. A noble and magnanimous spirit is always superior to it. It fuffers not from the injuries of men those severe shocks which others feel. Collected within itself, it stan is unmoved, by their impotent assaults; and with generous pity, rather than with anger, looks down on their unworthy conduct. It has been truly faid, that the greatest man on earth can no fooner commit an injury, than a good man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

. DIA

SECTION IV.

Motives to the practice of Gentleness.

To promote the virtue of gentlenels, we ought to view our character with an impartial eye; and to learn, from our own failings, to give that indulgence which in our turn we claim. It is pride which fills the world with fo much harshness and severity. In the fulness of self estimation, we forget what We claim attentions to which we are not entitled. we are. We are rigorous to offences, as if we had never offended; unfeeling to distress, as if we knew not what it was to suffer. From those airy regions of pride and folly, let us descend to our proper level. Let us survey the natural equality on which Providence has placed man, with man, and reflect on the infirmities common to all. If the reflection on natural equality and mutual offences, be infufficient to prompt humanity, let us at least remember what we are in the fight of our Creator. Have we none of that for bearance to give one another, which we all so earnestly intreat from heaven? Can we look for clemency or gentleness from our Judge, when we are so backward to show it to our own brethren?

Let us also accustom ourselves, to reslect on the small moment of those things, which are the usual incentives to violence and contention. In the ruffled and angry hour, we view every appearance through a false medium. The most inconfiderable point of interest, or honor; swells into a momentous object; and the flightest attack seems to threaten immediate ruin. But after paffion or pride has subsided, we look around in vain for the mighty mischiefs we dreaded. The fabric, which our disturbed imagination had reared, totally disappears. But though the cause of contention has dwindled away, its consequences remain. We have alienated a friend; we have imbittered an enemy; we have fown the feeds of future fufpicion, malevolence or difgust. Let us suspend our violence for a moment, when causes of discord occur. Let us anticipate that period of coolness, which, of itself, will soon arrive. Let us reflect how little we have any prospect of gaining by fierce contention; but how much of the true happiness of life we are certain of throwing away. Eafily, and from the smallest chink, the bitter waters of strife are let forth; but their course cannot be foreseen; and he seldom fails of suffering

most from their poisonous effect, who first allowed them to flow.

BLAIR.

SECTION V.

A suspicious temper the source of misery to its possessor.

As a suspicious spirit is the source of many crimes and calamities in the world, so it is the spring of certain misery to the person who indulges it. His friends will be few; and fmall will be his comfort in those whom he possesses. Believing others to be his enemies, he will of course make them such. Let his caution be ever fo great, the asperity of his thoughts will often break out in his behavior; and in return for fuspecting and hating, he will incur suspicion and hatred. Befides the external evils which he draws upon himself, arising from alienated friendship, broken confidence, and open enmity, the suspicious temper itself is one of the worst evils which any man can fuffer. If " in all fear there is torment," how miserable must be his state who, by living in perpetual jealoufy, lives in perpetual dread! Looking upon himfelf to be furrounded with spies, enemies, and designing men, he is a stranger to reliance and trust. He knows not to whom to open himself. He dresses his countenance in forced smiles, while his heart throbs within from apprehensions of secret treachery. Hence fretfulness and ill humor, disgust at the world, and all the painful fenfations of an irritated and imbittered mind.

So numerous and great are the evils arising from a suspicious disposition, that, of the two extremes, it is more eligable to expose ourselves to occasional disadvantage from thinking too well of others, than to suffer continual misery by thinking always ill of them. It is better to be sometimes imposed upon, than never to trust. Safety is purchased at too dear a rate, when, in order to secure it, we are obliged to be always clad in armor, and to live in perpetual hostility with our sellows. This is, for the sake of living, to deprive ourselves of the comfort of life. The man of candor enjoys his situation, whatever it is, with cheerfulness and peace. Prudence directs his intercourse with the world; but no black suspicious haunt his hours of rest. Accustomed to view the characters of his neighbours in the most savorable light, he is like one who

dwells amidst those beautiful scenes of nature, on which the eye rests with pleasure. Whereas the suspicious man, having his imagination filled with all the shocking forms of human falsehood, deceit, and treachery, resembles the traveller in the wilderness, who discerns no objects around him but such as are either dreary or terrible; caverns that open, serpents that his, and beasts of prey that howl.

BI.AIR

SECTION VI.

Comforts of Religion.

THERE are many who have passed the age of youth and beauty; who have refigned the pleasures of that smiling feafon; who begin to decline into the vale of years, impaired in their health, depressed in their fortunes, stript of their friends, their children, and perhaps still more tender connexions. What resource can this world afford them? It prefents a dark and dreary waste, through which there does not iffue a fingle ray of comfort. Every delufive profpect of ambition is now at an end; long experience of mankind, an experience very different from what the open and generous foul of youth had fondly dreamt of, has rendered the heart almost inaccessible to new friendships. The principal fources of activity are taken away, when those for whom we labour are cut off from us; those who animated, and those who sweetened all the toils of life. Where then can the foul find refuge, but in the bosom of Religion? There she is admitted to those prospects of Providence and futurity, which alone can warm and fill the heart. I speak here of such as retain the feelings of humanity; whom misfortunes have softened, and perhaps rendered more delicately sensible; not of such as possess that stupid insensibility, which some are pleased to dignify with the name of Philos fophy.

It might therefore be expected, that those philosophers who think they stand in no need themselves of the affistance of religion to support their virtue, and who never sees the want of its consolations, would yet have the humanity to consider the very different situation of the rest of mankind; and not endeavour to deprive them of what habit, at least, if they will not allow it to be nature, has made

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necessary to their morals, and to their happiness. It might be expected, that humanity would prevent them from breaking into the last retreat of the unfortunate, who can no longer be objects of their envy or resentment; and tearing from them their only remaining confort. The attempt to ridicule religion may be agreeable to some, by relieving them from restraint upon their pleasures; and may render others very miserable, by making them doubt those truths, in which they were most deeply interested: but it can convey real good and happiness to no one individual.

GREGORY.

SECTION VII.

Diffidence of our abilities, a mark of wisdom.

It is a fure indication of good fense, to be diffident of it, We then, and not till then, are growing wise, when we begin to discern how weak and unwise we are. An absolute persection of understanding, is impossible: he makes the nearest approaches to it, who has the sense to discern, and the humility to acknowledge, its impersections. Modesty always sits gracefully upon youth; it covers a multitude of faults, and doubles the lustre of every virtue which it seems to hide: the persections of men being like those slowers which appear more beautiful, when their leaves are a little contracted and folded up, than when they are full blown, and display themselves, without any referve, to the view.

We are some of us very sond of knowledge, and apt to value ourselves upon any proficiency in the sciences: one science, however, there is, worth more than all the rest, and that is, the science of living well; which shall remain, when tongues shall cease," and, "knowledge shall vanish away." As to new notions, and new doctrines, of which this age is very fruitful, the time will come, when we shall have no pleasure in them; nay, the time shall come, when they shall be exploded, and would have been forgotten, if they had not been preserved in those excellent books, which contain a constitution of them; like insects preserved for ages in amber, which otherwise would soon have returned to the common mass of things. But a firm belief of Christianity, and a practice suitable to it, will support and invigorate the mind to the last; and most of all, at last, at that important hour,

which must decide our hopes and apprehensions; and the wisdom, which, like our Saviour, cometh from above, will, through his merits, bring us thither. All our other studies and pursuits, however different, ought to be subservient to, and centre in, this grand point, the pursuit of eternal happiness, by being good in ourselves, and useful to the world.

SEED.

SECTION VIII.

On the importance of order in the distribution of our Time.

Time we ought to confider as a facred trust committed to us by God; of which we are now the depositaries, and are to render account at the last. The portion of it which he has allotted us, is intended partly for the concerns of this world, partly for those of the next. Let each of these occupy, in the diffribution of our time, that space which properly belongs to it. Let not the hours of hospitality and pleasure interfere with the discharge of our necessary affairs; and let not what we call necessary affairs, encroach upon the time which is due to devotion. To every thing there is a feason, and a time for every purpose under the heaven. If we delay till tomorrow what ought to be done today, we overcharge the morrow with a burthen which belongs not to We load the wheels of time, and prevent them from carrying us along fmoothly. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life. The orderly arrangement of his time is like a ray of light, which darts itself through all his affairs. But when no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is furrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lie huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of diftribution nor review.

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its value. Let us consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it slies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent, than in their application of time. When they think of it, as the measure of their continuance on earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety

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feek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconfiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of time only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be mafter of his property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to confume it. Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But, by this fatal neglect, how many materials of fevere and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance feeks afterwards in vain to recall. What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced. Such are the effects of a diforderly waste of time, through not attending to its value. Every thing in the life of fuch persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due feason.

But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly faid to redeem the time. By proper management, he prolongs it. He lives much in little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his. own foul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back on the past, and provides for the future. He catches and arrests the hours as they fly. They are marked down for useful purposes, and their memory remains. Whereas those hours flee by the man of-confusion, like a shadow. His days and years are either blanks of which he has no remembrance, or they are filled up with fuch a confused and irregular succession of unfinished transactions, that though he remembers he has been busy, yet he can give no account of the business which has employed him.

SECTION IX.

The dignity of virtue amidst corrupt examples.

THE most excellent and honourable character which can adorn a man and a christian, is acquired by resisting the torrent of vice, and adhering to the cause of God and virtue against a corrupted multitude. It will be found to hold in general, that all those, who, in any of the great lines of life, have diftinguished themselves for thinking profoundly, and ading nobly, have despised popular prejudices; and departed, in several things, from the common ways of the world. On no occasion is this more requisite for true honour, than where refigion and morality are concerned. In times of prevailing licentiousness, to maintain unblemished virtue, and uncorrupted integrity; in a public or a private cause, to stand firm by what is fair and just, amiust discouragements and opposition; despising groundless censure and reproach; disdaining all compliance with public manners, when they are vicious and unlawful; and never ashamed of the punctual discharge of every duty towards God and man; this is what shows true greatness of spirit, and will force approbation even " This is the from the degenerate multitude themselves. man," (their conscience will oblige them to acknowledge,) "whom we are unable to bend to mean condescensions. We see it in vain either to flatter or to threaten him; he rests on a principle within, which we cannot shake. To this man we may, on any occasion, fately commit our cause. He is incapable of betraying his truft, or deferting his friend, or denying his faith."

It is, accordingly, this steady instexible virtue, this regard to principle, superior to all custom and opinion, which peculiarly marked the characters of those in any age, who have shone with distinguished lustre; and has consecrated their memory to all posterity. It was this that obtained to ancient Enoch the most singular testimony of honour from heaven. He continued to "walk with God," when the world apostatised from him. He pleased God, and was beloved of him; so that living among sinners, he was translated to heaven without seeing death; "Yea, speedily was he taken away, lest wickedness should have altered his understanding, or deccit beguile! I is foul." When Sodom could not surnish

ten righteous men to fave it, Lot remained unspotted amidst the contagion. He lived like an angel among spirits of darkness; and the destroying flame was not permitted to go forth, till the good man was called away by a heavenly mef-fenger from his devoted city. When "all flesh had corrupted their way upon the earth," then lived Noah, a right-cous man, and a preacher of righteoufness. He stood alone, and was scoffed by a profane crew. But they by the deluge were swept away; while on him, Providence conferred the immortal honour, of being the restorer of a better race, and the father of a new world. Such examples as these and fuch honours conferred by God on them who withflood the multitude of evil doers, should often be present to our minds. Let us oppose them to the numbers of low and corrupt examples, which we behold around us; and when we are in hazard of being swayed by such, let us fortify our virtue. by thinking of those who, in former times, thone like stars in the midft of furrounding darkness, and are now shining in the kingdom of heaven, as the brightness of the firmament, for ever and ever. BLAIR.

SECTION X.

The mortifications of vice greater than those of virtue.

Though no condition of human life is free from uneafines, yet it must be allowed, that the uneasiness belonging to a finful course, is far greater, than what attends a course of well doing. If we are weary of the labours of virtue, we may be affured, that the world, whenever we try the exchange, will lay upon us a much heavier load. It is the outside, only, of a licentious life, which is gay and smiling. Within, it conceals toil, and trouble, and deadly forrow. For tice poisons human happiness in the spring, by introducing disorder into the heart. Those passions which it seems to indulge, it only feeds with imperfect gratifications; and thereby strengthens them for preying, in the end, on their unhappy victims.

It is a great mistake to imagine, that the pain of self denial is confined to virtue. He who follows the world, as much as he who follows Christ's must "take up his cross;" and to him affuredly, it will prove a more oppressive burden. I ice allows all our passions to range uncontrolled; and where

each claims to be superior, it is impossible to gratify all. The predominant desire can only be indulged at the expense of its rival. No mortifications which virtue exacts, are more fevere than those, which ambition imposes upon the love of ease, pride upon interest, and covetousness upon vanity. Self denial, therefore, belongs, in common, to vice and virtue; but with this remarkable difference, that the passions which virtue requires us to mortify, it tends to weaken; whereas, those which vice obliges us to deny, it, at the fane time, strengthens. The one diminishes the pain of self denial, by moderating the demand of passion; the other increases it, by rendesing those demands imperious and violent. What distresses, that occur in the calm life of virtue, can be compared to those tortures, which remorfe of conscience inslicts on the wicked; to those severe humiliations, arising from guilt combined with misfortunes, which fink them to the dust; to those violent agitations of shame and disappointment, which fometimes drive them to the most fatal extremities, and make them abhor their existence? How often, in the midst of those disastrous situations, into which their crimes have brought them, have they execrated the feductions of vice; and, with bitter regret, look back to the day on which they first forsook the path of innecence!

SECTION XI. On Contentment.

Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising from a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of maa, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude, towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual terenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for acquiring this virtue, I shall mention only the two sol-

lowing. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and fecondly, how much

more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleafed with the reply which Ariftippus made to one, who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: "Why," faid he, "I have three farms still, and you have but one; fo that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to confider what they have loft, than what they posses; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward; and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want, there are few rich men in any of the politer nations, but among the middle fort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty; and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of fense have at all times beheld, with a great deal of mirth, this filly game that is playing over their heads; and, by contracting their defires, enjoy all that fecret fatisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures, cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the greater source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it may, he is a poor man, if he does not live within it; and naturally fets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness; but told him he had already more by half-than he knew what to do with. In short content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "Content is natural wealth," fays Socrates; to which I shall add,

luxury is artificial poverty. I shall therefore recommend to the confideration of those, who are always aiming at superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and who will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher, namely, "That no man has so much care, as he who endeavours after the most happiness."

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more happy he might be, than he really is The former confideration took in all those, who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others; or between the misfortune which he suffers, and greater misfor-

tunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who upon break. ing his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, fince I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the faying of an old philosopher, who after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by a person that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them: "Every one," fays he, " has his calamity; and he is a happy man that has no greater than this." We find an instance to the same purpose, in the life of doctor Hammon, written by bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there never was any system besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man, the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us contented with our condition, many of the present philosophers tell us, that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which superior beings themselves are subject; while others, very gravely, tell the man who is miserable,

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that it is necessary he should be so, to keep up the harmony of the universe; and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted, were he otherwise. These and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may show him that his discontent is unreasonable, but they are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend, who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: "It is for that very reason," said the emperor, "that I grieve."

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shows him, that bearing his afflictions as he ought to do, will naturally end in the removal of them. It makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

SECTION XII.

Rank and riches afford no ground for Envy.

OF all the grounds of envy among men, superiority in rank and fortune is the most general. Hence the malignity which the poor commonly bear to the rich, as engroffing to themfelves all the comforts of life. Hence, the evil eye with which persons of inferior station scrutinize those who are above them in rank; and if they approach to that rank their envy is generally strongest against such as are just one step, higher than themselves. Alas! my friends, all this envious disquietude, which agitates the world, arises from a deceitful figure which impoles on the public view. False colours are hung out; the real state of men is not what it feems to be. The order of fociety requires a distinction of ranks to take place but in point of happiness, all men come much nearer to equality than is commonly imagined; and the circumstances, which form any material difference of happiness among them, are not of that nature which renders them grounds of envy. The poor man possesses not, it is true, some of the conveniences and pleasures of the rich; but in return, he is free from many embarrassiments to which they are subject. By the simplicity and uniformity of his life, he is delivered from that variety

of cares, which perplex those who have great affairs to manage, intricate plans to pursue, many enemies, perhaps, to encounter in the pursuit. In the tranquillity of his small habitation. and private family, he enjoys a peace which is often unknown. at courts. The gratifications of nature, which are always the most satisfactory, are possessed by him to their full extent; and if he be a stranger to the refined pleasures of the wealthy. he is unacquainted also with the desire of them, and by consemence, feels no want. His plain meal satisfies his appetite, with a relish, probably higher than that of the rich man, who fits down to his luxurious banquet. His fleep is more found; his health more firm; he knows not what spleen. languor, and liftlefiness are. His accustomed employments or labours are not more oppressive to him, than the labour of attendance on courts and the great, the labours of dress, the fatigue of amulements, the very weight of idleness, frequently are to the rich. In the mean time, all the beauty of the face. of nature, all the enjoyments of domestic fociety, all the gaity and cheerfulness of an easy mind, are as open to him as to those of the highest rank. The splendour of retinue, the found of titles, the appearances of high respect, are indeed foothing, for a short time, to the great. But, become familiar they are foon forgotten. Custom effaces their impression. hey fink into the rank of those ordinary things, which daily recur, without raising any sensation of joy. Let us cease, therefore, from looking up with discontent and envy to those, whom birth or fortune has placed above us. Let us adjust the balance of happiness fairly. When we think of the enjoyments we want, we should think also of the troubles from which we are free. If we allow their just value to the comforts we possess, we shall find reason to rest satisfied, with a very moderate, though not an oppulent and fplendid, condition of fortune. Often, did we know the whole, we should be inclined to pity the state of those whom we now envy.

BLAIR.

SECTION XIII.

Patience under provocations our interest as well as duty.

THE wide circle of human fociety is diversified by an endless variety of characters, dispositions, and passions.

Uniformity is, in no respect, the genius of the world. Every man is marked by fome peculiarity which diffinguishes him from another and no where can two individuals be found, who are exactly and in all respects, alike. much diversity obtains, it cannot but happen, that, in the intercourse which men are obliged to maintain, their tempers will often be ill adjusted to that intercourse; will jar, and interfere with each other. Hence, in every station, the highest as well as the lowest, and in every condition of life, public, private, and domestic, occasions of irritation frequently arise. We are provoked, sometimes by the folly and levity of those with whom we are connected; sometimes, by their indifference or neglect; by the incivility of a friend, the haughtiness of a superior, or the insolent behaviour of one in lower station. Hardly a day passes, without somewhat or other 👛 curring, which ferves to ruffle the man of impatient spirit. Of course such a man lives in a continual storm. He knows not what it is to enjoy a train of good humour. neighbours, friends, spouse, and children, all, through the unrestrained violence of his temper, become fources of disturbance and vexation to him. In vain is affluence; in vain are health and prosperity. The least trifle is sufficient to discompose his mind, and poison his pleasures. amusements are mixed with turbulence and passion.

I would befeech this man to confider, of what imall moment the provocations which he receives, or at least imagines himself to receive, are really in themselves; but of what great moment he makes them, by fuffering them to deprive him of the possession of himself. I would be seech him, to confider, how many hours of happiness he throws away, which a little more patience would allow him to enjoy; and how much he puts it in the power of the most infignificant persons to render him miserable. "And who kan expect," we hear him exclaim, "that he is to possess the insensibility of a stone? How is it possible for human nature to endure fo many repeated provocations? or to bear calmly with such unreasonable behaviour?" My brother! if thou canst bear with no instances of unreasonable behaviour, withdraw thyfelf from the world. Thou art no longer fit to live in it. Leave the intercourse of men. Retreat to the mountain, and the defert; or shut thyself up in a cell. For here, in the midst of society, offences must come. We might as well expect, when we behold a calm atmosphere, and a clear sky, that no clouds were ever to rife, and no winds to blow, as that our life was long to proceed, without receiving provocations from human frailty. The careless and the imprudent, the gilldy and the fickle, the ungrateful and the interested, every where meet us. They are the briers and thorns, with which the paths of human life are befet. He only, who can hold his course among them with patience and equanimity, he who is prepared to bear what he must expect to

happen, is worthy the name of a man.

If we preserved ourselves composed but for a moment, we should perceive the infignificancy of most of those provocations which we magnify so highly. When a few suns have subsided; the cause of our present impatience and disturbance will be utterly forgotten. Can we not then anticipate this hour of calmness to ourselves; and begin to enjoy the peace which it will certainly bring? If others have behaved improperly, let us leave them to their own folly, without becoming the victim of their caprice, and punishing ourfelves on their account. Patience, in this exercise of it, cannot be too much studied by all who wish their life to flow in a smooth stream. It is the reason of a man, in opposition to the passion of a child. It is the enjoyment of peace, in opposition to uproar and confiusion.

SECTION XIV.

Moderation in our Wishes recommended.

THE active mind of man feldom or never rests satisfied with its prefent condition, how prosperous soever. Originally formed for a wider range of objects, for a higher fphere of enjoyments, it finds itself, in every fituation of fortune, straitened and confined. Sensible of deficiency in its state, it is ever sending forth the fond desire, the afpiring wish, after fomething beyond what is enjoyed at present. Hence, that restlessiness which prevails so generally among mankind. Hence, that difgust of pleasures which they have tried; that passion for novelty; that ambition

of rifing to some degree of eminence or felicity, of which they have formed to themselves an indistinct idea. All which may be considered as indications of a certain native original greatness in the human soul, swelling beyond the limits of its present condition; and pointing to the higher objects for which it was made. Happy, if these latent remains of our primitive state served to direct our wishes towards their proper destination, and to lead us into the path of true blis!

But in this dark and bewildered state, the aspiring tendency of our nature unfortunately takes an opposite direction, and seeds a very misplaced ambition. The stattering appearances which here present themselves to sense; the distinctions which fortune confers; the advantages and pleasures which we imagine the world to be capable of bestowing, fill up the ultimate wish of most men. These are the objects which engross their solitary musings, and stimulate, their active labours; which warm the breasts of the young, animate the industry of the middle aged, and often keep alive the passions of the old, until the very close of life.

Affuredly, there is nothing unlawful in our wishing to be freed from whatever is disagreeable, and to obtain a fuller enjoyment of the comforts of life. But when these wishes are not tempered by reason, they are in danger of precipitating us into much extravagance and folly. Desires and wishes are the first springs of action. When they become exorbitant, the whole character is likely to be tainted. If we suffer our fancy to create to itself worlds of ideal happiness, we shall discompose the peace and order of our minds, and soment many hurtful passions. Here, then, let moderation begin its reign; by bringing within reasonable bounds the wishes that we form. As soon as they become extravagant, let us check them, by proper resections on the fallacious nature of those objects, which the world hangs out to allure desire.

You have strayed, my friends, from the road which code ducts to felicity; you have dishonoured the native dignity of your souls, in allowing your wishes to terminate on nothing higher than worldly ideas of greatness or happiness. Your imagination roves in a land of shadows. Unreal forms

deceive you. It is no more than a phantom, an illusion of happiness, which attracts your fond admiration; nay, an illusion of happiness, which often conceals much real misery.

Do you imagine, that all are happy who have attained to those summits of distinction, towards which your wishes afpire? Alas! how frequently has experience shown, that where rofes were supposed to bloom, nothing but briers and thorns grew! Reputation, beauty, riches, grandeur, nay, royalty itself, would, many a time, have been gladly exchanged by the possessors, for that more quiet and humble station, with which you are now diffatisfied. With all that is fplendid and shining in the world, it is decreed that there should mix many deep shades of wo. On the elevated situations of fortune the great calamities of life chiefly fall. There, the storm spends its violence, and there the thunder breaks; while, safe and unhurt, the inhabitant of the vale remains below. Retreat, then, from those vain and pernicious excursions of extravagant desire. Satisfy yourselves with what is rational and attainable. Train your minds to moderate views of human life, and human happiness. Remember, and admire, the wisdom of Augur's petition: "Remove far from me vanity and lies. Give me neither poverty nor riches. Feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny thee; and fay, who is the Lord? or left I be poor, and steal; and take the name of my God in vain."

RI.AIR.

SECTION XV.

Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity, the Source of Consolation to good men.

I was yesterday, about sunset, walking in the open sields, till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, till the whole simmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened, by the season of the year, and the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose, at length, in that clouded majesty, which

Milton takes notice of; and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was furveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought *arose in me, which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of ferious and contemplative natures. David himself fell into it in that reflection; "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the fon of man that our regardest him!" In the fame manner, when I confider that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then thining upon me; with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarge the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds, rifing still above this which we discovered; and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at fo great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former, as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little infignificant figure, which I myfelf bore amidst the immensity of God's works.

Were the fun, which enlivens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds, that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be mised, more than a grain of fand upon the fea shore. The space they possess, is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, it would scarcely make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to any eye, that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be fuch a fense in ourselves hereaster, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. By the help of glaffes, we fee many stars, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more Itill are our discoveries. Huvgenius carries this thought fo far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars, whose light has not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question that the universe has certain bounds fet to it; but when we consider that it is the work of Infinite Power, prompted by Infinite Goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set

any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature; and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which, in all probability, swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover mylelf from this mortifying thought, I confidered that it took its rife from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the Divine Nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the fame time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves, in some degree, to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space; and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The iphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature, than another, according as we rife one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our fpheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the Divine Nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear, in some measure, ascribing it to HIM, in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed affures us, that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it, contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices, which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among

which he feems to be inceffantly employed, if we confider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports, the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not effentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an impersection in him, were he able to move out of one place into another; or to withdraw himself from any thing he has created, or from any part of that space which he diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosophers, he is a being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the fecond place, he is omniscient as well as omniprefent, His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence. He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that shiring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Were the soul separate from body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation; should it, for millions of years, continue its progress through infinite space, with the safe activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed by the immensity of the Godhead.

In this confideration of the Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occasion; for, as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be consident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice; and, in unseigned humility of heart, think themselves unwortly that he should be mindful of them.

QHAP. IV. ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

SECTION I. .

Happiness is founded in Rectitude of Conduct.

ALL men purfue good, and would be happy, if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miserable for hours; but happy, if poslible, through every part of their existence. Ether, therefore, there is a good of this steady, durable kind, or there is not. If not, then all good must be transient and uncertain; and if so, an object of the lowest value, which can little deserve our attention or inquiry. · But if there be a better good, such a good as we are seeking; like every other thing, it must be derived from some cause; and that cause must either be external, internal, or mixed; in as much as, except these three, there is no other possible. Now a steady durable good, cannot be derived from an external caule; fince all derived from externals must fluctuate as they fluctuate. By the same rule, it cannot be derived from a mixture of the two; because the part which is external, will proportionably destroy its essence. What then remains but the cause internal? the very cause which we have sup-poseds when we place the sovereign good in mind,—in rectitude of conduct.

SECTION II.

Virtue Man's bighest Interest.

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion. Where om I? What fort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every instance to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own, or a different kind? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself? No; nothing like it; the farthest from it possible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone? It does not. But is it not possible to to accommodate it, by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this

be beyond me, it is not possible. What consequence then follows; or can there be any other than this: If I feek an interest of my own detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and which can never have existence.

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am stationed here to no purpose. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are sufficient to convince me, that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows; If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But, farther still; I stop not here; I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of consmerce, by the general intercounse of arts and letters, by that

common nature of which we all participate!

Again, I must have food and clothing. Without asproper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and feafons ever uniformly pass on? Were this order once confounded, I could not possibly survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its great Governor our common Parent.

SECTION III.

The Injustice of an uncharitable Spirit.

A suspicious, uncharitable spirit is not only inconfissent with all social virtue and happiness, but it is also, in itself, un-

reasonable and unjust. In order to form sound opinions, concerning characters and actions, two things are especially requisite, information and impartiality. But such as are most forward to decide unfavourably, are commonly destitute of both. Instead of possessing, or even requiring, full information, the grounds on which they proceed are frequently the most slight and frivolous. A tale, perhaps, which the idle have invented, the inquisitive have listened to, and the credulous have propagated; or a real incident which rumour, in carrying it along, has exaggerated and disguised, supplies them with materials of consident affertion, and decisive judgment. From an action they presently look into the heart, and infer the motive. This supposed motive they conclude to be the ruling principle; and pronounce at once concerning the whole character.

Nothing can be more contrary both to equity and to found reason, than such precipitate judgments. Any man who attends to what passes within himself, may easily discern what a complicated fystem the human character is; and what a vatiety of circumstances must be taken into the account, in order to estimate it truly. No single instance of conduct whatever, is fufficient to determine it. As from one worthy action, It were credulity, not charity, to conclude a person to be free from all vice; so from one which is censurable, it is perfectly unjust to infer that the author of it is without conscience, and. without merit. If we knew all the attending circumstances, it might appear in an excufable light; nay, perhaps under a commendable form. The motives of the actor may have been entirely different from those which we ascribe to him; and where we suppose him impelled by bad design, he may have been prompted by conscience and mistaken principle, Admitting the action to have been in every view criminal, he may have been hurried into it through inadvertency and furprife. He may have fincerely repented; and the virtuous principle may have now regained its full vigour. Perhaps this was the corner of frailty; the quarter on which he lay open to the incursions of temptation; while the other avenues of his heart were firmly guarded by conscience.

It is therefore evident, that no part of the government of temper deserves attention more, than to keep our minds pure from uncharitable prejudices, and open to candour and humanity in judging of others. The worst consequences, both to ourselves and to society, follow from the opposit spirit. BLAIR.

SECTION IV.

Misfortunes of Men mostly chargeable on themselves.

We find man placed in a world, where he has by no means the disposal of the events that happen. Calamities sometimes befall the worthiest and the best, which it is not in their power to prevent, and where nothing is left them, but to acknowledge, and to submit to the high hand of Heaven. For such visitations of trial, many good and wise reasons can be affigned, which the present subject leads me not to discuss. But though those unavoidable calamities make a part, yet they make not the chief part, of the vexations and forrows that distress human life. A multitude of evils beset us, for the source of which we must look to another quarter. No some cross to their wish, than they begin to talk of the unequal distribution of the good things of this life; they envy the condition of others; they repine at their own lot,

and fret against the Ruler of the world.

Full of these sentiments, one man pines under a broken But let us ask him whether he can, fairly and honestly, assign no cause for this but the unknown decree of heaven? Has he duly valued the bleffing of health and always observed the rules of virtue and sobriety? Has he been moderate in his life, and temperate in all his pleasures? If now he is only paying the price of his former, perhaps his forgotten indulgences, has he any title to complain, as if he were fuffering unjustly? Were we to survey the chambers of fickness and distress, we should often find them peopled with the victims of intemperance and fenfuality, and with the children of vicious indolence and floth. Among the thousands who languish there, we should find the proportion of innocent sufferers to be small. We should see faded youth, premature old age, and the prospect of an untimely grave, to be the portion of multitudes, who in one way or other, have brought those evils on themselves; while yet these martyrs of vice and folly have the assurance to arraign the hard fate of man, and to "fret against the Lord."

But you, perhaps, complain of hardships of another kind; of the injustice of the world; of the poverty which you suffer, and the discouragements under which you labour; of the croffes and disappointments of which your life has been doomed to be full. Before you give too much scope to your discontent, let me desire you to reflect impartially upon your past train of life. Have not sloth, or pride, or ill temper, or finful passions, misled you often from the path of sound and wife conduct? Have you not been wanting to yourselves in improving those opportunities which Providence offered you, for bettering and advancing your state? If you have chosen to indulge your humour, or your taste, in the gratifications of indolence or pleasure, can you complain because others, in preference to you, have obtained those advantages which naturally belong to useful labours, and honourable pursuits? Have not the consequences of some false steps, into which your passions, or your pleasures, have betrayed you, pursued you through much of your life; tainted, perhaps, your characters, involved you in embarrassments, or funk you into negleft? It is an old faying, that every man is the artificer of his own fortune in the world. It is certain, that the world feldom turns wholly against a man, unless through his own fault. "Religion is," in general, "profitable unto all things."
Virtue, diligence, and industry, joined with good temper and prudence, have ever been found the furest road to profperity; and where men fail of attaining it, their want of success is far oftener owing to their having deviated from that road, than to their having encountered insuperable bars in it. Some, by being too artful, forfeit the reputation of probity. Some, by being too open, are accounted to fail in prudence. Others, by being fickle and changeable, are diftrasted by all. The case commonly is, that men seek to ascribe their disappointments, to any cause, rather than to their own misconduct; and when they can devise no other cause, they lay them to the charge of Providence. Their folly leads them into vices; their vices into misfortunes; and in their misfortunes they "murmur against Providence." They are doubly unjust towards their Creator. In their prosperity, they are apt to ascribe their success to their own diligence, rather than to his bleffing; and in their advertity,

they impute their distresses to his providence, not to their own misbehaviour. Whereas, the truth is the very reverse of this. "Every good and every perfect gift cometh from above;" and of evil and misery, man is the author to himfelf.

When, from the condition of individuals, we look abroad to the public state of the world, we meet with more proofs of the truth of this affertion. We see great societies of men torn in pieces by intestine diffentions, tumults, and civil commotions. We see mighty armies going forth, in formidable array, against each other, to cover the earth with blood, and to fill the air with cries of widows and orphans. Sad evils these are, to which this miserable world is exposed. But are these evils, I beseech you, to be imputed to God? Was it he who fent forth flaughtering armies into the field, or who filled the peaceful city with maffacres and blood? Are thefe miseries any other than the bitter fruit of men's violent and diforderly paffions? Are they not clearly to be traced to the ambition and vices of princes, to the quarrels of the great, and to the turbulence of the people? Let us lay them entirely out of the account, in thinking of Providence; and let us think only of the "foolishness of man." Did man control his passions, and form his conduct according to the dictates of wisdom, humanity, and virtue, the earth would no longer be desolated by cruelty; and human societies would live in order, harmony and peace. In those scenes of mis-chief and violence which fill the world, let man behold, with shame, the picture of his vices, his ignorance and folly. Let him be humbled by the mortifying view of his own perverseness; but let not his "heart fret against the Lord."

BLAIR.

SECTION V. On disinterested Friendship.

I AM informed that certain Greek writers (philosophers, it feems, in the opinion of their countrymen) have advanced some very extraordinary positions relating to friendship; as, indeed, what subject is there, which these subtle geniuses have not tortured with their sophistry?

The authors of whom I refer, diffuade their disciples from entering into any strong attachments, as unavoidably

creating supernumerary disquietudes to those who engage in them; and, as every man has more than sufficient to call forth his solicitude, in the cause of his own affairs, it is a weakness, they contend, anxiously to involve himself in the concerns of others. They recommend it also, in all connections of this kind, to hold the bands of union extremely loose; so as always to have it in one's power to straiten or relax them, as circumstances and situations shall render most expedient. They add, as a capital article of their doctrine, that "to live exempt from cares, is an essential ingredient to constitute human happiness: but an ingredient, however, which he, who voluntarily distresses himself with cares, in which he has no necessary and personal interest, must never hope to posses."

I have been told likewife, that there is another fet of pretended philosophers, of the same country, whose tenets concerning this subject, are of a still more illiberal and ungen-

erous cast.

The proposition they attempt to establish, is, that "friend-ship is an affair of self interest entirely; and that the proper motive for engaging in it, is, not in order to gratify the kind and benevolent affections, but for the benefit of that affistance and support which is to be derived from the connection." Accordingly they affert, that those persons are most disposed to have recourse to auxiliary alliances of this kind, who are least qualified by nature, or fortune, to depend upon their own strength and powers; the weaker sex, for instance, being generally more inclined to engage in friendships, than the male part of our species; and those who are depressed by indigence, or labouring under missortunes, than the wealthy and the prosperous.

Excellent and obliging fages, these, undoubtedly! To strike out the friendly affections from the moral world, would be like extinguishing the sun in the natural: each of them being the source of the best and most grateful satisfactions, that Heaven has conferred on the sons of men. But I should be glad to know, what the real value of this boasted exemption from care, which they promise their disciples, justly amounts to? an exemption flattering to self love, I confess; but which, upon many occurrences in human life, should be

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rejected with the utmost disdain. For nothing, surely, can be more inconfistent with a well poifed and manly spirit, than to decline engaging in any laudable action, or to be discouraged from persevering in it, by an apprehension of the trouble and folicitude, with which it may probably be attended: Virtue herfelf, indeed, ought to be totally renounced, if it be right to avoid every possible means that may be productive of uneafiness: for who, that is actuated by her principles, can observe the conduct of an opposite character, without being affected with some degree of secret distatisfaction? Are not the just, the brave, and the good, necessarily when they respectively meet with instances of fraud, of cowardice, or of villany? It is an effential property of every well constituted mind, to be affected with pain, or pleasure, according to the nature of those moral appearances that prefent themselves to observation.

If fenfibility, therefore, be not incompatible with true wisdom, (and it surely is not, unless we suppose that philosophy deadens every finer feeling of our nature,) what just reafon can be affigned, why the sympathetic sufferings which may refult from friendship, should be a sufficient inducement for banishing that generous affection from the human breast? Extinguish all emotions of the heart, and what difference will remain, I do not fay between man and brute, but between man and a mere inanimate clod? Away then with those austere philosophers, who represent virtue as hardening the foul against all the fofter impressions of humanity ! The fact, certainly, is much otherwise. A truly good man is, upon many occasions, extremely susceptible of tender sentiments; and his heart expands with joy, or fhrinks with forrow, as good or ill fortune accompanies his friend. Upon the whole, then, it may fairly be concluded, that, as in the case of virtue, so in that of friendship, those painful sensations, which may fometimes be produced by the one, as well as by the other, are equally infufficient grounds for excluding either of them from taking possession of our bosons.

They who infift that "utility is the first and prevailing motive, which induces mankind to enter into particular friendships," appear to me to divest the association of its most

amiable and engaging principle. For, to a mind rightly disposed, it is not so much the benefits received, as the affectionate zeal from which they flow, that gives them their beth and most valuable recommendation. It is so far indeed from being verified by fact, that a sense of our wants is the original cause of forming these amicable alliances; that on the contrary, it is observable, that none have been more distinguished in their friendships than those, whose power and opulence, but, above all, whose superior virtue (a much single-er support) have raised them above every necessity of having recourse to the affistance of others.

The true distinction then, in this question is, that "although friendship is certainly productive of utility, yet utility is not the primary motive of friendship." Those selfish senfualists, therefore, who, lulled in the lap of luxury, presume to maintain the reverse, have surely no claim to attention; as they are neither qualified by reflection, nor experience, to

be competent judges of the subject.

Is there a man upon the face of the earth, who would deliberately accept of all the wealth, and all the affluence this world can beftow, if offered to him upon the fevere terms of his being unconnected with a fingle mortal whom he could love, or by whom he should be beloved? This would be to lead the wretched life of a detested tyrant, who, amidst perpetual suspicions and alarms, passes his miserable days a stranger to every tender sentiment; and utterly precluded from the heartfelt satisfactions of friendship.

Melmoth's translation of Cicero's Lælius.

SECTION VI.

On the Immortality of the Soul.

I was yesterday walking, alone, in one of my friend's woods; and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over, in my mind, the several arguments that establish this great point; which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys, that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs drawn,

First, from the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality; which, shough not absolutely necessary to

the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, from its passions and sentiments; as, particularly, from its love of existence; its horror of annihilation; and its hopes of immortality; with that secret satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue; and that uneasiness which follows upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in

this point.

But among thefe, and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the foul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it: which is a hint that I do not remember to have feen opened and improved by others, who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the foul, which is capable of fuch immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity; shall fall away into nothing, almost as foon as it is created? Are fuch abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection, that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at pre-Were a human foul thus at a stand in her accomplishments; were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements; I could imagine she might fall away infenfibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, confidered only in his prefent state, seems sent into the world merely to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor; and immediately quits his post to make room for him. He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can



finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man cannot take in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wife Being make such glorious creatures for fo mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world, as only a nursery for the next; and without believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rife up and difappear in fuch quick fuccessions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may foread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleafing and triumphant confideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress, which the foul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the foul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition, which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes; and drawing nearer to him, by greater

degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this fingle confideration, of the progress of x-finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures and all contempt in superior. That therub, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his

distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up

to it: and thine forth in the fame degree of glory.

With what aftonishment and veneration, may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be; nor will it ever enter into the heart of man, to conceive the glory that will be always in referve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines, that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to HIM, who is the standard not only of perfection, but of happiness!

ADDISON.

CHAP. V. DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.
The Seasons.

A mong the great bleffings and wonders of the creation, may be classed the regularities of times and seasons. Immediately after the flood, the sacred promise was made to man, that seed time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, should continue to the very end of all things. Accordingly, in obedience to that promise, the rotation is constantly presenting us with some useful and agreeable alteration; and all the pleasing novelty of life arises from these natural changes: nor are we less indebted to them for many of its solid consists. It has been frequently the task of the moralist and the poet, to mark, in polished periods, the particular charms and conveniences of every change; and, indeed, such discriminate observations upon natural variety, cannot be undelightful; since the blessing, which every month brings along with it, is a fresh instance of the wisdom and bounty of that Providence, which regulates the glories of the year. We glow as we contemplate; we seel a propensity to adore, whilst we enjoy. In the time

of feed fowing, it is the feafon of confidence: the grain which the husbandman trusts to the bosom of the earth shall, haply, yield its fevenfold rewards. Spring presents us with a scene of lively expectation. That which was before fown, begins now to discover figns of successful vegetation. The labourer observes the change, and anticipates the barvest : he watches the progress of nature, and smiles at her influence; while the man of contemplation walks forth with the evening, amidst the fragrance of flowers, and promifes of plenty; nor returns to his cottage till darkness closes the scene upon his eye. Then cometh the harvest, when the large wish is satisfied, and the granaries of nature are loaded with the means of life, even to a luxury of abundance. The powers of language are unequal to the description of this happy season. It is the carnival of nature fun and shade, coolness and quietude, cheerfulness and melody, love and gratitude, unite to render every scene of summer delightful. The division of light and darkness is one of the kindest efforts of Omnipotent Wisdom. Day and night yield us contrary bleffings; and, at the same time, assist each other, by giving fresh lustre to the delights of both. Amidst the glare of day, and bustle of life, how could we sleep? Amidst the gloom of darkness, how could we labour?

How wife, how benignant, then, is the proper division! The hours of light are adapted to activity; and those of darkness, to rest. Ere the day is passed, exercise and nature prepare us for the pillow; and, by the time that the morning teturns, we are again able to meet it with a smile. Thus, every season has a charm peculiar to itself; and every moment affords some interesting innovation.

MELMOTH.

SECTION II.

The Cataract of Niagara, in Canada, North America.

This amazing fall of water is made by the river St. Lawrence, in its passage from lake Erie into the lake Ontario. The St. Lawrence is one of the largest rivers in the world; and yet the whole of its waters is discharged in this place, by a fall of a hundred and fifty seet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond to the greatness of the scene. A river extremely deep and rapid, and that

ferves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the Atlantic Ocean, is here poured precipitately down a ledge of rocks, that rifes, like a wall, across the whole bed of its ftream. The river, a little above, is near three quarters of a mile broad; and the rocks where it grows narrower, are four hundred yards over. Their direction is not straight acrofs, but hollowing inwards like a horseshoe: so that the cataract, which bends to the shape of the obstacle, rounding inwards, prefents a kind of theatre the most tremendous in nature. Just in the middle of this circular wall of waters, a little island, that has braved the fury of the current, presents one of its points, and divides the stream at top into two parts; but they unite again long before they reach the bottom. The noise of the fall is heard at the distance of several leagues and the fury of the waters at the termination of their fall, is inconceivable. The dashing produces a mist that rises to the very clouds; and which forms a most beautiful rainbow when the fun shines. It will readily be supposed, that such a cataract entirely destroys the navigation of the stream; and yet some Indians in their canoes, as it is faid, have ventured down it with fafety. GOLDSMITH.

SECTION III. The Grotto of Antiparos.

OF all the subterraneous caverns now known, the grotto of Antiparos is the most remarkable, as well for its extent, as for the beauty of its sparry incrustations. This celebrated cavern was first explored by one Magni, an Italian traveller, about a hundred years ago, at Antiparos, an inconsiderable island of the Archipelago. "Having been informed," says he, "by the natives of Paros, that, in the little island of Antiparos, which lies about two miles from the former, a gigantic statue was to be seen at the mouth of a cavern in that place, it was resolved that we (the French consul and himself) should pay it a visit. In pursuance of this resolution, after we had landed on the island, and walked about four miles through the midst of beautiful plains, and sloping woodlands, we at length came to a little hill, on the side of which yawned a most horrid cavern, that by its gloom at first struck us with terror, and almost repressed curiosity. Recovering the first surprise, however, we entered boldly; and had

not proceeded above twenty paces, when the supposed statue of the giant presented itself to our view. We quickly perceived, that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at as a giant, was nothing more than a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave and by degrees hardening into a figure, which their sears had formed into a monster. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed still further, in quest of new adventures in this subterranean abode. As we proceeded, new wonders offered themselves; the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove; some white, some green; and all receding in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who, hitherto in solitude, had, in her playful moments, dressed the scene, as if for her own amusement."

"We had as yet feen but a few of the wonders of the place; and we were introduced only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half illuminated recess, there appeared an opening of about three feet wide, which feemed to lead to a place totally dark, and which one of the natives assured us contained nothing more than a re-: fervoir of water. Upon this information, we made an experiment, by throwing down some stones, which rumbling along the fides of the descent for some time, the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we fent in a Levantine mariner, who, by the promife of a good reward, ventured, with a flambeau in his hand into this narrow aperture. After continuing within it for about a quarter of an hour, he returned, bearing in his hand, some beautiful pieces of white spal, which art could neither equal nor imitate. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in once more with him, about fifty paces, anxiously and cautiously descending, by a steep and dangerous way. Finding however, that we came to a precipice which led into a spacious araphitheatre, (if I may so call it,) still deeper than any other part, we returned, and being provided with a ladder, flambeau, and other things to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same open.g; and descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves all together in the most magnificent part of the cavern."

SECTION IV.

The Grotto of Antiparos, continued.

"Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering, 'or more magnificent scene. The whole roof hung with solid isces, transparent as glass, yet folid as marble. The eye could fcarcely reach the lofty and noble ceiling; the fides were regularly formed with spars; and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor confifted of folid marble: and, in feveral places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects, appeared, as if nature had defigned to mock the curiofities of art. Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion of about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar; from which, taking the hint, we caused mass to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of the rite."

"Below even this spacious grotto there seemed another cavern; down which I ventured with my former mariner, and descended about sifty paces by means of a rope. I at last arrived at a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheatre, being composed of soft clay yielding to the pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to the depth of six seet. In this, however, as above, numbers of the beautiful crystals were found; one of which, particularly resembled a table. Upon our egress from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inscription upon a rock at the mouth, but so obliterated by time, that we could not read it distinctly. It seemed to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander, had come hither; but whether he penetrated into the depths of the cavern, he does not think sit to inform us." This account of so beautiful and

ftriking a scene, may serve to give us some idea of the subterraneous wonders of nature.

GOLDSMITH.

SECTION V.

Earthquake at Catanea.

ONE of the earthquakes most particularly described in history, is that which happened in the year 1693; the damages of which were chiefly felt in Sicily, but its motion was perceived in Germany, France, and England. It extended to a circumference of two thousand fix hundred leagues; chiefly affecting the sea coasts, and great rivers; more perceivable also upon the mountains than in the vallies. Its motions were fo rapid, that perfons who lay at their length, were toffed from fide to fide, as upon a rolling billow. The walls were dashed from their foundations; and no fewer than fifty four cities, with an incredible number of villages, were either destroyed or greatly damaged. The city of Catanea, in particular, was utterly overthrown. A traveller, who was on his way thither, perceived, at the distance of some miles, a black cloud, like night hanging over the place. The sea, all of a sudden began to roar; Mount Ætna to tend forth great spires of flame; and soon after a shock ensued. with a noise as if all the artillery in the world had been at once discharged. Our traveller, being obliged to alight infantly, felt himself raised a foot from the ground; and turning his eyes to the city, he with amazement faw nothing but a thick cloud of dust in the air. The birds flew about astonished; the fun was darkened; the beasts ran howling from the hills; and although the shock did not continue above three minutes, yet near nineteen thousand of the inhabitants of Sicily perished in the ruins. Catanea, to which city the describer was travelling, seemed the principal scene of ruin; its place only was to be found; and not a footstep of its former magnificence was to be seen remaining.

GOLDSMITH.

SECTION VI.

Creation.

In the progress of the Divine works and government, there arrived a period, in which the earth was to be called into examence. When the fignal moment, predestined from all exercity, was come, the Deity arose in his might; and with a word created the world. What an illustrious moment was that, when from nonexistence, there sprang at once into being, this mighty globe, on which so many millions of creatures now dwell! No preparatory measures were required. No long circuit of means was employed. "He spake; and it was done: he commanded; and it stood fast. The earth was at first without form, and void; and darkness was on the face of the deep." The almighty furveyed the dark abyss; and fixed bounds to the feveral divisions of nature. "let there be light; and there was light." Then appeared the fen, and the dry land. The mountains rose; and the rivers flowed. The fun and moon began their course in the skies. Herbs and plants clothed the ground. The air, the earth, and the waters, were stored with their respective inhabitants. At last, man was made after the image of God. He appeared, walking with countenance erect; and received his Creator's benediction, as the lord of this new world. The Almighty beheld his work when it was finished; and pronounced it Good. Superior beings faw with wonder this new accession to existence. "The morning stars sang together; and all the fons of God shouted for jov." BLAIR.

SECTION VII. On Charity.

CHARITY is the same with benevolence or love; and is the term uniformly employed in the New Testament, to denote all the good affections which we ought to bear towards one another. It consists not in speculative ideas of general benevolence, floating in the head, and leaving the heart, as speculations too often do, untouched and cold. Neither is it confined to that indolent good nature, which makes us rest satisfied with being free from inveterate malice, or ill will to our fellow creatures, without prompting us to be of service to any. True charity is an active principle. It is not properly a single virtue; but a disposition residing in the heart, as a fountain whence all the virtues of benignity, candour, forbearance, generosity, compassion, and liberality, flow, as so many native streams. From general good will to all, it extends its influence particularly

to those with whom we stand in nearest connection, and who are directly within the sphere of our good offices. From the country or community to which we belong, it descends to the smaller affociations of neighbourhood, relations, and friends; and spreads itself over the whole circle of social and domestic life. I mean not that it imports a promiscuous undistinguishing affection, which gives every man an equal title to our love. Charity, if we should endeavour to carry it so far, would be rendered an impracticable virtue; and would refolve itself into mere words, without affecting the heart. True charity attempts not to shut our eyes to the distinction between good and bad men; nor to warm our hearts equally to those who befriend, and those who injure us. It reserves our esteem for good men, and our compla-cency for our friends. Towards our enemies it inspires forgiveness, humanity, and a solicitude for their welfare. It breaths univerfal candour, and liberality of fentiment. It forms gentleness of temper, and dictates affability of manners. It prompts corresponding sympathies with them who rejoice, and them who weep. It teaches us to flight and despise no man. Charity is the comforter of the afflicted, the protector of the oppressed, the reconciler of differences, the intercessor for offenders. It is faithfulness in the friend, public spirit in the magistrate, equity and patience in the judge, moderation in the sovereign, and loyalty in the subject. In parents, it is care and attention; in children, it, is reverence and submission. In a word, it is the soul of social life. is the fun that enlivens and cheers the abodes of men is "like the dew of Hermon," fays the Pfalmist, " and the dew that descendeth on the mountains of Zion, where the Lord commandeth the bleffing, even life for evermore."

BLAIR.

SECTION VIII.

Prosperity is redoubled to a good Man.

None but the temperate, the regular, and the virtuous, know how to enjoy prosperity. They bring to its comforts the manly relish of a sound uncorrupted mind. They stop at the proper point, before enjoyment degenerates into disgust, and pleasure is converted into pain. They are strang-

ers to those complaints which flow from spleen, caprice, and all the fantastical distresses of a vitiated mind. While riotous indulgence enervates both the body and the mind, purity and virtue heighten all the powers of human fruition.

Feeble are all pleasures in which the heart has no share. The felfish gratifications of the bad, are both narrow in their circle, and short in their duration. But prosperity is redoubled to a good man, by his generous use of it. It is reflected back upon him from every one whom he makes happy. In the intercourse of domestic affection, in the attachment of friends, the gratitude of dependents, the esteem and good will of all who know him, he fees bleffings multiplied round him, on every fide. "When the ear heard me, then it bleffed me; and when the eye faw me, it gave witness to me: because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him that hat none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to fing with joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame: I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not, I fearched out." Thus, while the righteous man flourishes like a tree planted by the rivers of water, he brings forth also his fruit in its season: and that fruit he brings forth, not for himself alone. He flourishes, not like a tree in some solitary defert, which scatters its blossoms to the wind, and communicates neither fruit nor shade to any living thing; but like a tree in the midst of an inhabited country, which to some affords friendly shelter, to others, fruit; which is not only admired by all for its beauty; but blessed by the traveller for the shade, and by the hungry, for the fustenance it hath given.

SECTION IX.

On the Beauties of the Psalms.

GREATNESS confers no exemption from the cares and forrows of life; its share of them frequently below a melancholy proportion to its exaltation. This the monarch of Ifrael experienced. He fought in piety, that peace which he could not find in empire; and alleviated the diffquietudes of state, with the exercises of devotion. His invaluable Psalms convey those comforts to others, which they at forded to himself.

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Composed upon particular occasions, yet designed for general use; delivered our as services for Israelites under the Law, yet no less adapted to the circumstances of Christians under the Gospel; they present religion to us in the most engaging dress; communicating truths which philosophy could never investigate, in a style which poetry can never equal; while history is made the vehicle of prophecy, and creation lends all its charms to paint the glories of redemption. Calculated alike to profit and to please, they inform the understanding, elevate the affections, and entertain the imagination. Indited under the influence of HIM, to whom all hearts are known, and all events foreknown, they suit mankind in all situations; grateful as the manna which descended from above, and conformed itself to every palate.

The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathered slowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragfancy; but these unsading plants of paradise become, as we are accustomed to them, still more and more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odours are emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who has once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.

And now, could the author flatter himself, that any one would take half the pleasure in reading his work, which he has taken in writing it, he would not fear the loss of his labour. The employment detached him from the buftle and hurry of life, the din of politics, and the noise of folly. Vanity and vexation flew away for a feafon care and disquietude came not near his dwelling. He rose, fresh as the morning, to his talk; the filence of the night invited him to pursue it; and he can truly fay, that food and rest were not preferred before Every pfalm improved infinitely upon his acquaintance with it, and no one gave him uneafiness but the last: for then he grieved that his work was done. Happier hours than those which have been spent in these meditations on the fongs of Sion, he never expects to fee in this world. Very pleafantly did they pass; they moved smoothly and swiftly along: for when thus engaged, he counted no time. They are gone, but they have left a relish and a fragrance upon the mind; and the remembrance of them is sweet.

SECTION X.

Character of Alfred, King of England.

THE merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may, with advantage, be fet in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen, which the annals of any age, or any nation, can prefent to us. He feems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character, which under the denomination of a fage or wife man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever feeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together; so justly were they blended; and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds.

He knew how to conciliate the most enterprising spirit with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance, with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice, with the greatest lenity; the greatest rigour in command, with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents

for action.

Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments; vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. By living in that barbarous age, he was deprived of historians worthy to transmit his same to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we might at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

SECTION XI.

Character of Queen Elizabeth.

THERE are few personages in history, who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there scarcely is any, whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong seatures of her charac-

ter, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to at ate much of their invectives, and her admirers lomewhat of their panegyrics, have, at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animofities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, viligance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises; and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more fincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requilite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, the controlled all her more active, and stronger qualities; and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroifm was exempted from all temerity; her frugality from avarice; her friendship from partiality; her enterprise from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herfelf, with equal care, or equal fuccess from less infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the fallies of anger.

Her fingular taients for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herfelf, she soon obtained an uncoatrolled aftendant over the people. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and telicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions she preserved her people, by her superior prutence, from those consultions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations; and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous. She was able, by her rigour, to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness meanwhile remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The wife ministers and brave men who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and, with all their ability, they were never able to acquire an undae

endant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, the remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior: and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the simmess of her resolution, and the lostiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because : more natural; and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting her be-yond measure, or diminishing, the lustre of her character, This prejudice is founded on the confideration of her fex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be ftruck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more foftness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. Buthe true method of estimating her merit, is, to lay afide all these considerations, and to consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. HUME.

SECTION XII.

On the Slavery of Vice.

The flavery produced by vice appears in the dependence under which it brings the finner, to circumstances of external fortune. One of the favourite characters of liberty, is the independence it bestows. He who is truly a freeman is above all servile compliances, and abject subjection. He is able to rest upon himself; and while he regards his superiors with proper deserence, neither debases himself by eringing to them, nor is tempted to purchase their favour by dishonourable means. But the sinner has forfeited every privilege of this nature. His passions and habits render him an absolute dependent on the world, and the world's favour; on the uncertain goods of fortune, and the sickle humours of men. For it is by these he subsists, and among these his happiness is sought; according as his passions determine him to pursue pleasures, riches, or preferments. Having ne-

fund within himself whence to draw enjoyment, his only refource is in things without. His hopes and fears all hang upon the world. He partakes in all its vicifitudes; and is moved and shaken by every wind of fortune. This is to be, in the strictest sense, a slave to the world.

Religion and virtue, on the other hand, confer on the mind principles of noble independence. "The upright man is fatisfied from himsels." He despises not the advantages of fortune, but he centres not his happiness in them. With a moderate share of them he can be contented; and contentment is felicity. Happy in his own integrity, conscious of the esteem of good men, reposing firm trust in the providence, and the promifes of God, he is exempted from fervile dependence on other things. He can wrap himself up in a good confcience, and look forward, without terror, to the change of the world. Let all things shift around him as they please, he believes that, by the Divine ordination, they shall be made to work together in the issue for his good: and therefore, having much to hope from God, and little to fear from the world, he can be easy in every state. One who possesses within himself such an establishment of mind, is truly free. But shall I call that man free, who has nothing that is his own, no property affured; whose very heart is not his own, but rendered the appendage of external things, and the sport of fortune? Is that man free, let his outward condition be ever so splendid, whom his imperious passions detain at their call, whom they fend forth at their pleasure, to drudge and toil, and to beg his only enjoyment from the casualties of the world? Is he free, who must flatter and lie to compass his ends; who must bear with this man's caprice, and that man's fcom; must profess friendship where he hates, and respect where he contemns; who is not at liberty to appear in his own colours, nor to speak his own fentiments; who dares not be honest, lest he should be poor?—Believe it, no chains bind to hard, no fetters are fo heavy, as those which fasten the corrupted heart to this treacherous world; no dependence is more contemptible than that under which the voluptuous, the covetous, or the ambitious man lies to the means of pleasure, gain, or power. Yet this is the boafted liberty, which vice promifes,

se fame time, avoid observing the homage, which, even on fuch instances, the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render fociety agreeable, it is found necessary to affume fomewhat, that may at least carry its appearance. Virtue is the univer [harm. Lven its shadow is courted, when the substance is anting. The imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem, or win the hearts of others, is to learn the speech, and adopt the manners, of candour, gentleness, and humanity. But that gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its feat in the heart; and let meadd, nothing except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleafing. For no affumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which fprings from a gentle mind there is a charm infinitely more powerful, than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to HIM who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. (It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants; and from just views of the condition, and the duty man. It is a native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. Alt is the heart which eafily relents; which feels for every thing that is human; and is backward and flow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in. its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtely to strangers, long suffering to enemies. exercises authority with moderation; administers reproof with tenderness; confers favours with ease and modesty. is unaffuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly but trifles; flow to contradict, and still flower to blame; but prompt to allay differtion, and to restore peace. It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others. It delights above all things to alleviate distress; and if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to footh at least the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being useful, it is never burthensome. It feeks to pleafe, rather than to faine and dazzle; and conceals with care that superiority, either of talents, or of rank, which is oppressive to those who are beneath it. In a word it is that spirit and that tenor of manners, which the gospel of Christ enjoins, when it commands us "to bear one another's burthens; to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep; to please every one his neighbour for his good; to be kind and tender hearted; to be pitiful and courteous; to support the weak, and to be patient towards all men."

BLAIR.

CHAP. VI.

PATHETIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

Trial and Execution of the Earl of Strafford, who fell a facrifice to the violence of the times, in the reign of Charles the first.

accusations of the house of Commons, with all the presence of mind, judgment, and sagacity, that could be expected frommonocence and ability. His children were placed beside him, as he was thus desending his life, and the cause of his royal master. After he had, in a long and eloquent speech, delivered without premeditation, consuted all the accusations of his enemies, he thus drew to a conclusion. "But, my Lords, I have troubled you too long: longer than I should have done, but for the sake of these dear pledges, which a saint in heaven has left me." Upon this he paused; dropped a tear; looked upon his children; and proceeded.——"What I forseit for myself is a trifle; that my indiscretions should reach my posterity, wounds me to the heart. Pardon my infirmity. Something I should have added, but I am not able; and therefore I let it pass. And now, my Lords, for myself. I have long been taught, that the afflictions of this life are overpaid by that eternal weight of glory, which awaits the innocent. And so, my Lords, even so, with the utmost tranquility, I submit myself to your judgment, whether that judgment be life or death; not my will, but thine, O God, be done!"

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PART I.

His eloquence and innocence induced those judges to pity, who were the most zealous to condemn him. The king himfelf went to the house of Lords, and spoke for some time in his defence; but the spirit of vengeance, which had been chained for eleven years, was now roused; and nothing but his blood could give the people fatisfaction. He was condemned by both houses of parliament; and nothing remained but for the king to give his consent to the bill of attainder. But in the present commotions, the consent of the king would very eafily be dispensed with; and imminent danger might attend his refusal. Charles, however, who loved Strafford tenderly, hesitated, and seemed reluctant; trying every expedient to put off so dreadful an office, as that of figning the warrant for his execution. While he continued in this agitation of mind, and state of suspense his doubts were at last filenced by an act of great magnanimity in the condemned lord. He received a letter from that unfortunate nobleman, defiring that his life might be made a facrifice to obtain reconciliation between the king and his people : adding, that he was prepared to die; and that to a willing mind there could be no injury. This instance of noble generofity was but ill repaid by his mafter, who complied with his request. He consented to sign the fatal bill by commission; and Strafford was beheaded on Tower-hill; behaving with all that composed dignity of resolution, which was expected from his character. GOLDSMITH.

SECTION II.

An eminent instance of true fortitude of Mind.

ALL who have been distinguished as servants of God, or benefactors of men; all who, in perilous situations, have acted their part with such honour as to render their names illustrious through succeeding ages, have been eminent for fortitude of mind. Of this we have one conspicuous example in the apostle Paul, whom it will be instructive for us to view in a remarkable occurrence of his life. After having long acted as the apostle of the Gentiles, his mission called him to go to Jerusalem, where he knew that he was to encounter the utmost violence of his enemies. Just before he fet sail, he called together the elders of his favourite church at Ephesus; and, in a pathetic speech, which does great

honour to his character, gave them his last farewell. Deeply affected by their knowledge of the certain dangers to which he was exposing himself, all the assembly were filled with distress, and melted into tears. The circumstances were fuch, as might have conveyed dejection even into a resolute mind; and would have totally overwhelmed the feeble. "They all wept fore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kiffed him; forrowing most of all for the words which he spoke, that they should see his face no more." What were then the fentiments, what was the language, of this great and good man? Hear the words which spoke his firm and undaunted mind. "Behold, I go bound in the spirit, to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there; fave that the Holy Spirit witneffeth in every city, faying, that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear to myfelf, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." There was uttered the voice, there breathed the spirit of a brave and virtuous man. Such a man knows not what it is to shrink from danger, when conscience points out his path. In that path he is determined to walk; let the confequences be what they may.

This was the magnanimous behaviour of that great apostle, when he had persecution and distress full in view. Attend now to the sentiments of the same excellent man, when the time of his last suffering approached; and remark the majesty, and the ease, with which he looked on death. "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have sought the good sight. I have sinished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is haid up for me a crown of righteousness." How many years of sife does such a dying moment overbalance? Who would not choose, in this manner, to go off the stage, with such a song of triumph in his mouth, rather than prolong his existence thro' a wretched old age, stained with sin and shame?

SECTION III.

The good Man's Comfort in Affliction.

THE religion of Christ not only arms us with fortitude against the approach of evil; but, supposing evils to fall upon

us with their heaviest pressure, it lightens the load by many confolations to which others are strangers. While bad men trace, in the calamities with which they are vifited, the hand of an offended Sovereign, Christians are taught to view them as the well intended chastisements of a merciful Father. They hear amidst them, that still voice which a good conscience brings to their ear: "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not difmayed, for I am thy God." They apply to themfelves the comfortable promifes with which the gospel abounds. They discover in these the happy issue decreed to their troubles; and wait with patience till Providence shall have accomplished its great and good designs. In the mean time, Devotion opens to them its bleffed and holy fanctuary: that fanctuary in which the wounded heart is healed, and the weary mind is at reft; where the cares of the world are forgotten, where its tumults are hushed, and its miseries disappear; where greater objects open to our view than any which the world prefents; where a more ferene fky shines, and a fweeter and a calmer light beams on the afflicted heart. In those moments of devotion, a pious man, pouring out his . wants and forrows to an almighty Supporter, feels that he is 'not left solitary and forfaken in a vale of wo. God is with him, Christ and the Holy Spirit are with him; and, though he should be bereaved of every friend on earth, he can look up in heaven to a friend that will never defert him.

SECTION IV.
The Close of Lafe.

When we contemplate the close of life; the termination of man's defigns and hopes; the filence that now reigns among those who a little while ago, were so busy, or so gay; who can 'avoid being touched with sensations at once awful and tender? What heart but then warms with the glow of humanity? In whose eye does not the tear gather, on revolving the sate of passing and short lived man?

Behold the poor man who lays down at last the burden of his wearisome life. No more shall he groan under the load of poverty and toil. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of the master, from whom he received his stanty wages. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of firaw, nor be hurried away from his homely meal, to under-

go the repeated labours of the day. While his humble grave is preparing, and a few poor and decayed neighbours are carrying him thither, it is good for us to think, that this man too was our brother; that for him the aged and destitute wife, and the needy children, now weep; that, neglected as he was by the world, he poffessed perhaps both a found understanding, and a worthy heart; and is now carried by angels to rest in Abraham's bosom. At no great distance from him, the grave is opened to receive the rich and proud man: For, as it is faid with emphasis in the parable, "the rich man also died, and was buried." He also died. His riches prevented not his sharing the same fate with the poor man; perhaps, through luxury, they accelerated his doom. Then, indeed, "the mourners go about the streets;" and while, in all the pomp and magnificence of wo, his fixperal is preparing, his heirs, impatient to examine his will, are looking on one another with jealous eyes, and already beginning to difpute about the division of his substance. One day, we see carried along the coffin of the fmiling infant; the flower just nipped as it began to bloffom in the parent's view: and the next day, we behold the young man, or young woman, or blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely grave. While the funeral is attended by a numerous unconcerned company, who are discoursing to one another about the news of the day, or the ordinary affairs of life, let our thoughts rather follow to the house of mourning, and reprefent to themselves what is passing there. There we should see a disconsolate family, sitting in silent grief, thinking of the fad breach that is made in their little fociety; and, with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that prefents itself of their departed friend. By fuch attention to the woes of others, the felfish hardness of our hearts will be gradually softened, and melted down into humanity.

Another day, we follow to the grave, one who, in old age, and after a long career of life, has in full maturity funk at last into rest. As we are going along to the mansion of the dead, it is natural for us to think, and to discourse, of all the changes which such a person has seen during the course of his life. He has passed, it is likely, through varieties of for-

tune. He has experienced prosperity, and adversity. He has feen families and kindreds rife and fall. He has feen peace and war succeeding in their turns; the face of his country undergoing many alterations; and the very city in which he dwelt rifing, in a manner, new around him. After all he has beheld, his eyes are now closed forever. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men, A race who knew him not, had arisen to fill the earth. Thus passes the world away. Throughout all ranks and conditions, "one generation passeth, and another generation cometh;" and this great inn is by turns evacuated, and replenished by troops of fucceeding pilgrims. O vain and inconftant world! Offeeting and transient life! When will the fons of men learn to think of thee as they ought? When will they learn humanity from the afflictions of their brethren; or moderation and wildom, from the fense of their own fugitive state.

SECTION V.

Exalted Society, and the Renewal of virtuous Connections, two Sources of future Felicity.

BESIDES the felicity which springs from perfect love, there are two circumstances which particularly enhance the bleffedneis of that " multitude who stand before the throne;" these are, access to the most exalted society, and renewal of the most tender connections. The former is pointed out in the Scripture, by "joining the innumerable company of angels, and the general affembly and church of the first-born; by fitting down with Abraham, and Ifaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven;" a promise which opens the fablimest prospects to the human mind. It allows good men to entertain the hope, that, separated from all the dregs of the human mass, from that mixed and polluted crowd in the midst of which they now dwell, they shall be permitted to mingle with prophets, patriarchs, and apostles, with all those great and illustrious spirits, who have shone in former ages as the fervants of God, or the benefactors of men; whose deeds we are accustomed to celebrate; whose steps we now follow at a distance; and whose names we pronounce with veneration.

United to this high affembly, the bleffed, at the fame time, renew those ancient connections with virtuous friends, which

had been dissolved by death. The prospect of this awakens in the heart, the most pleasing and tender sentiment that perhaps can fill it, in this mortal state. For of all the forrows which we are here doomed to endure, none is so bitter as that occasioned by the fatal stroke which separates us, in appearance for ever, from those to whom either nature or friendship had intimately joined our hearts. Memory, from time to time, renews the anguish; opens the wound which feemed once to have been closed; and, by recalling joys that are past and gone, touches every spring of painful sensibility. In these agonizing moments, how relieving the thought, that the feparation is only temporary, not eternal; that there is a time to come of reunion with those with whom our happiest days were spent; whose joys and sorrows once were ours; whose piety and virtue cheered and encouraged us; and from whom, after we shall have landed on the peaceful shore where they dwell, no revolutions of nature shall ever be ableto part us more? Such is the fociety of the bleffed above. Of fuch are the multitude composed, who "ftand before the throne."

SECTION VI.

The Clemency and amiable Character of the Patriarch Joseph.

No human character exhibited in the records of Scripture, . is more remarkable or instructive than that of the patriarch Joseph. He is one whom we behold tried in all the vicifiatudes of fortune; from the condition of a flave, riting to be ruler of the land of Egypt; and in every station acquiring, by his virtue and wisdom, favour with God and man. When overfeer of Potiphar's house, his fidelity was proved by ftrong temptations, which he honourably resisfed. When thrown into prison by the artifice of a false woman, his integrity and prudence foon rendered him confpicuous, even in that dark manion. When called into the prefence of Pharaoh, the wife and extensive plan which he formed for faving the kingdom from the miseries of impending famine, justly raifed him to a high station, wherein his abilities were eminently displayed in the public service. But in his whole history, there is no circumstance so striking and interesting, as his behaviour to his bretheren who had fold him into flavery. The moment in which fre made himself known to them, was

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the most critical one of his life, and the most decisive of his character. It is such as rarely occurs in the course of human events; and is calculated to draw the highest attention of all who are endowed with any degree of sensibility of heart.

From the whole tenor of the narration it appears, that though Joseph, upon the arrival of his brethren in Egypt, made himself strange to them, yet from the beginning, he intended to discover himself; and studied so to conduct the discovery, as might render the surprise of joy complete. For this end, by affected feverity, he took measures for pringing down into Egypt all his father's children. They were now arrived there; and Benjamin among the rest, who was his younger brother by the same mother, and was particularly beloved by Joseph. Him he threatened to detain; and seemed willing to allow the rest to depart. This incident renewed their diftress. They all knew their father's extreme anxiety about the fafety of Benjamin, and with what difficulty he had yielded to his undertaking this journey. Should he. be prevented from returning, they dreaded that grief would overpower the old man's spirits, and prove fatal to his life. Judah, therefore, who had particularly urged the necessity of Benjamin's accompanying his brothers, and had folemnly pledged himself to their father for his safe return, craved, upon this occasion, an audience of the governor; and gave him a full account of the circumstances of Jacob's family.

Nothing can be more interesting and pathetic than this discourse of Judah. Little knowing to whom he spoke, he paints in all the colours of simple and natural eloquence, the distressed situation of the aged patriarch, hastening to the close of life; Iong afflicted for the loss of a savourite son, whom he supposed to have been torn in pieces by a beast of prey; becoming now under anxious concern about his youngest son, the said of his old age, who alone was left alive of his mother, and whom nothing but the calamities of severe samine could have moved a tender father to send from home, and expose to the dangers of a foreign land. "If we bring him not back with is, we shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant, our father, with forrow to the grave. I pray thee therefore let thy servant abide, instead of the young man, a bondman to our lord. For how shall I go up to my



father, and Benjamin not with me? left I fee the evil that

shall come on my father."

Upon this relation Joseph could no longer restrain himself. The tender ideas of his father and his father's house, of his ancient home, his country and his kindred, of the distress of his family, and his own exaltation, all rushed too strongly upon his mind to bear any farther concealment. "He cried, Cause every man to go out from me; and he wept aloud." The tears which he shed were not the tears of grief. They were the burst of affection. They were the effusions of a heart overflowing with all the tender fensibilities of nature. Formerly he had been moved in the same manner, when he first saw his brethren before him. "His bowels yearned upon them; he fought for a place where to weep. He went into his chamber; and then washed his face and returned to them." At that period his generous plans were not completed. But now, when there was no farther occasion for constraining himself, he gave free vent to the strong emotions of his heart. The first minister to the king of Egypt was not ashamed to show, that he felt as a man, and a brother. "He wept alous", and the Egyptians, and the house of Pharaoh, heard him."

The first words which his swelling heart allowed him to pronounce, are the most suitable to such an affecting situation that were ever uttered; "I am Joseph; doth my father yet life?" What could he, what ought he, in that impaffionate moment, to have faid more? This is the voice of nature herfelf, speaking her own language; and it penetrates the heart: no pomp of expression; no parade of kindness; but strong affection hastening to utter what it strongly felt. "His brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his prefence." Their filence is as expressive of those emotions of repentance and fhame, which, on this amazing discovery, filled their breafts, and stopped their utterance, as the few words which Joseph speaks, are expressive of the generous agitations which struggle for vent within him. No painter could feize a more ftriking moment for displaying the characteristical features of the human heart, than what is here presented. Never was there a situation of more tender and virtuous jov, on the one hand; nor, on the other, of more overwhelming confusion and conscious guilt. In the simple

narration of the facred historian, it is let before us with greater energy and higher effect, than if it had been wrought up with all the colouring of the most admired modern eloquence.

BLAIR.

SECTION VII.

ALTAMONT.

The following account of an affecting, mournful exit, is related by Dr. Young, who was present at the melancholy scene.

THE fad evening before the death of the noble youth, whose last hours suggested the most solemn and awful reflections, I was with him. No one was present but his physician, and an intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said, "You and the physician are come too late. I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles. You would rasse the dead!" Heaven, I said was merciful, "Or," exclaimed he; "I could not have been thus guilty. What has it not done to bless, and to save me! I have been too strong for Omnipotence! I have plucked down them." I said, the blessed Redeemer; "Hold! hold! you wound me! That is the rock on which I split: I denied his name!"

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or to take any thing from the physician, he lay filent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit, till the clock struck: Then with vehemence he exclaimed; "Oh! time! time! it is fit thou shouldst thus strike thy murderer to the heart! How art thou sled forever! A month! Oh for a single week! I ask not for years; though an age were too little for the much I have to do." On my saying, we could not do too much: that heaven was a blessed place, "So much the worse. 'Tis lost! 'timestally leaven is to me the severest part of hell!"

Soon after, I proposed prayer; "Pray you that can. I never prayed. I cannot pray, nor need I. Is not Heaven on my fide already? It closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own." Observing that his friend was much touched at this, even to tears, (who could so bear? I could not) with a most affectionate look, he said "Keep those tears for thyself. I have undone thee. Dost thou was for me? that is cruel. What can pain me more?"

Here his friend, too much affected, would have left him. "No, stay, thou still mayest hope; therefore hear me. How madly have I talk'd! How madly hast thou listened, and believed! but look on my present state, as a full answer to thee, and to myself. This body is all weakness and pain; but my soul, as if stung up by torment to greater strength and spirit, is full powerful to reason; sull mighty to suffer. And that, which thus triumphs within the jaws of immortality, is, doubtless, immortal: and, as for a Deity, nothing less than an Almighty could inflict what I feel."

I was about to congratulate this passive, involuntary confessor, on his afferting the two prime articles of his creed, extorted by the rack of nature, when he thus very passionately exclaimed: "No, no! let me speak on. I have not long to speak. My much injured friend! my soul, as my body, lies in ruins; in scattered fragments of broken thoughts. Remorfe for the past, throws my thoughts on the future. Worse dread of the suture, strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Didst thou feel half the mountain that is on me, thou would struggle with the martyr for his stake; and bless Heaven for the slames! that is not an everlasting slame that is not an unquenchable fire."

How were we struck; yet, soon after still more. With what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out! "My principles have positioned my friend; my extravagance has bettered my boy! my unkindness has murdered my wife! And is there another hell? Oh! thou blasshemed, yet indulgent LORD GOD! Hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown!" Soon after, his understanding failed. His terrified imagination uttered horrors not to be repeated, or ever forgotten. And ere the sun (which, I hope, has seen sew like him) arose, the gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont, expired!

If this is a man of pleasure, what is a man of pain? How quick, how total, is the transit of such persons! In what a dismal gloom they sit forever; How short, alas! the day of their rejoicing; For a moment they glitter, they dazzle! In a moment, where are they? Oblivion covers their memories. Ah! would it did! Infamy snatches them from oblivion. In the long living annals of infamy their triumphs are recorded.

Thy fufferings, poor Altamont! still bleed in the bosom of the heart stricken friend, for Altamont had a friend. He might have had many. His transient morning might have been the dawn of an immortal day. His name might have been gloriously enrolled in the records of eternity. His memory might have left a sweet fragrance behind it, grateful to the surviving friend, salutary to the succeeding generation. With what capacity was he endowed; with what advantages, for being greatly good! But with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool. If he judges amis in the surpreme point, judging right in all else, but aggravates his folly; as it shows him wrong, though blessed with the best capacity of being right. capacity of being right. DR. YOUNG.

CHAP, VII.

DIALOGUES.

SPÈCION I.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.*

The vices and follies of men should excite compassion rather than ridicule.

Democritus. I FIND it impossible to reconcile myself to a melancholy philosophy.

Heraclitus. And I am equally unable to approve of that vain philosophy, which teaches men to despite and ridicule one another. To a wife and feeling mind, the world appears in a wretched and painful light.

Dem. Thou art too much affected with the state of things;

and this is a fource of mifery to thee.

Her. And I think thou are too little moved by it. Thy mirth and ridicule bespeak the buffoon, rather than the philosopher. Does it not excite thy compassion, to see mankind so frail, so blind, so far departed from the rules of virtue?

Dem. I am excited to laughter, when I fee so much im-

pertinence and folly.

^{*} Democritus and Héraclitus were two ancient philosophers, the former of whom laughed, and the latter wept, at the errors and follies of mankind.

Her. And yet, after all, they, who are the objects of thy ridicule, include, not only mankind in general, but the perfons with whom thou livest, thy friends, thy family, nay, even thyself.

Dem. I care very little for all the filly persons I meet with; and think I am justifiable in diverting myself with their folly.

Her. If they are weak and foolish, it marks neither wisdom nor humanity, to insult rather than pity them. But is it certain, that thou art not as extravagant as they are?

Dem. I prefume that I am not; fince, in every point, my

fentiments are the very reverse of theirs.

Her. There are follies of different kinds. By conftantly amufing thyself with the errors and misconduct of others, thou mayest render thyself equally ridiculous and culpable.

Dem. Thou art at liberty to indulge such sentiments; and to weep over me too, if thou hast any tears to spare. For my part I cannot refrain from pleasing myself with the levities and ill conduct of the world about me. Are not all men

foolish or irregular in their lives?

Her. Alas! there is but too much reason to believe, they are so: and on this ground, I pity and deplore their condi-We agree in this point, that men do not conduct themselves according to reasonable and just principles: but I, who do not fuffer myself to act as they do, must yet regard the dictates of my understanding and feelings, which compel me to love them; and that love fills me with compassion for their mistakes and irregularities. Canst thou condemn me for pitying my own species, my brethren, persons born in the same condition of life, and destined to the same hopes and privileges? If thou shouldst enter a hospital, where fick and wounded persons reside, would their wounds and diffresses excite thy mirth? And yet, the evils of the body bear no comparison with those of the mind. Thou would certainly blush at thy barbarity, if thou hadst been so unfeeling, as to laugh at or despise a poor miserable being who had lost one of his legs: and yet thou art so destitute of humanity, as to ridicule those, who appear to be deprived of the noble powers of the understanding, by the little regard which they pay to its dictates.

Dem. He who has lost a leg is to be pitied, because the

loss is not to be imputed to himself: but he who rejects the dictates of reason and conscience, voluntarily deprives himself of their aid. The loss originates in his own folly.

Her. Ah! fo much the more is he to be pitied! A furious maniac, who should pluck out his own eyes, would de-

ferve more compassion than an ordinary blind man.

Dem. Come, let us accommodate the business. There is fomething to be said on each side of the question. There is every where reason for laughing, and reason for weeping. The world is ridiculous, and I laugh at it: it is deplorable, and thou lamentest over it. Every person views it in his own way and according to his own temper. One point is unquestionable, that mankind are preposterous; to think right, and to act well, we must think and act differently from them. To submit to the authority, and follow the example of the greater part of men, would render us foolish and miserable.

Her. All this is, indeed, true; but then, thou hast no real love or feeling for thy species. The calamities of mankind excite thy mirth: and this proves that thou hast no regard for men, nor any true respect for the virtues which they have unhappily abandoned. FENELON, Archbishop of Cambray.

SECTION II.

DIONYSIUS, PYTHIAS, AND DAMON.

Genuine virtue commands respect, even from the bad.

Dionysius. AMAZING! What do I see? It is Pythias just arrived. It is indeed Pythias. I did not think it possible.

He is come to die, and redeem his friend!

Pythias. Yes it is Pythias. I left the place of my confinement, with no other views, than to pay to Heaven the vows I had made; to fettle my family concerns according to the rules of justice; and to bid adieu to my children, that I might die tranquil and satisfied.

Dio. But why dost thou return; Hast thou no fear of death? Is it not the character of a madman, to feek it thus

voluntarily?

Py. I return to suffer, though I have not deserved death. Every principle of honour and goodness, forbids me to allow my friend to die for me.

Dio. Dost thou, then, love him better than thyself?

Py. No; I love him as myfelf. But I am persuaded that I ought to suffer death, rather than my friend; since it was me whom thou hadst decreed to die. It were not just that he should suffer, to deliver me from the death which was designed, not for him, but for me only.

Dio. But thou supposest, that it is as unjust to inflict death

upon thee, as upon thy friend.

Py. Very true; we are both entirely innocent; and it is equally unjust to make either of us suffer.

Dio. Why dost thou then affert, that it were injustice to

put him to death, instead of thee?

Py. It is unjust, in the same degree, to inflict death, either on Damon or on myself; but Pythias were highly culpable to let Damon suffer that death, which the tyrant had prepared for Pythias only.

Dio. Doft thou then return hither, on the day appointed with no other view, than to fave the life of a friend, by

losing thy own?

Py. I return, in regard to thee, to suffer an act of injustice which is common for tyrants to inslict; and, with respect to Damon, to perform my duty, by rescuing him from the danger he incurred by his generosity to me.

Dio. And now, Damon, let me address myself to thee. Didst thou not really fear, that Pythias would never return; and that thou wouldst be put to death on his account?

Da. I was but too well affured, that Pythias would punctually return; and that he would be more folicitous to keep his promise, than to preserve his life. Would to heaven, that his relations and friends had forcibly detained him! He would then have lived for the comfort and benefit of good men; and I should have the satisfaction of dying for him!

Dio. What! Does life displease thee?

Da. Yes; it displeases me when I see and seel the power of a tyrant.

Dio. It is well! Thou shalt see him no more. I will or-

der thee to be put to death immediately.

Py. Pardon the feelings of a man who sympathizes with his dying friend. But remember it was Pythias who was devoted by thee to destruction. I come to submit to it, that I

may redeem my friend. Do not refuse me this consolation in my last hour.

Dio. I cannot endure men, who despise death, and set my

power at defiance.

Da. Thou canst not, then, endure virtue.

Dio. No: I cannot endure that proud, disdainful virtue, which contemns life; which dreads no punishment; and which is insensible to the charms of riches and pleasure.

Da. Thou feest, however, that it is a virtue, which is not insensible to the dictate of honour, justice, and friendship.

Dio. Guards, take Pythias to execution. We shall see

whether Damon will continue to despise my authority.

Da. Pythias, by returning to fubmit himself to thy pleafure, has merited his life, and deserved thy favour; but I have excited thy indignation, by resigning myself to thy power, in order to save him: be satisfied, then, with this sacrifice, and put me to death.

Py. Hold, Dionysius! remember, it was Pythias, alone

who offended thee: Damon could not.

Dio. Alas! what do I see and hear! where am I? How miserable; and how worthy to be so! I have hitherto known nothing of true virtue. I have spent my life in darkness and error. All my power and honours are insufficient to produce love. I cannot boast of having acquired a single friend, in the course of a reign of thirty years. And yet these two persons in a private condition, love one another tenderly, unreservedly conside in each other, are mutually happy, and ready to die for each other's preservation.

Py. How couldst thou, who hast never loved any person, expect to have friends? If thou hadst loved and respected men, thou wouldst have secured their love and respect. Thou hast feared mankind; and they sear thee; they detest thee.

Dio. Damon, Pythias, condescend to admit me as a third friend, in a connection so perfect. I give you your

lives; and I will load you with riches.

Da. We have no defire to be enriched by thee; and, in regard to thy friendship, we cannot accept or enjoy it till thou become good and just. Without these qualities, thou canst be connected with none but trembling slaves, and base flatterers. To be loved and esteemed by men of free and gen-

erous minds, thou must be virtuous; affectionate, disinterested, beneficent; and know how to live in a fort of equality with those who share and deserve thy friendship.

FENELON, Archbishop of Cambray.

SECTION · III.

LOCKE AND BAYLE.

Christianity defended against the cavils of Scepticism.

Bayle. YES, we both were philosophers; but my philosophy was the deepest. You dogmatized: I doubted.

Locke. Do you make doubting a proof of depth in philo-

fophy? It may be a good beginning of it; but it is a bad end.

Bay. No: the more profound our searches are into the nature of things, the more uncertainty we shall find; and the most subtile minds see objections and difficulties in every system, which are overlooked or undiscoverable by ordinary

understandings.

Locke. It would be better then to be no philosopher, and to continue in the vulgar herd of mankind, that one may have the convenience of thinking that one knows fomething. I find that the eyes which nature has given me, see many things very clearly, though some are out of their reach, or difcerned but dimly. What opinion ought I to have of a phyfician, who should offer me an eyewater, the use of which would at first so sharpen my fight, as to carry it farther than ordinary vision; but would in the end put them out? Your philosophy is to the eyes of the mind, what I have supposed the doctor's nostrum to be to those of the body. It actually brought your own excellent understanding, which was by nature quickfighted, and rendered more so by art and a subtility of logic peculiar to yourfelf; it brought, I fay, your very acute understanding to see nothing clearly; and envelope all the great truths of reason and religion in mists of doubt.

Bay. I own it did; but your comparison is not just. I did not fee well, before I used my philosophic eyewater; I only supposed I saw well; but I was in an error, with all the rest of mankind. The blindness was real, the perceptions were imaginary I cured myself first of those false imaginations.

and then I laudably endeavoured to cure other men.

Locke. A great cure indeed! and don't you think that, in return for the fervice you did them, they ought to erect you a statue?

Bay. Yes; it is good for human nature to know its own weakness. When we arrogantly presume on a strength we have not, we are always in great danger of hurting ourselves, or at least of deserving ridicule and contempt, by vain and idle efforts.

Locks. I agree with you, that human nature should know its own weakness; but it should also feel its strength, and try to improve it. This was my employment as a philosopher. I endeavoured to discover the real powers of the mind, to see what it could do, and what it could not; to restrain it from efforts beyond its ability; but to teach it how to advance as far as the faculties given to it by nature, with the utmost exertion and most proper culture of them, would allow it to go. In the vast ocean of philosophy, I had the line and the plummet always in my stands. Many of its depths I found myself unable to fathom; but, by caution in sounding, and the careful observations I made in the course of my voyage, I found out some truths of so much use to mankind, that they acknowledge me to have been their benefactor.

Bay. Their ignorance makes them think fo. Some other philosopher will come hereafter, and show those truths to be falsehoods. He will pretend to discover other truths of equal importance. A later sage will arise, perhaps among men now barbarous and unlearned, whose sagacious discoveries will discredit the opinions of his admired predecessor. In philosophy, as in nature, all changes its form, and one thing

exists by the destruction of another.

Locke. Opinions taken up without a patient investigation, depending on terms not accurately defined, and principles begged without proof, like theories to explain the phænomena of nature, built on suppositions instead of experiments, must perpetually change and destroy one another. But some opinions there are, even in matters not obvious to the common sense of mankind, which the mind has received on such rational grounds of assent, that they are as immoveable as the pillars of heaven; or (to speak philosophically) as the great laws of Nature, by which, under God, the universe is suf-

tained. Can you feriously think, that, because the hypothesis of your countryman Descartes, which was nothing but an ingenious, well imagined romance, has been lately exploded, the system of Newton, which is built on experiments and geometry, the two most certain methods of discovering truth, will ever fail; or that, because the whims of fanatics and the divinity of the schoolmen, cannot now be supported, the doctrines of that religion, which I, the declared enemy of all enthusiasm and false reasoning, farmly believed and maintained, will ever be shaken?

Bay. If you had asked Descartes, while he was in the height of his vogue, whether his system would ever be consuted by any other philosophers, as that of Aristotle had been by his, what answer do you suppose he would have returned?

Locke Come, come, you yourfelf know the difference between the foundations on which the credit of those fystems, and that of Newton is placed. Your scepticism is more affected than real. You found it a shorter way to a great reputation, (the only wish of your heart,) to object, than to defend; to pull down, than to fet up. And your talents were admirable for that kind of work. Then your huddling together in a Critical Dictionary, a pleafant tale, or obscene jest, and a grave argument against the Christian religion, a witty confutation of some absurd author, and an artful sophifm to impeach some respectable truth, was particularly commodious to all our young smarts and smatterers in free thinking. But what mischief have you not done to human society? You have endeavoured, and with some degree of success, to shake those foundations, on which the whole moral world, and the great fabric of focial happiness, entirely rest. How could you, as a philosopher, in the lober hours of reflection, answer for this to your conscience, even supposing you had doubts of the truth of a fystem, which gives to virtue its sweetest hopes, to impenitent vice its greatest fears, and to true penitence its best consolations; which restrains even the least approaches to guilt, and yet makes those allowances for the infirmities of our nature, which the stoic pride denied to it, but which its real imperfection, and the goodness of its infinitely benevolent Creator, so evidently require?

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Bay. The mind is free; and it loves to exert its freedom. Any restraint upon it is a violence done to its nature, and a tyranny, against which it has a right to rebel.

Lecke. The mind, though free, has a governor within itself, which may and ought to limit the exercise of its freedom.

That governor is reason.

Bay. Yes: but reason like other governors, has a policy more dependent upon uncertain caprice, than upon any fixed laws. And if that reason, which rules my mind, or yours, has happened to set up a favourite notion, it not only submits implicitly to it, but defires that the same respect should be paid to it by all the rest of mankind. Now I hold that any man may lawfully oppose this desire in another; and that if he is wife, he will do his utmost endeavours to check it in himself.

Lecke. Is there not also a weakness of a contrary nature to this you are now ridiculing? Do we not often take a pleasure to show our own power, and gratify our own pride, by degrading the notions set up by other men, and generally re-

spected?

Bay. I believe we do; and by this means it often happens that, if one man build and confecrate a temple to folly, another pulls it down.

Locke. Do you think it beneficial to human fociety, to

have all temples pulled down?

Bay. I cannot say that I do.

Locke. Yet I find not in your writings any mark of diftinction, to show us which you mean to save.

Bay. A true philosopher, like an impartial historian, must

be of no fect.

Locke. Is there no medium between the blind zeal of a fectary, and a total indifference to all religion?

Bay. With regard to morality, I was not indifferent.

Locke. How could you then be indifferent with regard to the fanctions religion gives to morality? how could you publish what tends so directly and apparently to weaken in mankind the belief of those fanctions? was not this facrificing the great interests of virtue to the little motives of vanity?

Bay. A man may act indifcreetly, but he cannot do wrong, by declaring that, which on a full discussion of the question,

he fincerely thinks to be true.

Locke. An enthusiast, who advances doctrines prejudicial to fociety, or opposes any that are useful to it, has the strength of opinion, and the heat of a disturbed imagination, to plead in an alleviation of his fault. But your cool head, and found judgment, can have no fuch excuse. know very well there are passages in all your works, and those not few, where you talk like a rigid moralist. I have also heard that your character was irreproachably good. But when in the most laboured parts of your writings, you sap the furest foundations of all moral duties; what avails it that in others, or in the conduct of your life, you appeared to respect them? How many, who have stronger passions than you had, and are defirous to get rid of the curb that restrains them, will lay hold of your scepticism, to set themfelves loose from all obligations of virtue! What a misfortune it is to have made such a use of such talents! It would have been better for you and for mankind, if you had been one of the dullest of Dutch theologians, or the most credulous monk in a Portuguese convent. The riches of the mind, like those of fortune, may be employed so perversely, as to become a nuisance and pest, instead of an ornament and support to society.

Bay. You are very severe upon me. But do you count it no merit, no service to mankind, to deliver them from the frauds and fetters of priestcrast, from the deliriums of fanaticism, and from the terrors and sollies of superstition? Consider how much mischief these have done to the world! Even in the last age, what massacres, what civil wars, what convulsions of government, what consussion in society, and they produce! Nay, in that we both lived in, though much more enlightened than the former, did I not see them occasion a violent persecution in my own country? and can you blame me for striking at the root of these evils?

Lacke. The root of these evils, you well know, was false religion: but you struck at the true. Heaven and hell are not more different, than the system of faith I desended, and that which produced the horrors of which you speak. Why would you so fallaciously consound them together in some of your writings, that it requires much more judgment, and a more diligent attention, than ordinary readers have, to sep-

arate them again, and to make the proper distinctions? This, indeed, is the great art of the most celebrated free thinkers. They recommend themselves to warm and ingenuous minds, by lively strokes of wit, and by arguments really strong, against superstitution, enthusiasm, and priestcraft. But, at the same time, they infidiously throw the colours of these upon the fair face of true religion; and dress her out in their garb, with a malignant intention to render her odious or defpicable, to those who have not penetration enough to discern the impious fraud. Some of them may have thus deceived themselves, as well as others. Yet it is certain, no book, that ever was written by the most acute of these gentlemen, is so repugnant to priestcrast, to spiritual tyranny, to all abfurd fuperfittions, to all that can tend to difturb or injure fociety, as that gospel they so much affect to despife.

Bay. Mankind are fo made, that, when they have been over heated, they cannot be brought to a proper temperagain, till they have been over cooled. My fcenticifm might be necessary, to abate the fever and phrenzy of false.

religion.

Locke. A wife prescription, indeed, to bring on a paralytical frate of the mind. (for such a scepticism as yours is a palfy, which deprives the mind of all vigour, and deadens its natural and vital powers,) in order to take off a sever, which temperance, and the milk of the evangelical doctrines, would probably cure!

Bay. I acknowledge that those medicines have a greatpower. But few doctors apply them untainted with the mixture of some harsher drugs, or some unsafe and ridiculous

nostrums of their own.

Lake. What you now fay is too true. God has given us a most excellent physick for the foul, in all its diseases; but bad and interested physicians, or ignorant and conceited quacks, administer it so ill to the rest of mankind, that much of the benefit of it is unhappily lost.

LORD LITTLETON.

CHAP. VIII. PUBLIC SPEECHES.

SECTION I.

Cicero against Verres.

THE time is come, fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is effectually put in your power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, that, in profecutions, men of wealth are always fafe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this flanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deferve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and facred in the eyes of the public; but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case, was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries? in which, houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his pratorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and

public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge? Let those who suffered by his injustice answer. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiess done by him in that unbappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are fuch, that many years, under the wifest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them: for it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws; of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman fenate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth; nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years. And his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The fums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters, condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns have been opened to pirates and favagers. The foldiery and failors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, have been starved to death. Whole sleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes have been carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. Having, by his iniquitous fentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols: so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no fervice to them; but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now Verres, what thou hast to advance against this charge? Wilt thou pretend to deny it? Wilt thou pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alledged against thee? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, fhould we not think we had fufficient ground for demanding fatisfaction? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavinus Cosanus, only for his having afferted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country, against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance diftorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of fuspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen: I have served under Lucius Pretius. who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The bloodthirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with fcourging; whilft the only words he uttered, amidst his cruel fufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that, while he was thus afferting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution; for his execution upon the crofs!

O liberty! O found once delightful to every Roman ear! O facred privilege of Roman citizenship! once facred! now trampled upon! But what then! is it come to this? shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a

Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence, expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in considence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance.

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and the introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

SECTION II.

Speech of Adherbal to the Roman Senate, imploring their protection against Jugurtha.

FATHERS

IT is known to you, that king Micipfa, my father, on his death bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted fon, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempfal and myfelf, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to confider the fenate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavours to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth; affuring us, that your protection would prove a defence against all enemies; and would be instead of armies, fortifications, and treasures. While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father, Jugurtha, the most infamous of mankind! breaking through all ties of gratitude and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth, procured the murder of my unfortunate brother; and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced by villany, to my diftressful circumstances, is calamity appugh; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to solicit your affistance, fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors, not for any I have been able, to render you

in my own perion. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands; and has forced me to be burthensome, before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea, but my undeserved misery, a once powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, now, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign affistance, against an enemy who has seized my throne and my kingdom, if my unequalled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But, to provoke your resentment to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the senate and the people of Rome gave to my ancestors; and, from which, my grandsather, and my sather, under your umbrage expelled Syphax and the Carthagenians. Thus, fathers, your kindness to our family is deseated; and Jugurtha in injuring me, throws contempt upon you.

Oh wretched prince! Oh cruel reverse of fortune! Oh father Micipsa! is this the consequence of thy generosity; that he, whom thy goodness raised to an equality with thy own children, should be the murderer of thy children? Must, then, the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all forts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth at a distance. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But, instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood! and the only surviving son of its late king, slying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot

command in his own kingdom.

Whither, Oh! whither shall I sly? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in my blood, those hands which are now recking with my brother's? If I were to sly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other court, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman common-

wealth give me up? From my own family or friends, I have no expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy fon. Were my brother alive, our mutual fympathy would be fome alleviation. But he is hurried out of life, in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross. Others have been given a prey to wild beasts; and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raifed, on the unexampled diftreffes of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty infinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not liften to the wretch who has butchered the fon and relations of a king, who gave him power to fit on the same throne with his own sons. I have been informed, that he labours by his emissaries to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence; pretending that I magnify my diffress, and might, for him, have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes, when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then diffemble as I do. Then he, who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

Oh murdered, butchered brother! Oh dearest to my heart, now gone forever from my sight! but why should I lament his death? He is, indeed, deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life, in defence of any one of Micipsa's family. But, as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from slight, from exile, and the endless train of

miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies sull low, gored with wounds, and sessering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He seels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, while I am set up a spectacle to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to punish his murderer, I am not matter of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of nations! to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children; by your love for your country; by your own virtues; by the majefty of the Roman commonwealth; by all that is facred, and all that is dear to you, deliver a wretched prince from undeferved, unprovoked injury; and fave the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property; from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty!

SECTION III.

The Apostle Paul's noble defence before Festus and Agrippa.

AGRIPPA said unto Paul, thou art permitted to speak for thyself. Then Paul stretched forth the hand and answered for himself.

I think myfelf happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myfelf this day before thee, concerning all the things whereof I am accused by the Jews: especially, as I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews. Wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently.

My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among my own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; who knew me from the beginning, (if they would testify,) that after the straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made by God to our fathers: to which promise, our twelve tribes, continually serving God day and night, hope to come: and, for this hope's sake, king Agrippa, I am accused by the Jews.

Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead? I verily thought with my-felf that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of

Jesus of Nazareth: and this I did in Jerusalem. the fints I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests: and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I often punished them in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities. But as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief priests, at midday, O king! I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the fun, shining round about me, and them who journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking to me, and saying, in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why perfecutest thou me ? It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks. And I said, who art thou, Lord? And he replied, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. rife, and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister, and a witness both of these things, which thou hast seen, and of those things in which I will appear to thee; delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, to whom I now fend thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God; that they may receive forgiveness of fins, and inheritance amongst them who are sanctified by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O king Agrippa! I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision; but showed first to them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and through all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent, and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes, the Jews caught me in the temple; and went about to kill me. Having, however, obtained help from God, I continue, to this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying no other things than those which the prophets and Moses declared should come: that Christ should suffer; that he would be the first who should rife from the dead; and that he would

show light to the people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus spoke for himself, Festus said, with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad." But he replied, I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak the words of truth and soberness. For the

king knoweth these things, before whom I also speak so I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden him: for this thirg was not done in a corner. King A pa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believes Agrippa said to Paul, "almost thou persuadest r be a Christian." And Paul replied, "I would to God, not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds

SECTION IV.

Lord Mansfield's Speech in the House of Peers, 1770, c Bill for preventing the delays of Justice, by claiming the privilege of Parliament.

MY LORDS,

WHEN I consider the importance of this bill to your fhips, I am not surprised it has taken up so much of confideration. It is a bill, indeed, of no common magnit it is no less than to take away from two-thirds of the hative body of this great kingdom, certain privileges and munities of which they have been long possessed. Per there is no situation the human mind can be placed in, is so difficult and so trying, as when it is made a judge own cause. There is something implanted in the brea man fo attached to felf, fo tenacious of privileges once ob ed, that in fuch a fituation, either to discuss with impar ty, or decide with justice, has ever been held the summ all human virtue. The bill now in question puts your ships in this very predicament; and I doubt not but wildom of your decision will convince the world, that w felf interest and justice are in opposite icales, the latter ever preponderate with your lordship.

Privileges have been granted to legislators in all ages, in all countries. The practice is founded in wisdom; indeed, it is peculiarly essential to the constitution of country, that the members of both houses should be fr

^{*} How happy was this great Apostle, even in the most perilor cumstances! Though under bonds and oppression, his mind was and raised above every fear of man. With what dignity and comp does he defend himself, and the noble cause he had espoused; he displays the most compassionate and generous feelings for thos were strangers to the sublime religion by which he was animated M 2

their persons, in cases of civil suits: for there may come a time when the safety and welfare of this whole empire, may depend upon their attendance in parliament. I am far from advising any measure that would in suture endanger the state; but the bill before your lordships has, I am consident, no such tendency; for it expressly secures the persons of members of either house in all civil suits. This being the case, I consess, when I see many noble lords, for whose judgment I have a very great respect, standing up to oppose a bill which is calculated merely to facilitate the recovery of just and legal debts, I am assonished and amazed. They, I doubt not, oppose the bill upon public principles: I would not wish to infinuate, that private interest had the least weight in their determination.

The bill has been frequently proposed, and as frequently has miscarried: but it was always lost in the lower house. Little did I think, when it had passed the commons, that it possibly could have met with such opposition here. Shall it be faid, that you, my lords, the grand council of the nation, the highest judicial and legislative body of the realm, endeavour to evade, by privilege, those very laws which you enforce on your fellow subjects? Forbid it justice! I am sure, were the noble lords as well acquainted as I am, with but half the difficulties and delays occasioned in the courts of justice, under pretence of privilege, they would not, nay, they could not, oppose the bill.

I have waited with patience to hear what arguments might be urged against the bill; but I have waited in vaid; the truth is, there is no argument that can weigh against it. The justice and expediency of the bill are fuch as render it felf evident. -It is a proposition of that nature, that can neither be weakened by argument, nor entangled with fophistry. Much, indeed, has been faid by fome noble lords, on the wisdom of our anreftors, and how differently they thought from us. They not only decreed, that privilege should prevent all civil suits from proceeding during the fitting of parliament, but likewise granted protection to the very fervants of members. I shall fay nothing on the wifdom of our ancestors: it might perhaps appear invidious: that is not necessary in the present case. I thall only fay, that the noble lords, who flatter themselves with the weight of that reflection, should remember, that, as eircumstances alter, things themselves should alter. Formerly,

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it was not so fashionable either for masters or servants to run in debt, as it is at present. Formerly we were not that great commercial nation we are at present; nor formerly were merchants and manufacturers members of parliament, as at present. The case is now very different; both merchants and manufacturers are, with great propriety, elected members of the lower house. I Commerce having thus got into the legislative body of the kingdom, privilege must be done away. We all know, that the very soul and essence of trade are regular payments; and sad experience teaches us, that there are men, who will not make their regular payments without the compulsive power of the laws. The laws then ought to be equally open to all. Any exemption to particular men, or particular ranks of men, is, in a free and commercial country, a solecism of the grossest at the series of the grossest and the series of the grossest and the series of the grossest and commercial country, a solecism of the grossest and the series of the grossest and the grosse

But I will not trouble your lordships with arguments for that, which is fufficiently evident without any. I shall only fay a few words to some noble lords, who foresee much inconveniency, from the persons of their servants being liable to be arrefted. One noble lord observes, That the coachman of a peer may be arrested, while he is driving his mafter to the House, and that, consequently, he will not be able to attend his duty in parliament. If this were actually to happen, there are so many methods by which the member might still get to the House, that I can hardly think the noble lord is serious in his objection. Another noble peer faid, That, by this bill, one might lose his most valuable and honest servants. I hold to be a contradiction in terms: for he can neither be a valuable servant, nor an honest man who gets into debt which he is neither able nor willing to pay, till compelled by the law A If my fervant by unforeseen accidents, has got into debt, and I still wish to retain him, I certainly would pay the demand. But upon no principle of liberal legislation whatever, can my fervant have a title to fet his creditors at defiance, while, for forty shillings only, the honest tradesman may be torn from his family, and locked up in a gaol. It is monstrous injustice! I flatter myself, however, the determination of this day will entirely put an end to all fuch partial proceedings for the future, by passing into a law the bill now under your lordships' confideration.

· I come now to speak, upon what, indeed, I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at, for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been faid, by a noble lord on my left hand, that I likewise am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means by popularity, that applause bestowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race: to what purpose, alltrying time can alone determine. But if the noble lord means that mushroom popularity, which is raised without merit, and lost without a crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble lord to point out a fingle action of my life, in which the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I thank God I have a more permanent and fready rule for my conduct, the dictates of my own breast. Those who have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their mind to be the flave of every popular im- . pulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob, for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them, that many who have been faluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received their execrations the next; and many, who by the popularity of their times, have been held up as fpotlefs patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page, when truth has triumphed over delufton, the affaffins of liberty. Why then the noble lord can think I am ambitious of present popularity, that echo of folly, and shadow of renown, I am at a loss to determine. Besides, I do not know that the bill now before your lordships will be popular: It depends . much upon the caprice of the day. It may not be popular to compel people to pay their debts; and, in that case, the present must be a very unpopular bill. It may not be popular neither to take away any of the privileges of parliament; for I very well remember, and many of your lordships may remember, that, not long ago, the popular cry was for the extension of privilege; and so far did they carry it at that time, that it was faid, the privilege protected members even in criminal actions; nay, such was the power of popular preiudices over weak minds, that the very decisions of some of the courts were tinctured with that doctrine. It was undoubtedly an abomidable doctrine; I thought fo then, and

I think so still; but, nevertheless, it was a popular doctrine, and came immediately from those who are called the friends of liberty; how deservedly time will show. True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all; to the king and to the beggar. Where is the justice then, or where is the law that protects a member of parliament more than any other man, from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place nor any employment to be a fanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honour to sit as judge, neither royal favour, nor popular applause, shall ever protect the guilty.

I have now only to beg pardon for having employed fo much of your lordships' time; and I am forry a bill, fraught with so many good consequences, has not met with an abler advocate; but I doubt not your lordships' determination will convince the world, that a bill, calculated to contribute so much to the equal distribution of justice as the present, re-

quires with your lordships but very little support.

SECTION V.

An Address to Young Persons.

I INTEND, in this address, to show you the importance of beginning early to give serious attention to your conduct. As soon as you are capable of reslection, you must perceive that there is a right and a wrong, in human actions. You see, that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others, of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forseit the advantages of their birth; involve themselves in much misery; and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, may you learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depends. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If instead of exerting reslection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at se

critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loof and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While fo many around you are undergoing the fad consequences of a like indifcretion, for what reason shall not those consequences extend to you? Shall you attain fuccess without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you, of its own accord, and folicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquifition of labour and care? Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your fake, reverse its established order. The Author of your being hath enjoined you to "take heed to your ways; to ponder the paths of your feet; to remember your Creator in the days of your youth." He hath decreed, that they only "who feek after wisdom, shall find it; that fools shall be afflicted, because of their transgressions; and that whoever refuseth instruction, shall destroy his own foul." By listening to these admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

When you look for ward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be sound, that a plain understanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether usence or business, or public

life be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes; the undaunted spirit which it inspires; the ardour of diligence which it quickens; the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations; are the foundations of all that is highly honourable, or greatly successful among men.

Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever means you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem, and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dispositions, and the accomplishments of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all

that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away.

Let not then the feafon of youth be barren of improvements, so effential to your future felicity and honour. Now is the feed time of life; and according to "what you fow, you shall reap." Your character is now, under Divine assistance. of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and foft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not preoccupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, dilembarraffed, and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your delires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting iffue. Consider then the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as in a great measure, decifive of your happiness, in time, and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the production of what is next in courfe; fo, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness into respectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn, no fruit: so, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will probably be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been "vanity," its latter end can scarcely be any other than "vexation of spirit."

I shall finish this address, with calling your attention to that dependence on the bleffing of heaven, which, amidst all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preferve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. to their own abilities for carrying them fuccessfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any affigance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy difcipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know'the dangers which await them? Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, is equal to the trying situations which often occur in life. By the shock of tempration, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown? Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk? "every good, and every perfect gift, is from above." Wildom and virtues, as well as "riches and honour, come from God." Destitute of his favour, you are in no better fituation, with all your boafted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a tracklefs defert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct, then, this ill founded arrogance. Expect not, that your happiness can be independent of Him who made youth. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, feek the protection of the God of heaven. I conclude with the folema

words, in which a great prince delivered his dying charge to his son; words which every young person ought to consider as addressed to himself, and to engrave deeply on his heart: "Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers; and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. For the Lord searches all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever."

CHAP. IX.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION I.

Earthquake at Calabria, in the year 1638.

An account of this dreadful earthquake, is given by the celebrated Father Kircher. It happened whilft he was on his journey to visit Mount Ætna, and the rest of the wonders that lie towards the south of Italy. Kircher is considerered, by scholars, as one of the greatest prodigies of learning.

"Having hired a boat, in company with four more, (two friars of the order of St. Francis, and two feculars,) we launched, from the harbour of Meisina, in Sicily; and arrived, the same day, at the promontory of Pelorus. Our destination was for the city of Euphæmia, in Calabria; where we had some business to transact; and where we designed to tarry for fome time. However, Providence feemed willing to cross our design; for we were obliged to continue three days at Pelorus, on account of the weather; and though we often put out to fea, yet we were as often driven back. At length, wearied with the delay, we refolved to profecute our voyage; and, although the sea seemed more than usually agitated, we ventured forward. The gulf of Charybdis, which we approached, seemed whirled round in such a manner, as to form a vast hollow, verging to a point in the centre. Proceeding onward, and turning my eyes to Ætna, I faw it cast forth large volumes of smoke, of mountainous fizes, which entirely covered the island, and blotted out the very shores from my view. This, together with the dreadful noise, and the sulphurous stench which was strongly perceived, filled me with apprehensions, that some more dreadful calamity was impending. The sea itself seemed to wear a very unusual appearance; they who have seen a lake in a violent shower of rain, covered all over with bubbles, will conceive some idea of its agitations. My surprise was still increased by the calmness and ferenity of the weather; not a breeze, not a cloud, which might be supposed to put all nature thus into motion. I therefore warned my companions, that an earthquake was approaching; and after some time making for the shore, with all possible diligence, we landed at Tropæa, happy and thankful for having escaped the threatening dangers of the sea."

"But our triumphs at land were of short duration; for we had fcarcely arrived at the Jesuit's College, in that city, when our ears were stunned with a horrid found, resembling that of an infinite number of chariots, driven fiercely forward; the wheels rattling, and the thongs cracking. Soon after this a most dreadful earthquake ensued; so that the whole tract upon which we stood, seemed to vibrate, as if we were in the scale of a balance, that continued wavering. This motion, however, foon grew more violent; and being no longer able to keep my legs, I was thrown proftrate upon the ground. In the mean time, the universal ruin round me redoubled my amazement. The crash of falling houses, the tottering of towers, and the groans of the dying, all contributed to raife my terror and despair. On every side of me, I law nothing but a scene of ruin; and danger threatening wherever I should fly. I commended myself to God, as my last great refuge. At that hour, O how vain was every subiunary happiness! Wealth, honour, empire, wildom, all mere uteless sounds, and as empty as the hubbles of the deep! Just standing on the threshold of eternity, nothing but God was my pleasure; and the nearer I approached, I only loved him the more. After some time, however, finding that I remained unburt, amidft the general concussion, I resolved to venture for fafety; and, running as fast as I could, I reached the shore, but almost terrified out of my reason. I did not fearch long here, till I found the boat in which I had landed; and my companions also, whose terrors were even greater than

mine. Our meeting was not of that kind, where every one is desirous of telling his own happy escape; it was all silence,

and a gloomy dread of impending terrors."

"Leaving this feat of defolation, we profecuted our voyage along the coast; and the next day came to Rochetta, where we landed, although the earth still continued in violent agitations. But we had scarcely arrived at our inn, when we were once more obliged to return to the boat; and, in about half an hour, we saw the greater part of the town, and the inn at which we had let up, dashed to the ground and bury-

ing the inhabitants beneath the ruins."

"In this manner, proceeding onward in our little teffel, finding no fafety at land, and yet, from the smallness of our boat, having but a very dangerous continuance at sea, we at length landed at Lopizium, a castle midway between Tropæa and Euphæmia, the city to which, as I said before, we were bound. Here, wherever I turned my eyes, nothing but scenes of ruin and horror appeared; towns and castles leveled to the ground; Strombalo, though at fixty miles distance, belching forth slames in an unusual manner, and with a noise which I could distinctly hear. But my attention was quickly turned from more remote, to contiguous danger. The rumbling sound of an approaching earthquake, which we by this time were grown acquainted with, alamed us for the consequences; it every moment seemed to grow louder, and to approach nearer. The place on which we stood now began to shake most dreadfully; so that being unable to stand, my companions and I caught hold of whatever shrub grew next to us, and supported ourselves in that manner."

"After some time, this violent paroxysm ceasing, we again stood up, in order to prosecute our voyage to Euphamia, which lay within sight. In the mean time, while we were preparing for this purpose, I turned my eyes towards the city, but could see only a frightful dark cloud, that seemed to rest upon the place. This the more surprised us, as the weather was so very serene. We waited, therefore, till the cloud had passed away: then turning to look for the city, it was totally sund. Wonderful to tell! nothing but a dismal and putrid lake was seen where it stood. We looked about to find some one that could tell us of its sad catastrophe, but could see no

person. All was become a melancholy solitude; a scene of hideous desolation. Thus proceeding pensively along, in quest of some human being that could give us a little information, we at length faw a boy fitting by the shore, and appearing stupisfied with terror. Of him, therefore, we inquired concerning the fate of the city; but he could not be prevailed on to give us an answer. We entreated him, with evcry expression of tenderness and pity, to tell us; but his senses were quite wrapt up in the contemplation of the danger he had escaped. We offered him some victuals, but he seemed to loathe the fight. We fill perfifted in our offices of kindness; but he only pointed to the place of the city, like one out of his fenfes; and then running up into the woods, was never heard of after. Such was the fate of the city of Euphæmia: and as we continued our melancholy course along the shore, the whole coast, for the space of two hundred miles, presented nothing but the remains of cities; and men scattered, without a habitation, over the fields. Proceeding thus along, we at length ended out distressful voyage, by arriving at Naples, after having escaped a thousand dangers both at fea end land." GOLDSMITH.

SECTION II.

Letter from Pliny to Geminius.

Do we not functimes observe a fort of people, who though they are themselves under the abject dominion of every vice, show a kind of malicious resentment against the errors of others; and are most severe upon those whom they most resemble? yet, surely a lenity of disposition, even in persons who have the least occasion for clemency themselves, is of all virtues the most becoming. The highest of all characters, in my estimation, is his, who is as ready to pardon the errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself; and, at the same time, as cautious of committing a fault, as if he never forgave one. It is a rule then which we should, upon all occasions, both private and public, most religiously observe; "to be inexorable to our own failings, while we treat those of the rest of the world with tenderness, not excepting even such as forgive none but themselves."

I shall, perhaps, be asked, who it is that has given occation to these reflections. Know then that a certain person tately, but of that when we meet, though, upon fecond thoughts, not even then; left, whilft I condemn and expose his conduct, I should act counter to that maxim I particularly recommend. Whoever therefore, and whatever he is, shall remain in silence: for though there may be some use, perhaps, in setting a mark upon the man, for the sake of example, there will be more, however, in sparing him for the sake of humanity. Farewell.

MELMOTH'S PLINY.

SECTION III.

Letter from Pliny to Marcellinus, on the death of an amiable young woman.

I WRITE this under the utmost oppression of forrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundamus is dead! Never furely was there a more agreeable, and more amiable young person; or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long, I had almost said an immortal life! She had all the wisdom of age, and discretion of a matron, joined with youthful fweetness and virgin modesty. With what an engaging fondness did she behave to her father! How kindly and respectfully receive his friends! How affectionately treat all those who, in their respective offices, had the care and education of her! She employed much of her time in reading, in which fhe discovered great strength of judgment; the indulged herfelf in few diversions, and those with much caution. what forbearance, with what patience, with what courage did fhe endure her last illness! She complied with all the directions of her physicians; she encouraged her fister, and her father; and, when all her strength of body was exhausted, fupported herfelf by the fingle vigour of her mind. That indeed, continued, even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes the lofs of her fo much the more to be lamented. A loss infinitely fevere! and more fevere by the particular conjuncture in which it happened! She was contracted to a most worthy youth; the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited. How fad a change from the highest joy to the deepest forrow! How shall I . express the wound that pierced my heart, when I heard Fundamus himfelf, (as grief is ever finding out circumstances to aggravate its affliction,) ordering the money he had defign-

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ed to lay out upon clothes and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in myrrh and spices for her funeral? He is a manof great learning and good fense, who has applied himself, from his earliest youth, to the noblest and most elevated studies: but all the maxims of fortitude, which he has received from books, or advanced himfelf, he now absolutely rejects; and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness. We shall excuse, we shall even approve his forrow, when we confider what he has loft. He has loft a daughter who refembled him in his manners, as well as his person; and exactly copied out all her father. If his friend Marcellinus shall think proper to write to him, upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind him not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as feem to carry a fort of reproof with them; but those of kind and sympathifing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason; for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the furgeon, but by degrees fubmits. to, and even requires the means of its cure; so a mind, under the first impression of a misfortune, shuns and rejects all arguments of confolation; but at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them. Farewell. MELMOTH'S PLINY.

SECTION IV.

On Discretion.

I HAVE often thought, if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the

wife man, and that of the fool.

There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a succession of vanities, which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This fort of discretion, however, has no place in private conversation between intimate friends. On such occasions, the wifest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed talking with a friend is nothing else than thinking alcud,

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept, delivered by some ancient writers. That a man should live with

his enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend, in such a manner, that, if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, favours more of cunning than of discretion; and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides that, when a friend is turned into an enemy, the world is just enough to accuse the person who consided in him.

Discretion does not only show itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action; and is like an under agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest; which sets them at work in their proper times and places; and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Discretion does not only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converse with; and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe, that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents; but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the sable, strong and blind; endued with an irresistible force, which, for want of fight, is of no use to him.

Though a man have all other perfections, and want difcretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he have this fingle talent in persection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular

station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be mafter of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us; and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them; cunning has only private, felfish aims: and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views; and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of short-fightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person, who posfesses it : cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force. and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason; and a guide to us in all the duties of life : cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Differetion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves; and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In fhort, cunning is only the mimic of discretion; and it may pais upon weak men, in the fame manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wir, and gravity, for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and confider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at prefent. He knows that the mifery or happiness which is reserved for him in another world, loses nothing of its reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He confiders. that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment; and will be prefent with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason, he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate defign of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action: and consider the most distant, as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and

dvantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it confident with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes re sull of immortality; his schemes are large and glorious; and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

SECTION V.

On the Government of our Thoughts.

A MULTITUDE of cases occur, in which we are no less accountable for what we think, than for what we do.

As, first, when the introduction of any train of thought depends upon ourfelves, and is our voluntary act; by turning our attention towards fuch objects, awakening fuch paffions, or engaging in such employments, as we know must give a peculiar determination to our thoughts. Next, when thoughts, by whatever accident they may have been originally fuggested, are indulged with deliberation and complacency. Though the mind has been passive in their reception, and, therefore, free from blame; yet if they be active in their continuance, the guilt becomes its own. They may have intruded at first, like ambidden guests; but if when entered, they are made welcome, and kindly entertained, the case is the same as if they had been invited from the beginning. If we be thus accountable to God for thoughts either voluntarily introduced, or deliberately indulged, we are no less so, in the last place, for those which find admittance into our hearts from supine negligence, from total relaxation of attention, from allowing our imagination to rove with entire licence, "like the eyes of the fool, towards the ends of the earth." Our minds are, in this case, thrown open to folly and vanity. They are prostituted to every evil thing which pleases to take poffession. The consequences must all be charged to our account; and in vain we plead excuse from human infirmity. Hence it appears, that the great object at which we are to aim in governing our thoughts, is, to take the most effectual measures for preventing the introduction of such as are finful, and for haftening their expulsion, if they shall have introduced themselves without consent of the will.

But when we descend into our breasts, and examine how far we have studied to keep this object in view, who can tell

he hath offended?" In no article of religion of are men more culoably remiss, than in the unrestrain-Aulgence they give to fancy; and that too, for the most A, without remorfe. Since the time that reason began to exert her powers, thought, during our waking hours, has been active in every breaft, without a moment's suspension or pause. The current of ideas has been always flowing. The wheels of the spiritual engine have circulated with perpetual motion. Let me ask, what has been the fruit of this incessant activity with the greater part of mankind? Of the innumerable hours that have been employed in thought, how few are marked with any permanent or useful effect? How many have either paffed away in idle dreams; or have been abandoned to anxious discontented musings, to unfocial and malignant passions, or to irregular and criminal desires? Had I power to lay open that store house of iniquity which the hearts of too many conceal; could I draw out and read to them a list of all the imaginations they have devised, and all the passions they have indulged in secret; what a picture of men should I present to themselves! What crimes would they appear to have perpetrated in fecrecy, which to their most intimate companions they durst not reveal!

Even when men imagine their thoughts to be innocently employed, they too commonly fuffer them to run out into extravagant imaginations, and chimerical plans of what they would wish to attain, or choose to be, if they could frame the course of things according to their defire. Though such employments of fancy come not under the fame description with those which are plainly crifininal, yet wholly unblameable they feldom are. Besides the waste of time which they occasion, and the misapplication which they indicate of those intellectual powers that were given to us for much nobler purposes, fuch romantic speculations lead us always into the neighbourhood of forbidden regions. They place us on dangerous ground. They are for the most part connected with some one bad passion; and they always nourish a giddy and frivolous turn or thought. They unfit the mind for applying with vigour to rational pursuits, or for acquiescing in sober plans of conduct. From that ideal world in which it allows itself to dwell, it returns to the commerce of men, unbent and re-

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laxed, fickly and tainted, averfe to discharging the duties, and sometimes disqualified even for relishing the pleasures, of ordinary life.

BLAIR.

SECTION VI.

On the Evils which flow from Unrestrained Passions.

WHEN man revolted from his Maker, his passions rebelled against him; and, from being originally the ministers of reafon, have become the tyrants of the foul. Hence, in treating of this subject, two things may be assumed as principles; first, that through the present weakness of the understanding, our passions are often directed towards improper objects; and next, that even when their direction is just, and their objects are innocent, they perpetually tend to run into excess; they always hurry us towards their gratification, with a blind and dangerous impetuofity. On these two points then turns the whole government of our passions: first, to ascertain the proper objects of their pursuit; and next, to restrain them in that purfuit, when they would carry us beyond the bounds of reason. If there be any passion which intrudes itself unfeafonably in our mind, which darkens and troubles our judgment, or habitually discomposes our temper; which unfits us for properly discharging the duties, or disqualifies us for cheerfully enjoying the comforts of life, we may certainly conclude it to have gained a dangerous afcendant. The great object which we ought to propose to ourselves is, to acquire a firm and steadfast mind, which the infatuation of passion shall not feduce, nor its violence shake; which resting on fixed principles, shall, in the midst of contending emotions, remain free, and master of itself; able to listen calmly to the voice of conscience, and prepared to obey its dictates without hesitation.

To obtain, if possible, such command of passion, is one of the highest attainments of the rational nature. Arguments to show its importance crowd upon us from every quarter. If there be any fertile source of mischief to human life, it is beyond doubt, the misrule of passion. It is this which poisons the enjoyment of individuals, overturns the order of society, and strews the path of life with so many miseries, as to render it indeed the vale of tears. All those great scenes of public calamity, which we behold with astonishment and horror, have originated from the source of violent passions. These have overspread the earth with bloodshed. These have pointed the assassin's dagger, and filled the poisoned bowl. These, in every age, have turnished too copious materials for the orator's pathetic declaration, and for the poet's tragical song.

When from public life we descend to private conduct, though passion operates not there in such a wide and destructive sphere, we shall find its influence to be no less baneful. I need not mention the black and fierce passions, such as envy, jealoufy, and revenge, whose effects are obviously noxious. and whose agitations are immediate misery. But take any of the licentious and fenfual kind. Suppose it to have unlimited scope; trace it throughout its course; and we shall find that gradually, as it rifes, it taints the foundness, and troubles the peace of his mind over whom it reigns; that, in its progress, it engages him in pursuits which are marked either with danger or with shame; that, in the end, it wastes his fortune, destroys his health, or debases his character; and aggravates all the miferies in which it has involved him, with the concluding pangs of bitter remorfe. Through all the stages of this fatal course, how many have heretofore run? What multitudes do we daily behold purfuing it with blind and headlong steps? BLAIR.

SECTION VII.

On the Proper State of our Temper, with respect to one another.

It is evident, in the general, that if we consult either public welfare or private happiness, Christian charity ought to regulate our disposition in mutual intercourse. But as this great principle admits of several diversified appearances, let us consider some of the chief forms under which it ought to show itself in the usual tenor of life.

What, first, presents itself to be recommended, is a peace-able temper; a disposition averse to give offence, and desirous of cultivating harmony, and amicable intercourse in society. This supposes yielding and condescending manners, unwillingness to contend with others about trisles, and, in contests that are unavoidable, proper moderation of spirit. Such a temper is the first principle of self-enjoyment. It is the basis of all order and happiness among mankind. The positive and contentious, the rude and quarresseme are the

bane of fociety. They feem destined to blast the small share of comfort which nature has here allotted to man. But they cannot disturb the peace of others, more than they break their own. The hurricane rages first in their own bosom, before it is let forth upon the world. In the tempests which they raise, they are always tost; and frequently it is their lot to perish.

A peaceable temper must be supported by a candid one, or a disposition to view the conduct of others with fairness and impartiality. This stands opposed to a jealous and suspicious temper, which ascribes every action to the worst motive, and throws a black shade over every character. If we would be happy in ourselves, or in our connections with others, let us guard against this malignant spirit. Let us study that charity "which thinketh no evil;" that temper which, without degenerating into credulity, will dispose us to be just; and which can allow us to observe an error, without imputing it as a crime. Thus we shall be kept free from that continual irritation, which imaginary injuries raise in a suspicious breast; and shall walk among men as our brethren, not as our enemies.

But to be peaceable, and to be candid is not all that is required of a good man. He must cultivate a kind, generous, and sympathizing temper, which feels for distress, wherever it is beheld; which enters into the concerns of his friends with ardour; and to all with whom he has intercourse, is gentle, obliging, and humane. How amiable, appears such a disposition, when contrasted with a malicious, or envious temper, which wraps itself up in its own narrow interest, looks with an evil eye on the success of others, and, with an unnatural satisfaction, feeds on their disappointments or miseries! How little does he know of the true happiness of life, who is a stranger to that intercourse of good offices and kind affections, which, by a pleasing charm, attaches men to one another, and circulates joy from heart to heart!

We are not to imagine, that a benevolent temper finds no exercise, unless when opportunities offer of performing actions of high generotity, or of extensive utility. These may seldom occur. The condition of the greater part of mankind in a good measure, precludes them. But, in the ordinary round of human affairs, many occasions daily present them.

felves of mitigating the vexations which others fuffer; of foothing their minds; of aiding their interest; of promoting their cheerfulness, or ease. Such occasions may relate to the smaller incidents of life. But let us remember, that of small incidents the system of human life is chiefly composed. The attentions which respect these, when suggested by real benignity of temper, are often more material to the happiness of those around us, than actions which carry the appearance of greater dignity and splendour. No wise or good man ought to account any rules of behaviour as below his regard, which tend to cement the great brotherhood of mankind in comfortable union.

Particularly amidst that familiar intercourse which belongs to domestic life, all the virtues of temper find an ample range. It is very unfortunate, that within that circle, men too often think themselves at liberty, to give unrestrained vent to the caprice of passion and humour. Whereas there, on the contrary, more than any where else, it concerns them to attend to the government of their heart; to check what is violent in their tempers, and to soften what is harsh in their manners. For there the temper is formed. There, the real character displays itself. The forms of the world disguise men when abroad. But within his own family, every man is known to be what he truly is. In all our intercourse then with others, particularly in that which is closest and most intimate, let us cultivate a peaceable, a candid, a gentle and friendly temper. This is the temper to which, by repeated injunctions, our holy religion seeks to form us. This was the temper of Christ. This is the temper of Heaven.

SECTION VIII.

Encellence of the Holy Scriptures.

Is it Ligotry to believe the sublime truths of the gospel, with sull assurance of faith? I glory in such bigotry. I would not part with it for a thousand worlds. I congratulate the man who is possessed of it: for, amidst all the vicissitudes and calamities of the present state, that man enjoys an inextraustible sund of consolation, of which it is not in the power of fortune to deprive him.

There is not a book on earth, so favourable to all the kind, and all the sublime affections; or so unfriendly to hatred

and perfecution, to tyranny, injustice, and every fort of malevolence, as the gospel. It breathes nothing throughout,

but mercy, benevolence, and peace.

Poetry is sublime, when it awakens in the mind any great and good affection, as piety, or patriotism. This is one of the noblest effects of the heart. The Psalms are remarkable, beyond all other writings, for their power of inspiring devout emotions. But it is not in this respect only, that they are sublime. Of the divine nature, they contain the most magnificent descriptions, that the soul of man can comprehend. The hundred and sourth Psalm, in particular, displays the power and goodness of Providence, in creating and preserving the world, and the various tribes of animals in it, with such majestic brevity and beauty, as it is vain to look for in any human composition.

Such of the doctrines of the gospel as are level to human capacity, appear to be agreeable to the purest truth, and the soundest morality. All the genius and learning of the heathen world; all the penetration of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Aristotle, had never been able to produce such a system of moral duty, and so rational an account of Providence and of man, as are to be sound in the New Testament. Compared, indeed, with this, all other moral and theological wisdom

Loses, discountenanc'd, and like folly shows.

SECTION IX.

BEATTIE.

Reflections occasioned by a regiew of the blessings, pronounced by Christ on his Disciples, in his Sermon on the Mount.

What abundant reason have we to thank God, that this large and instructive discourse of our blessed Redeemer, is so particularly recorded by the facred historian. Let every one that "hath ears to hear" attend to it: for surely no man ever spoke as our Lord did on this occasion. Let us six our minds in a posture of humble attention, that we may "receive the law from his mouth."

He opened it with bleffings, repeated and most important bleffings. But on whom are they pronounced? and whom are we taught to think the happiest of mankind? The meek and the humble; the penitent and the merciful; the peaceful and the pure; those that hunger and thirst after righte-

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oulnels; those that labour, but faint not, under perfection! Lord! how different are thy maxims from those of the children of this world! They call the proud happy; and admire the gay, the rich, the powerful, and the victorious. a vain world take its gaudy trifles, and dress up the foolish creatures that pursue them. May our souls share in that happiness which the Son of God came to recommend and to procure! May we obtain mercy of the Lord; may we be owned as his children; enjoy his presence; and inherit his kingdom! With these enjoyments, and these hopes, we will cheerfully welcome the lowest, or the most painful circumstances.

Let us be animated to cultivate those amiable virtues, which are here recommended to us; this humility and meekness; this penitent fense of fin; this ardent defire after righteousnels; this compassion and purity; this peacefulness and fortitude of foul; and, in a word, this universal goodness which becomes us, as we fustain the character of "the falt of the earth," and "the light of the world."

Is there not reason to lament, that we answer the character no better? Is there not reason to exclaim, with a good man in former times, "Blessed Lord! either these are not thy words, or we are not Christians!" Oh, season our hearts more effectually with thy grace! Pour forth that divine oil on our lamps! Then shall the slame brighten; then shall the ancient honours of thy religion be revived; and multitudes be awakened and animated, by the luftre of it, "to glorify our Father in heaven." DODDRIDGE.

SECTION X.

Schemes of Life often Illusory.

OMAR, the son of Hassan, had passed seventy-five years, in honour and prosperity. The favour of three faccessive califs had filled his house with gold and filver; and whenever he appeared, the benedictions of the people proclaimed his passage.

Terrestrial happiness is of short continuance. The brightness of the flame is wasting its fuel; the fragrant flower is passing away in its own odours. The vigour of Omar began to fail; the curls of beauty fell from his head; strength departed from his hands; and agility from his feet. He give back to the calif the keys of trust, and the seals of secrecy;

and fought no other pleasure for the remains of life, than the

converse of the wife, and the gratitude of the good.

The powers of his mind were yet unimpaired. His chamber was filled by vifitants, eager to catch the dictates of experience, and officious to pay the tribute of admiration. Caled the fon of the viceroy of Egypt, entered every day early, and retired late. He was beautiful and eloquent: Omar admired his wit, and loved his docility. "Tell me," faid Caled, "thou to whose voice nations have listened, and whose wisdom is known to the extremities of Asia, tell me how I may resemble Omar the prudent. The arts by which thou hast gained power and preserved it, are to thee no longer necessary or useful: impart to me the secret of thy conduct, and teach me the plan upon which thy wisdom has built thy fortune."

" Young man," faid Omar, "it is of little we to form plans of life. When I took my first survey of the world, in my twentieth year, having confidered the various conditions of mankind, in the hour of solitude I said thus to myself. leaning against a cedar, which spread its branches over my head: Seventy years are allowed to man; I have yet fifty remaining. Ten years I will allot to the attainment of knowledge, and ten I will pass in foreign countries; I shall: be learned, and therefore shall be honoured; every city will shout at my arrival, and every student will solicit my friendthip. Twenty years thus passed, will store my mind with images, which I shall be busy, through the rest of my life, in combining and comparing. I shall revel in inexhaustible accumulations of intellectual riches; I shall find new pleafures for every moment; and shall never more be weary of myself. I will not, however, deviate too far from the beaten track of life; but will try what can be found in female delicacy. I will marry a wife beautiful as the Houries, and wife as Zobeide: with her I will live twenty years within the suburbs of Bagdat, in every pleasure that wealth can purshafe, and fancy can invent. I will then retire to a rural dwelling; pass my days in obscurity and contemplation; and lie filently down on the bed of death. Through my life it shall be my fettled resolution, that I will never depend upon the fmile of princes; that I will never stand

exposed to the artifice of courts; I will never pant for public honours, nor disturb my quiet with the affairs of state? Such was my scheme of life, which I impressed indelibly up-

on my memory."

"The first part of my ensuing time was to be spent in search of knowledge, and I know not how I was diverted from my design. I had no visible impediment, without, nor any ungovernable passions within. I regarded knowledge as the highest honour, and the most engaging pleasure; yet lay stole upon day, and month glided after month, till I found that seven years of the first ten had vanished, and lest nothing behind them. I now postponed my purpose of travelling; for why should I go abroad, while so much remained to be learned at home? I immured myself for sour years, and studied the laws of the empire. The same of my skill reached the judges; I was sound able to speak upon doubtful questions; and was commanded to stand at the footstool of the calif. I was heard with attention; I was consulted with considence; and the love of praise sastened on my heart."

"I still wished to see distant countries; listened with rapture to the relations of travellers; and resolved some time to ask my dismission, that I might feast my foul with novelty; but my presence was always necessary; and the stream of business hurried me along. Sometimes I was asraid lest I should be charged with ingratitude; but I still proposed to travel, and therefore would not confine myself by marriage."

"In my fiftieth year, I began to suspect that the time of travelling was past; and thought it best to lay hold on the felicity yet in my power, and include myself in domestic pleasures. But at fifty no man easily finds a woman beautiful as the Houries, and wise as Zobeide. I inquired and rejected, consulted and deliberated, till the fixty-second year made me ashamed of wishing to marry. I had now nothing left but retirement; and for retirement I never found a time, till disease forced me from public employment."

"Such was my scheme, and such has been its consequence. With an insatiable thirst for knowledge, I trisled away the years of improvement; with a restless desire of seeing different countries, I alway, resided in the same city; with the highest expectation of connubial selicity, I have lived un-

married; and with unalterable resolutions of contemplative retirement, I am going to die within the walls of Bag lat."

DR. JOHNSON.

SECTION NI. The Pleasures of Virtuous Sensibility.

THE good effects of true sensibility on general virtue and happinels, admit of no dispute. Let us consider its effect on the happiness of him who possesses it, and the various pleasures to which it gives him access. If he is master of riches or influence, it affords him the means of increasing his own enjoyment, by relieving the wants, or increasing the comforts of others. If he commands not these advantages, yet all the comforts, which he fees in the possession of the deferving, become in some fort his, by his rejoicing in the good which they enjoy. Even the face of nature yields a fatisfaction to him, which the infenfible can never know. The profusion of goodness which he beholds poured forth on the universe, dilates his heart with the thought, that innumerable multitudes around him are bleft and happy. When he fees the labours of men appearing to profper, and views, a country flourithing in wealth and industry; when he beholds the spring coming forth in its beauty, reviving the decayed face of nature; or in autumn beholds the fields loaded with plenty, and the year crowned with all its fruits; he lifts his affections with gratitude to the great Father of all, and rejoices in the general felicity and joy.

It may indeed be objected, that the same sensibility lays open the heart to be pierced with many wounds, from the distresses which abound in the world; exposes us to frequent suffering from the participation which it communicates of the sorows, as well as of the joys, of friendship. But let it be considered, that the tender melancholy of sympathy, is accompanied with a sensation, which they who feel it would not exchange for the gratifications of the selfish. When the heart is strongly moved by any of the kind affections, even when it pours itself forth in virtuous sorrow, a secret attractive charm mingles with the painful emotion; there is a joy in the midst of grief. Let it be farther considered, that the griefs which sensibility introduces, are counterbalanced by pleasures which slow from the same source. Sensibility

heightens in general the human powers, and is connected with acuteness in all our feelings. If it makes us more alive to some painful sensations, in return, it renders the pleasing ones more vivid and animated. The felfish man languishes in his narrow circle of pleasures. They are confined to what affects his own interest. He is obliged to repeat the same gratifications, till they become infipid. But the man of virtuous fensibility moves in a wider sphere of felicity. His powers are much more frequently called forth into occupations of pleafing activity. Numberless occasions open to him of indulging his favourite tafte, by conveying satisfaction to others. Often it is in his power, in one way or other, to sooth the afflicted heart; to carry some consolation into the house of wo. In the scenes of ordinary life, in the domestic and focial intercourses of men, the cordiality of his affections cheers and gladdens him. Every appearance, every description of innocent happiness, is enjoyed by him. Every native expression of kindness and affection among others, is felt by him, even though he be not the object of it. Among a circle of friends enjoying one another, he is as happy as the happiest. In a word, he lives in a different fort of world from what the felfish man inhabits. He possesses a new sense that enables him to behold objects which the selfish cannot fee. At the fame time, his enjoyments are not of that kind which remain merely on the furface of the mind. They penetrate the heart. They enlarge and elevate, they refine and ennoble it. To all the pleafing emotions of affection, they add the dignified consciousness of virtue. Children of men! men formed by nature to live and to feel as brethren! how long will ye continue to estrange yourselves from one another by competitions and jealousies, when in cordial union ye might be fo much more bleft? How long will ye feek your happiness in selfish gratifications alone, neglecting those purer and better sources of joy, which flow from the affections and the heart? BLAIR.

SECTION XII.

On the true honour of Man.

THE proper honour of man arises not from some of those splendid actions and abilities, which excite high admiration. Courage and prowess, military renown, signal victories and

conquests, may render the name of a man famous, without rendering his character truly honourable. To many brave men, to many heroes renowned in story, we look up with Their exploits are recorded. Their praises are fung. They stand as on an eminence above the rest of mankind. Their eminence, nevertheless, may not be of that fort, before which we bow with inward esteem and respect. thing more is wanted for that purpole, than the conquering arm, and the intrepid mind. The laurels of the warrior must at all times be dved in blood, and bedewed with the tears of the widow and the orphan. But if they have been stained by rapine and inhumanity; if fordid avarice has marked his character; or low and gross fenfuality has degraded his life; the great hero finks into a little man. What at a distance, or on a superficial view, we admired, becomes mean, perhaps odious, when we examine it more closely. It is like the Coloffal statue, whose immense fize struck the spectator afar off with astonishment; but when nearly viewed, it appears disproportioned, unshapely, and rude.

Observations of the same kind may be applied to all the reputation derived from civil accomplishments; from the refined politics of the statesman; or the literary efforts of genius and erudition. These bestow, and within certain bounds, ought to bestow, eminence and distinction on men. They discover talents which in themselves are shining; and which become highly valuable, when employed in advancing the good of mankind. Hence, they frequently give rise to same. But a distinction is to be made between same and true honour. The statesman, the orator, or the poet, may be samous; while yet the man himself is far from being honoured. We envy his abilities. We wish to rival them. But we would not choose to be classed with him who possessed them. Instances of this fort are too often found in every record of ancient or mod-

ern history.

From all this it follows, that in order to discern where man's true honour lies, we must look, not to any adventitious circumstance of fortune; not to any single sparkling quality; but to the whole of what forms a man; what entitles him, as such, to rank high among that class of beings to which he belongs; in a word, we must look to the mind and the soul.

A mind superior to fear, to selfish interest and corruption ; 2 mind governed by the principles of uniform rectitude and integrity; the fame in prosperity and advertity; which no bribe can seduce, nor terror overawe; neither by pleasure melted into effeminacy, nor by distress sunk into dejection; fuch is the mind which forms the distinction and eminence of man. One, who in no fituation of life, is either ashamed or afraid of discharging his duty, and acting his proper part with firmness and constancy; true to the God whom he worships, and true to the faith in which he professes to believe; full of affection to his brethren of mankind; faithful to his friends. generous to his enemies, warm with compassion to the unfortunate; felf-denying to little private interests and pleasures, but zealous for public interest and happiness; magnanimous, without being proud; humble, without being mean; just, without being harsh; simple in his manners, but manly in his feelings; on whose word we can entirely rely; whose countenance never deceives us; whose professions of kindness are the effusions of his heart; one, in fine, whom independent of any views of advantage, we would choose for a superior, could trust in as a friend, and could love as a brother. This is the man, whom in our heart, above all others, we do, we must honour.

SECTION XIII.

The influence of Devotion on the Happiness of Life.

WHATEVER promotes and strengthens virtue, whatever calms and regulates the temper, is a source of happiness. Devotion produces these effects in a remarkable degree. It inspires composure of spirit, mildness, and benignity; weakens the painful, and cherishes the pleasing emotions; and, by these means, carries on the life of a pious man in a smooth and placid tenor.

Besides exerting this habitual influence on the mind, devotion opens a field of enjoyments, to which the vicious are entire strangers; enjoyments the more valuable, as they peculiarly belong to retirement, when the world leaves us; and to adversity, when it becomes our foe. These are the two seasons, for which every wise man would most wish to provide some hidden store of comfort. For let him be placed in the most favourable situation which the human state admits, the

world can neither always amuse him, nor always shield him from distress. There will be many hours of vacuity, and many of dejection, in his life. If he be a stranger to God and to devotion, how dreary will the gloom of folitude often prove! With what oppressive weight will sickness, disappointment, or old age, fall upon his spirits! But for those pensive periods, the pious man has a relief prepared. From the tiresome repetition of the common vanities of life, or from the painful corrolion of its cares and forrows, devotion transports him into a new region; and furrounds him there with fuch objects. as are the most fitted to cheer the dejection, to calm the tumults, and to heal the wounds of his heart. If the world has been empty and delusive, it gladdens him with the prospect of a higher and better order of things, about to rise. If men have been ungrateful and base, it displays before him the faithfulness of that Supreme Being, who, though every other friend fail, will never forfake him. Let us confult our experience, and we shall find, that the two greatest fources of inward joy, are, the exercise of love directed towards a deferving object, and the exercise of hope terminating on some high and affured happiness. Both these are supplied by devotion; and therefore we have no reason to be surprised, if, on some occasions, it fills the hearts of good men with a fatisfaction not to be expressed.

The refined pleafures of a pious mind, are, in many refpects, superior to the coarse gratifications of sense. They are pleasures which belong to the highest powers and best affections of the foul; whereas the gratifications of fense refide in the lowest region of our nature. To the latter, the soul stoops below its native dignity. The former, raise it above itlelf. The latter, leave always a comfortless, often a mortifying, remembrance behind them. The former, are reviewed with applaule and delight. The pleasures of sense resemble a foaming torrent, which, after a diforderly course, speedily runs out, and leaves an empty and offensive channel. But the pleasures of devotion resemble the equable current of a pure river, which enlivens the fields through which it paffes, and diffuses verdure and fertility along its banks. To thee, O Devotion! we owe the highest improvement of our nature, and much of the enjoyment of our life. Thou art the support of our virtue, and the rest of our souls, in this turbulent world. Thou composes the thoughts. Thou calmest the passions. Thou exaltest the heart. Thy communications, and thine only are imparted to the low, no less than the high; to the poor, as well as to the rich. In thy presence, worldly distinctions cease; and under thy influence, worldly forrows are forgotten. Thou art the balm of the wounded mind. Thy sanctuary is ever open to the miserable; inaccessible only to the unrighteous and impure. Thou beginnest on earth the temper of heaven. In thee, the hosts of angels and blessed spirits eternally rejoice.

SECTION XIV.

The Planetary and Terrestrial Worlds, comparatively considered.

To us, who dwell on its furface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can any where behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect; looks all luminous; and no larger than a fpot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears. 2. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening ftar, as in one part of the orbit she rides foremost in the procession of night, in the other ushers in and anticipates the dawn, is a planetary world, which, with the four others that fo wonderfully vary their miffic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by restection; have sields and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal fubfiftence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life; all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the fun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency. I The fun, which feems to perform its daily stages through the fky, is in this respect fixed and immoveable: it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The fun, though feemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which fo many lofty mountains rife, and fuch vast oceans roll. A line extending from fide to fide through the centre of that resplend-

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PROMISCUOUS PIEC

ent orb, would measure more than eight humave given to miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference drawn require a length of millions. Were its solid contents won estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious sire; and keeps alive, from age to age, such an enormous mass of slame!" let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

5 This sun with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in the part of the grand machine of the universe; every star, though in the part of the grand in the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun fize and in glory; no less spacious, no less summons, than the radiant source of day. So that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving around its attractive influence, all which are lost to our sight in unmeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive, and scarcely distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is, since a ball, shot from the loaded cannon, and slying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling summaries.

While beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth, with all her oftentatious scenes, compared with this assonishing grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe? It is observed by a very judicious writer, that if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole,

that their loss would scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a sew lordships or the so much admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions: but when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size, how contemptible their sigure! They strink interpompous nothings.

SECTION XV.

On the Power of Custom, and the uses to which it may be applied.

THERE is not a common faying, which has a better turn of fense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the gar, that "Custom is a second nature." It is indeed and to form the man anew; and give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. #A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it feems the only end of his being. The love of a retired orbusy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been for some time disused. 3 Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it; not to mention how our delight in any particular fludy, art or science, rises and improves, in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus, what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into di-The mind grows fond of those actions it is accus-. tomed to; and it is drawn with reluctancy from those paths. in which it has been used to walk.

If we attentively consider this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life, or series of action, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very difference to him, at first; but use and application will certain render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the fecond place, I would recommend to every one, the admirable precept, which Pythagoras is faid to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon: "Pitch upon that course of life which is the most excellent, and custom will render it the most delightful." Men, whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded, than the bent of any present inclination; fince, by the rule above mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most senfual and irreligious man, to overlook those hardships and disficulties, which are apt to discorage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. "The Gods," faid Hefiod, "have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the farther we advance in it." The man who proceeds in it with steadmess and resolution, will, in a little time, find that her " ways are ways of pleafantness, and that all her paths are peace."

• To enforce this confideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart, that rife from the consciousness of such a pleasure; from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason;

and from the prospect of a happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation, which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once fettled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in even the most innocent diversions and entertainments; since the mind may infensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much inferior and an unprofitable nature. .. The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is, to show how absolutely necessary

it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss, we call heaven, will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it: we must, in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in it during this its present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

SECTION XVI.

The Pleasures resulting from a proper Use of our Faculties.

HAPPY that man, who, unembarrafied by vulgar cares, mafter of himfelt, his time, and fortune, spends his time in making himself wiser; and his fortune, in making others, (and therefore himself) happier; who, as the will and understanding are the two ennobling faculties of the foul, thinks himself not complete, till his understanding is beautified with the valuable furniture of knowledge, as well as his will enriched with every virtue; who has furnished himself with all the advantages to relish solitude and enliven conversation; who when serious, is not sullen; and when cheerful, not indiscreetly gay; whose ambition is, not to be admired for a salse glare of greatness, but to be beloved for the gentle and tober lustre of his wisdom and goodness.

The greatest minister of state has not more business to do, in a public capacity, than he, and indeed every other man, may sind, in the retired and still scenes of life. Even in his private walks, every thing that is visible convinces him there is present a Being invisible. Aided by natural philosophy, he reads plain legible traces of the Divinity in every thing he meets: he sees the Deity in every tree, as well as Moses did in the burning bush, though not in so glaring a manner: and when he sees im, he adores him with the tribute of a grateful heart. SEED.

SECTION XVII.

Description of Candour.

TRUE candour is altogether different from that guarded, inoffensive language, and that studied openness of behaviour,

which we fo frequently meet with among men of the world. Smiling, very often, is the aspect, and smooth are the words, of those who inwardly are the most ready to think evil of That candour, which is a Christian virtue, consists, not in fairness of speech, but in fairness of heart. It may want the blandishment of external courtesy, but supplies its place with humane and generous liberality, of fentiment. Its manners are unaffected, and its professions cordial. Exempt, on one hand, from the dark jealoufy of a suspicious mind, it is no lefs removed, on the other, from that eafy credulity which is imposed on by every specious pretence. • It is perfectly confistent with extensive knowledge of the world, and with due attention to our own fafety. • In that various intercourse, which we are obliged to carry on with persons of every different character, suspicion to a certain degree, is a necessary guard. It is only when it exceeds the bounds of prudent caution, that it degenerates into vice. There is a proper mean between undiffinguishing credulity, and univerfal jealoufy, which a found understanding discerns, and which the man of candour studies to preserve.

• He makes allowance for the mixture of evil with good, which is to be found in every human character. He expects none to be faultless; and he is unwilling to believe that there is any without some commendable quality. In the midst of many defects, he can discover a virtue. Under the influence of personal resentment, he can be just to the merit of an enemy. He never lends an open ear to those defamatory reports and dark fuggestions, which, among the tribes of the centorious, circulate with fo much rapidity, and meet with fuch ready acceptance. He is not hafty to judge, and he requires full evidence before he will condemn. As long as an action can be ascribed to different motives, he holds it as no mark of fagacity to impute it always to the worst. Where there is just ground for doubt, he keeps his judgment undecided; and, during the period of iuspense; leans to the most charitable construction which an action can bear. When he must condemn, he condemns with regret; and without those aggravations which the feverity of others adds to the crime: He liftens calmly to the apology of the offender, and readily admits every extenuating circumstance, which equity can sug-P. 2

gest. • How much soever he may blame the principles of any sect or party, he never consounds, under one general censure, all who belong to that party or sect. He charges them not with such consequences of their tenets, as they resuse and disavow. From one wrong opinion, he does not infer the subversion of all sound principles; nor from one bad action, conclude that all regard to conscience is overthrown. When he "beholds the mote in his brother's eye," he remembers "the beam in his own." He commisserates human frailty; and judges of others according to the principles, by which he would think it reasonable that they should judge of him. In a word, he views men and actions in the clear sunshine of charity and good nature; and not in that dark and sullen shade which jealousy and party spirit throw over all characters.

BLAIR.

SECTION XVIIL

On the Imperfection of that Happiness which rests solely on Worldly Pleasures.

THE vanity of human pleasures is a topic which might be embellished with the pomp of much description. But I shall studiously avoid exaggeration, and only point out a threefold vanity in human life, which every impartial observer cannot but admit; disappointment in pursuit, distatisfaction in enjoy-

ment, uncertainty in possession.

First, disappointment in pursuit. When we look around us on the world, we every where behold a bufy multitude, intent on the profecution of various defigns, which their wants or defires have fuggested. We behold them employing every method which ingenuity can devise: some the patience of industry, some the boldness of enterprise, others the dexterity of stratagem, in order to compass their ends. Of this incessant stir and activity, what is the fruit? In comparison of the crowd who have toiled in vain, how small is the number of the fuccessful? Or rather where is the man who will declare, that in every point he has completed his plan, and attained his utmost wish? No extent of human abilities has been able to discover a path which, in any line of life, leads unertingly to success. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor rickes to men of understanding." We may form our plans with the most profound fagacity, and

with the most vigilant caution may guard against dangers on every fide. But some unforeseen occurrence comes acros, which baffles our wisdom, and lays our labours in the dust.

Were fuch disappointments confined to those who aspire at engroffing the higher departments of life, the misfortune would be lefs. The humiliation of the mighty, and the fall of ambition from its towering height, little concern the bulk of mankind. These are objects on which, as on distant meteors, they gaze from afar, without drawing personal instruction from events so much above them. But, alas! when we descend into the regions of private life, we find disappointment and blasted hope equally prevalent there. Neither the moderation of our views, nor the justice of our pretentions, can ensure success. "But "time and chance happen to all." Against the stream of events, both the worthy and the undeferving are obliged to struggle; and both are frequently overborne alike by the current.

Besides disappointment in pursuit, distatisfaction in enjoyment is a farther vanity, to which the human state is subject. This is the feverest of all mortifications, after having been fuccessful in the pursuit, to be baffled in the enjoyment itself. Yet this is found to be an evil still more general than the for-Some may be so fortunate as to attain what they have purfued; but none are rendered completely happy by what they have attained. Disappointed hope is misery; and yet fucceisful hope is only imperfect blifs. Look through all the ranks of mankind. Examine the condition of those who appear most prosperous; and you will find that they are never just what they defire to be. If retired, they languish for action; if bufy, they complain of fatigue. If in middle life, they are impatient for distinction; if in high stations, they. figh after freedom and eafe. Something is still wanting to that plenitude of fatisfaction, which they expected to acquire. Together with every wish that is gratified, a new demand arises. One void opens in the heart, as another is filled. On wishes, wishes grow; and to the end, it is rather the expectation of what they have not, than the enjoyment of what they have, which occupies and interests the most successful.

This diffatisfaction in the midst of human pleasure, springs partly from the nature of our enjoyments themselves, and partly from circumstances which corrupt them. No worldly enjoyments are adequate to the high desires and powers of an immortal spirit. Fancy paints them at a distance with splendid colours; but possession unveils the fallacy. The eagerness of passion bestows upon them, at first, a brisk and lively relish. But it is their fate always to pall by familiarity, and sometimes to pass from satiety into disgust. Happy would the poor man think himself, if he could enter on all the treasures of the rich; and happy for a short time he might be: but before he had long contemplated and admired his state, his possessions would seem to lessen, and his cares would grow.

Add to the unsatisfying nature of our pleasures, the attending circumstances which never fail to corrupt them. For, such as they are, they are at no time possessed unmixed. To human lips it is not given to taste the cup of pure joy. When external circumstances show fairest to the world, the envied man groans in private under his own burden. Some vexation disquiets, some passion corrodes him; some distress, either felt or feared, gnaws, like a worm, the root of his felicity. When there is nothing from without to disturb the prosperous, a fecret posson operates within. For worldly happiness ever tends to destroy itself, by corrupting the heart. It fosters the loose and the violent passions. It engenders noxious habits, and taints the mind with false delicacy, which makes it feel a thousand unreal evils.

But put the case in the most savourable light. Lay asside from human pleasures both disappointment in pursuit, and deceitfulness in enjoyment; suppose them to be fully attainable, and completely satisfactory; still there remains to be considered the vanity of uncertain possession and front duration. Were there in worldly things any fixed point of security which we could gain, the mind would then have some basis on which to rest. But our condition is such, that every thing wavers and totters around us. "Boast not thyself of tomorrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring sorth." It is much if, during its course, thou hearest not of somewhat to disquiet or alarm thee. For life never proceeds long in a uniform train. It is continually varied by unexpected events. The seeds of alteration are every where sown; and the sunshine of prosperity commonly accelerates

their growth. If our enjoyments be numerous, we lie more open on different fides to be wounded. If we have possefed them long, we have greater cause to dread an approaching change. By slow degrees prosperity rises; but rapid is the progress of evil. It requires no preparation to bring it forward. The edifice which it cost much time and labour to erect, one inauspicious event, one sudden blow can level with the dust. Even supposing the accidents of life to leave us untouched, human bliss must still be transitory; for man changes of himself. No course of enjoyment can delight us long. What amused our youth, looses its charm in maturer age. As years advance, our powers are blunted, and our pleasurable feelings decline. The silent lapse of time is ever carrying somewhat from us, till at length the period comes, when all will be swept away. The prospect of this termination of our labours and pursuits, is sufficient to mark our state with vanity. "Our days are a hand breadth, and our age is as nothing." Within that little space is all our enterprise bounded. We crowd it with toils and cares, with contention and strife. We prosect great designs, entertain high hopes, and then leave our plans unfinished, and fink into oblivion.

This much let it fuffice to have faid concerning the vanity of the world. That too much has not been faid, must appear to every one who considers how generally mankind lean to the opposite side; and how often, by undue attachment to the present state, they both feed the most sixful passions, and "pierce themselves through with many forrows."

BLAIR.

SECTION XIX.

What are the Real and Solid Enjoyments of Human Life.

IT must be admitted, that unmixed and complete happiness is unknown on earth. No regulation of conduct can altogether prevent passions from disturbing our peace, and missortunes from wounding our heart. But after this concession is made, will it follow, that there is no object on earth which deserves our pursuit, or that all enjoyment becomes contemptible which is not perfect? Let, us survey our state with an impartial eye, and be just to the various gifts of Heaven. How vain foever this life, confidered in itself, may be, the comforts and hopes of religion are sufficient to give solidity to the enjoyments of the righteous. In the exercise of good affections, and the testimony of an approving conficience; in the sense of peace and reconciliation with God, through the great Redeemer of mankind; in the firm confidence of being conducted through all the trials of life, by Infinite Wisdom and Goodness; and in the joyful prospect of arriving, in the end, at immortal selicity, they posses a happiness which, descending from a purer and more perfect region than this world, partakes not of its vanity.

Besides the enjoyments peculiar to religion, there are other pleasures of our present state, which, though of an inferior order, must not be overlooked in the estimate of human life. It is necessary to call attention to these, in order to check that repining and unthankful spirit to which man is always too prone. Some degree of importance must be allowed to the comforts of health, to the innocent gratifications of tenfe, and to the entertainment afforded us by all the beautiful scenes of nature; some to the pursuits and harmless amusements of focial life; and more to the internal enjoyments of thought and reflection, and to the pleasures of affectionate intercourse with those whom we love. These comforts are often held in too low estimation, merely because they are ordinary and common; although that is the circumstance which ought, in reason, to enhance their value. They lie open, in some degree, to all; extend through every rank of life, and fill up agreeably many of those spaces in our present existence, which are not occupied with higher objects, or with ferious cares.

From this representation it appears that, notwithstanding the vanity of the world, a considerable degree of comfort is attainable in the present state. Let the recollection of this serve to reconcile us to our condition, and to repress the arrogance of complaints and murmurs. What art thou, O son of man! who, having sprung but yesterday out of the dust, darest to lift up thy voice against thy Maker, and to arraign his Providence, because all things are not ordered according to thy wish? What title hast thou to find fault with the order of the universe, whose lot is so much beyond what thy

virtue or merit gave thee ground to claim? Is it nothing to thee to have been introduced into this magnificent world; to have been admitted as a spectator of the divine wisdom and works; and to have had access to all the comforts which nature, with a bountiful hand, has poured forth around thee? Are all the hours forgotten which thou hast passed in ease, in complacency, or joy Is it a small favour in thy eyes, that the hand of Divine Mercy has been stretched forth to aid thee; and, if thou reject not its proffered affistance, is ready to conduct thee into a happier state of existence? When thou comparest thy condition with thy defert, blush, and be ashamed of thy complaints. Be filent, be grateful, and adore. Receive with thankfulness the bleffings which are allowed thee. Revere that government which at present refuses thee more. Rest in this conclusion, that though there are evils in the world, its Creator is wife and good, and has been bountiful to thee. BLAIR.

SECTION XX.

Scale of Beings.

Though there is a great deal of pleasure in contemplating the material world; by which I mean, that system of bodies, into which nature has so curiously wrought the mass of dead matter, with the several relations that those bodies bear to one another; there is still, methinks, something more wonderful and surprising, in contemplations on the world of life; by which I understand, all those animals with which every part of the universe is surnished. The material world is only the shell of the universe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we consider those parts of the material world, which see the nearest to us, and are therefore subject to our observations and inquiries, it is amazing to consider the infinity of animals with which it is stocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf swarms with inhabitants. There is scarcely a single humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glasses do not discover myriads of living creatures. We find even in the most solid bodies, as in marble itself, innumerable cells and cavities, which are crowded with such imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to discover. On the other hand, if we look into

te bulky parts of nature, we see the seas, lakes, and s, teeming with numberless kinds of living creatures. We find every mountain and marsh, wilderness and wood, plentifully stocked with birds and beasts; and every part of matter affording proper necessaries and conveniences, for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of "the Plurality of Worlds," draws a very good argument from this confideration, for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it feems very probable, from the analogy of reason, that if no part of matter, with which we are acquainted, lies waste and useless, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, are not desert and unpeopled; but rather, that they are furnished with beings adapted to their respective situations.

Existence is a bleffing to those beings only which are endowed with perception; and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is subservient to beings which are conscious of their existence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our observation, that matter is only made as the basis and support of animals; and that there is no more of the one than what is necessary for the existence of the other.

Infinite Goodness is of so communicative a nature, that it seems to delight in conferring existence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a speculation, which I have often pursued with great pleasure to myself, I shall enlarge farther upon it, by considering that part of the scale of beings, which comes within our knowledge.

There are fome living creatures, which are raised but just above dead matter. To mention only that species of shell sish, which is formed in the fashion of a cone; that grows to the surface of several rocks; and immediately dies, on being severed from the place where it grew. There are many other creatures but one remove from these, which have no other sense than that of seeling and taste. Others have still an additional one of hearing; others, of smell; and others of sight. It is wonderful to observe, by what a gradual progress the world of life advances, through a prodigious variety of species, before a creature is formed, that is complete in all its senses; and even among these there is such a different degree

of perfection, in the fense which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, that though the sense in different animals is distinguished by the same common denomination, it seems almost of a different nature. If, after this, we look into the several inward perfections of cunning and sagacity, or what we generally call instinct, we find them rising, after the same manner, imperceptibly one above another; and receiving additional improvements, according to the species in which they are implanted. This progress in nature is so very gradual, that the most perfect of an inferior species, comes very near to the most imperfect of that which is im-

mediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodness of the Supreme Being, whose mercy extends to all his works, is plainly feen, as I have before hinted, in his having made so very little matter, at least what falls within our knowledge, that does not swarm with life. Nor is his goodness less seen in the diversity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he made but one species of animals, none of the rest would have enjoyed the happiness of existence: he has therefore, specified, in his creation, every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chasm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverse kinds of creatures, rising one after another, by fuch a gentle and eafy afcent, that the little transitions and deviations from one species to another, are almost infenfible. This intermediate space is so well husbanded and managed, that there is fcarcely a degree of perception, which does not appear in some one part of the world of life. Is the goodness, or the wisdom of the Divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?

There is a confequence, besides those I have already mentioned, which seems very naturally deducible from the foregoing considerations. If the scale of being rises by such a regular progress, so high as man, we may, by parity of reason, suppose, that it still proceeds gradually through those beings which are of a superior nature to him; since there is infinitely greater space and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between

man and the most despicable insect.

In this great system of being, there is no creature so won-

derful in its nature, and which fo much deferves our particular attention, as man; who fills up the middle space between the animal and the intellectual nature, the visible and the invisible world; and who is that link in the chain of beings, which forms the connection between both. So that he who, in one respect, is associated with angels and archangels, and may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren, may, in ana other respect, say to "corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister."

ADDISON.

SECTION XXI.

Trust in the Care of Providence recommended.

MAN, confidered in himself, is a very helples, and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and missortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides; and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented had he foreseen them.

It is our comfort, while we are obnoxious to so many accidents, that we are under the care of one who directs contingences, and has in his hands the management of every thing that is capable of annoying or offending us; who knows the assistance we stand in need of, and is always ready to bestow it on those who ask it of him.

The natural homage, which such a creature owes to so infinitely wise and good a Being, is a firm reliance on him for the blessings and conveniences of life; and an habitual trust in him, for deliverance out of all such dangers and difficulties

as may befall us.

The man who always lives in this disposition of mind, has not the same dark and melancholy views of human nature, as he who considers himself abstractedly from this relation of the Supreme Beling. At the same time that he reslects upon his own weakness and impersection, he comforts himself with the contemplation of those divine attributes, which are employed for his safety, and his welfare. He finds his want of foresight made up, by the omniscience of him who is his support. He is not sensible of his own want of strength,

when he knows that his helper is almighty. In short, the person who has a firm trust on the Supreme Being is powerful in his power, wise by his wisdom, happy by his happiness. He reaps the benefit of every divine attribute; and loses his own insufficiency in the sullness of infinite persection. To make our lives more easy to us, we are commanded to put our trust in him, who is thus able to relieve and succour us; the Divine Goodness having made such a reliance a duty, notwithstanding we should have been miserable, had it been forbidden us.

Among several motives, which might be made use of to recommend this duty to us, I shall only take notice of those that follow.

The first and strongest is, that we are promised, he will not fail those who put their trust in him.

But without confidering the supernatural blessing, which accompanies this duty, we may observe, that it has a natural tendency to its own reward; or, in other words, that this sarm trust and considence in the great disposer of all things, contributes very much to the getting clear of any affliction, or to the bearing of it mansfully. A person who believes he has his succour at hand, and that he acts in the sight of his friend, often exerts himself beyond his abilities; and does wonders, that are not to be matched by one who is not animated with such a considence of success. Trust in the affistance of an Almighty Being, naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness, and all other dispositions of mind, which alleviate those calamities that we are not able to remove.

The practice of this virtue administers great comfort to the mind of man, in times of poverty and affliction; but most of all in the hour of death. When the soul is hovering, in the last moments of its separation; when it is just entering on another state of existence, to converse with scenes, and objects, and companions, that are altogether new; what can support her under such tremblings of thought, such fear, such anxiety, such apprehensions, but the casting of all her cares upon him, who sirst gave her being; who has conducted her through one stage of it; and who will be always present, to guide and comfort her in her progress through eternity?

PART I.

SECTION XXII.

Piety and Gratitude enliven Prosperity.

PIETY, and gratitude to God, contribute, in a high degree, to enliven prosperity. Gratitude is a pleasing emotion. The fense of being distinguished by the kindness of another, gladdens the heart, warms it with reciprocal affection, and gives to any poffession which is agreeable in itself, a double relish, from its being the gift of a friend. Favours conferred by men, I acknowledge, may prove burdenfome. For human virtue is never perfect; and sometimes unreasonable expectations on the one fide, fometimes a mortifying fense of dependence on the other, corrode in fecret the pleasure of bemefits, and convert the obligations of friendship into grounds of jealousy. But nothing of this kind can affect the intercourse of gratitude with Heaven. Its favours are wholly difinterested; and with a gratitude the most cordial and unfuspicious, a good man looks up to that Almighty Benefactor, who aims at no end but the happiness of those whom he bleffes, and who defires no return from them, but a devout and thankful heart. While others can trace their prosperity to no higher fource than a concernence of worldly causes; and, often, of mean or trifling incidents, which occasionally favoured their defigns; with what superior satisfaction does the fervant of God remark the hand of that gracious power, which hath raifed him up, which hath happily conducted him through the various steps of life, and crowned him with the most favourable distinction beyond his equals?

Let us farther consider, that not only gratitude for the past, but a cheering sense of divine favour at the present, enters into the pious emotion. They are only the virtuous, who in their prosperous days hear this voice addressed to them, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a cheerful heart; for God now accepteth they works." He who is the author of their prosperity, gives them a little to enjoy, with complacency, his own gift.—

V'hile bad men snatch the pleasures of the world as by stealth, without countenance from the great proprietor of the world, the righteous sit openly down to the feast of life, under the smile of approving heaven. No guilty fears damp

their joys. The bleffing of God rests upon all that they posses; his protection furrounds them; and hence, " in the habitations of the righteous is found the voice of rejoicing and falvation." A lustre unknown to others, invests, in their fight, the whole face of nature. Their piety reflects a funshine from heaven upon the prosperity of the world; unites in one point of view, the smiling aspect, both of the powers above, and of the objects below. Not only have they as full a relish as others, of the innocent pleasures of life, but, moreover, in these they hold communion with their divine benefactor. In all that is good or fair, they trace his hand. From the beauties of nature, from the improvements of art, from the enjoyments of focial life, they raise their affection to the source of all the happiness which surrounds them; and thus widen the fphere of their pleafures, by add-

ing intellectual, and spiritual, to earthly joys.

For illustration of what I have said on this head, remark that cheerful enjoyment of a prosperous state, which king David had when he wrote the twenty-third pfalm; and compare the highest pleasures of the riotous sinner, with the happy and fatisfied spirit which breathes throughout the pfalm. In the midst of the splendor of royalty, with what amiable simplicity of gratitude does he look up to the Lord as "his Shepherd;" happier in ascribing all his success to Divine favour, than to the policy of his councils, or to the force of his arms? How many instances of divine goodness arose before him in pleasing remembrance, when with such relish he spake of " green pastures and still waters," beside which God had led him; of his cup which he had made to overflow; and of the table which he had prepared for him in the presence of his enemies! With what perfect tranquility does he look forward to the time of his passing through "the valley of the shadow of death;" unappalled by that spectre, whose most distant appearance blasts the prosperity of finners! He fears no evil, as long as "the rod and the Raff" of his Divine Shepherd are with him; and through all the unknown periods of this and of future existence, commits himself to his guidance with secure and triumphant hope "Surely goodness and mercy will follow me all the days of my life; and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord

forever." What a purified, fentimental enjoyment of profperity is here exhibited! How different from that gross relifiaof worldly pleasures, which belong to those who behold only the terrestrial side of things; who raise their views to nohigher objects than the succession of human contingencies and the weak efforts of human ability; who have no protector or patron in the heavens, to enliven their prosperity, or to warm their hearts with gratitude and trust! BLATE.

SECTION XXIII.

Virtue, when deeply rooted, is not subject to the Influence of Fortune.

THE city of Sidon having furrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephestion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephestion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the reyal family. He then having expressed his admiration of their difinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many, who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose fingular merit had rendered him conspicuous, even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of missortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was builty employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephestion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king. They informed him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and required him immediately to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and feeptre. At the same time they admensshed him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had

been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an infult offered to his poverty. He re-

quested them not to trouble him farther with their impertiment jests; and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation. At length, however, they convinced him, that they were serious in their proposal; and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to

No fooner was he in possession of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies; who whispered their murmurs in every place, till at last they reached the ear of Alexander. He commanded the new elected prince to be sent for; and inquired of him, with what temper of mind be had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear my crown with equal moderation: for when I possessed little, I wanted nothing: these hands supplied me with whatever I desired." From this answer, Alexander formed so high an idea of his wisdom, that he consirmed the choice which had been made; and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon.

SECTION XXIV.

The Speech of Fabricius, a Roman Ambassador, to King Pyrrhus,
who attempted to bribe him to his Interest, by the
offer of a great Sum of Money.

WITH regard to my poverty, the king has, indeed, been infily informed. My whole estate consists in a house of but mean appearance, and a little spot of ground; from which, by my own labour I draw my support. But, if by any means, thou haft been persuaded to think that this poverty renders me of less consequence in my own country, or in any degree unhappy, thou art greatly deceived. I have no reason to complain of fortune; the supplies me with all that nature requires; and if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the defire of them. With these, I confess I should be more able to fuccour the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied; but small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something to the support of the state, and the affiftance of my friends. With respect to honours, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest: For Rome knows no qualifications for great employments, but virtue and ability. She appoints me to officiate in the most august ceremonies of religion: she intrusts me with the command of her armies; she consides to my care the most important negociations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the senate. The Roman people honour me for that very poverty which king Pyrrhus considers as a disgrace. They know the many opportunities I have had to enrich myself, without censure; they are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity; and if I have any thing to complain of, in the return they make me, it is only the excess of their applause. What value, then, can I put upon thy gold and silver? What king can add any thing to my fortune? Always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent upon me, I have a mind free from self-reproach? and I have an honest same.

SECTION XXV.

Character of James I. King of England.

No PRINCE, fo little enterprising and to inosfensive, was ever fo much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny. and flattery, of fatire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generofity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on eunning, his friendship on light fancy, and boyish fonders. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people. While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good will of all his neighbours, he was able to preferve fully the efteem and regard of none. His capacity was confiderable, but fitter to discourse on general maxims, than to conduct an intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awk-ward in his person, and ungainly in his manners; he was it

qualified to command respect: partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper, more than of a frugal judgment; exposed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And, upon the whole, it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were fullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiesly is derived the strong prejudice, which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious.

SECTION XXVI.

Charles V. Emperor of Germany, resigns his Dominions, and retires from the World.

This great emperor, in the plenitude of his power, and in possession of all the honours which can flatter the heart of man, took the extraordinary resolution, to resign his kingdoms; and to withdraw entirely from any concern in bufimess or the affairs of this world, in order that he might spend the remainder of his days in retirement and solitude. Though it requires neither deep reflection, nor extraordinary discernment, to discover that the state of royalty is not exempt from cares and disappointments; though most of those who are exalted to a throne, find folicitude, and fatiety, and difgust, to be their perpetual attendants, in that envied preeminence; yet, to descend voluntarily from the supreme to a subordinate station, and to relinquish the possession of power, in order to attain the enjoyment of happiness, seems to be an effort too great for the human mind. Several instances, indeed, occur in history, of monarchs who have quitted a throne, and have ended their days in retirement. But they were either weak princes, who took this resolution rashly, and repented of it as foon as it was taken; or unfortunate princes, from whose hands some strong rival had wrested their sceptre and compelled them to descend with reluctance into a private station. Dioclefiants, perhaps, the only prince capable of holding the reins of government, who ever religned them from deliberate choice; and who continued, during many years, to enjoy

the tranquility of retirement, without fetching one penitent figh, or casting back one look of desire, towards the power or dignity which he had abandoned.

No wonder, then, that Charles's refignation should fill all Europe with astonishment; and give rise, both among his contemporaries, and among the historians of that period, to various conjectures concerning the motives which determined a prince, whose ruling passion had been uniformly the love of power, at the age of fifty-fix, when objects of ambition operate with full force on the mind, and are pursued with the greatest ardour, to take a resolution so tingular and unexpected.

The emperor, in pursuance of his determination, having affembled the states of the Low Countries at Bruffels, feated himself for the last time, in the chair of state; on one fide of which was placed his fon, and on the other, his fifter, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a splendid retinue of the grandees of Spain and princes of the empire standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the states. . He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles furrendered to his fon Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; absolving his subjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir; and to ferve him with the same lovalty and zeal that they had manifested, during fo long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience; and, from a paper which he held in his hand in order to assist his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without oftentation all the great things which he had undertaken and performed, since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleasure; and either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France sour times, Italy seven times,

the Low countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often. and had made eleven voyages by fea; that while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing fuch extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue; that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted by the rage of an incurable diftemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protest his subjects, or to render them happy; that instead of a fovereign worn out with difeafes, and fcarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth all the attention and fagacity of maturer years; that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government, or if, under the pressure of so many and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness; that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest confolation, as well as the best reward for all his services; and, in his last prayers to Almighty God would pour forth his ardent wishes for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees and kiffed his father's hand, "If," fays he, "I had left you, by my death, this rich inheritance: to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account; but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might have still retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense; and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects and your love of them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I give this day of my paternal affection, and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the considence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable

regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be facred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and if the time shall ever come, when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquility of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him, with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As foon as Charles had finished this long address to his subjects, and to their new sovereign; he sunk into the chair, exhausted and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears; some from admiration of his magnanimity; others softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest forrow, at losing a sovereign, who had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

SECTION XXVII.

The same subject continued.

A FEW weeks after the refignation of the Netherlands, Charles, in an affembly no lefs splendid, and with a ceremonial equally point position of the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the old and in the new world. Of all these vast possessions, he referved nothing for himself, but an annual pension of an hundred thousand crowns, to desiray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of benevolence and charity.

Nothing now remained to detain him from that retreat for which he languished. Every thing having been prepared some time for his voyage, he set out for Zuitburg in Zealand, where the sleet had orders to rendezvous. In his way thither, he passed through Ghent; and after stopping there a sew days, to indulge that tender and pleasant metancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his nativity, and viewing the scenes and objects samiliar to him in his early youth, he pursued his journey accompanied by his son Philip, his daughter the archduches, his sisters the dowager queens of France and Hungary, Maximilian his son-in-law, and a numerous retinue of

the Flemish nobility. Before he went on board, he dismissed them with marks of his attention or regard; and taking leave of Philip with all the tenderness of a father who embraced his son for the last time, he set sail under convoy of a large sleet of Spanish, Flemish, and English ships.

His voyage was prosperous and agreeable; and he arrived at Laredo in Biscay, on the eleventh day after he left Zealand. As soon as he landed, he sell prostrate on the ground; and considering himself now as dead to the world, he kissed the earth, and said, "Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked I now return to thee, thou common mother of mankind." From Laredo he proceeded to Valladolid. There he took a last and tender leave of his two sisters; whom he would not permit to accompany him to his solitude, though they entreated it with tears; not only that they might have the consolation of contributing, by their attendance and care, to mitigate or to soothe his sufferings, but that they might reap instruction and benefit, by joining with him in those pious exercises, to which he had consecrated the re-

mainder of his days.

From Valladolid, he continued his journey to Plazencia in Estremadura. He had passed through that city a great many years before; and having been struck at that time with the delightful situation of the monastery of St. Justus, belonging to the order of St. Jerome, not many miles distant from that place, he had then observed to some of his attendants, that this was a spot to which the clessan might have retired with pleasure. The impression had remained so strong on his mind, that he pitched upon it to the place of his retreat. It was feated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and furrounded by rifing grounds, covered with lofty trees; from the nature of the foil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious fituation in Spain. Some months before his refignation, he had fent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of the building should be such as suited his present station, rather than his former dignity. It confifted only of fix rooms, four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet

fquare, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and had silled it with various plants, which he proposed to cultivate with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe; filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being

fubjected to his power.

In this retirement, Charles formed such a plan of life for himself, as would have suited the condition of a private person of a moderate fortune. His table was neat but plain; his domestics few; his intercourse with them familiar; all the cumbersome and ceremonious forms of attendance on his person were entirely abolished, as destructive of that social eafe and tranquility, which he courted, in order to foothe the remainder of his days. As the mildness of the climate, together with his deliverance from the burdens and cares of government, procured him, at first a considerable remission from the acute pains with which he had been long tormented, he enjoyed, perhaps, more implete fatisfaction in this humble folitude, than all his grandeur had ever yielded him. The ambitious thoughts and projects, which had so long engroffed and disquieted him, were quite effaced from his mind. Far from taking any part in the political transactions of the princes of Europe, he restrained his curiosity even from any inquiry concerning them; and he seemed to view the busy scene which he had abandoned, with all the contempt and indifference arising from his thorough experience of its vanity, as well as from the pleasing reflection of having disentangled himself from its cares.

DR. ROBERTSON.



PART H.

PIECES IN POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

SECTION I.

SHORT AND EASY SENTENCES.

Education.

Is education forms the common mind; Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

Candour.

With pleasure let us own our errors past; And make each day a critic on the last.

Reflection. .

A foul without reflection, like a pile Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

Secret Virtue.

The private path, the fecret acts of men, If noble, far the noblest of their lives.

Necessary knowledge easily attained.

Our needful knowledge, like our needful food, Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field; And bids all welcome to the vital feaft.

Disappointment.

Disappointment lurks in many a prize, As bees in flow'rs; and stings us with success.

NOTE.

In the first chapter, the Compiler has exhibited a considerable variety of poetical construction, for the young reader's preparatory exercise.

Virtuous elevation.

The mind that would be happy, must be great; Great in its wishes; great in its surveys.

Extended views a narrow mind extend.

Natural and fanciful life.

Who lives to nature, rarely can be pure: Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.

Charity.

In faith and hope the world will disagree; But all mankind's concern is charity.

The prize of virtue.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy, The foul's calm funshine, and the heart felt joy, Is virtue's prize.

Sense and modesty connected.

Diffruftful fense with modest caution speaks;

It still looks home, and short excursions makes;

But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks.

Moral Discipline salutary.

Heav'n gives us friends to bless the present scene;
Resumes them to prepare us for the next.

All evils natural are moral goods;

All discipline, indulgence, on the whole.

Present blessings undervalued.
Like birds, whose beauties, languish, half conceal'd, I'ill, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold, How blessings brighten as they take their slight!

Hope.

Hope, of all passions most befriends us here; Passions of prouder name befriend us less. Joy has her tears, and transport has her death; Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong, Man's heart, at once, inspirits and ferenes.

Happiness modest and tranquil.

Never man was truly bleft,
But it compos'd, and gave him fuch a cast
As folly might mistake for want of joy:

A cast unlike the triumph of the proud; A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.

True greatness.

Who noble ends by noble means obtains, Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains, Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

The tear of sympathy.
No radiant pearl, which crefted fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre, as the tear that bre. s,
For others' wo, down Virtue's manly cheeks.

SECTION II.

VERSES IN WHICH THE LINES ARE OF DIFFERENT LENGTH.

Bliss of celestial origin,

RESTLESS mortals toil for nought; Bliss in vain from earth is fought; Bliss, a native of the sky, Never wanders. Mortals, try; There you cannot feek in vain; For to feek her is to gain.

The Passions.

The paffions are a numerous croud, Imperious, positive, and loud. Curb these licentious sons of strife; Hence chiefly rise the storms of life: If they grow mutinous, and rave, They are thy masters, thou their slave.

Trust in Providence recommended:

'Tis Providence alone fecures, In ev'ry change, both mine and yours' Safety consists not in escape From dangers of a frightful shape: An earthquake may be bid to spare The man that's strangled by a hair.

R 2

Fate steals along with silent tread, Found oft'nest in what least we dread; Frowns in the storm with angry brow, But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

Epitaph.

How lov'd, how valu'd once, avails thee not, To whom related, or by whom begot: A heap of dust alone remains of thee; 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.

Fame.

All fame is foreign, but of true defert; Piavs round the head, but comes not to the heart. One felf-approving hour whole years outweighs Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas; And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels, Than Cæfar with a fenate at his heels.

Virtue the guardian of youth.

Down the smooth stream of life the strippling darts, Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky, Hope swells his sails, and passions steers his course. Safe glides his little bark along the shore, Where virtue takes her stand: but if too far He launches forth beyond discretion's mark, Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar, Blot his sair day, and plunge him in the deep.

Sunrise.

But yonder comes the pow'rful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. 'The less'ning cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow,
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo, now, apparent all
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnished plays
On rocks, and hills, and tow'rs, and wand'ring streams
High gleaning from afar.

Self-Government.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway; And grow wifer and better as life wears away. Shepherd.

On a mountain stretch'd beneath a hoary willow, Lay a shepherd swain, and view'd the rolling billow.

SECTION LIL.

VERSES CONTAINING EXCLAMATIONS, INTERROGATIONS,
AND PARENTHESIS.

Competence.

A COMPETENCE is all we can enjoy:

Oh! be content, where Heav'n can give no more!

Reflection essential to happiness.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness.
But happiness that shortly must expire.
Can joy unbottom'd in reflection stand?
And, in a tempest, can reflection live?

Friendship.

Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!

As well mere man an angel might beget.

Love, and love only, is the loan for love.

Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find

A friend, but what has found a friend in thee,

All like the purchase; few the price will pay:

And this makes friends such miracles below.

Patience.

Beware of desp'rate steps. The darkest day (Live till tomorrow) will have pass'd away.

Luxury.

Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine!
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave,
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction!

Virtuous activity.
Seize mortals! feize the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies:
Life's a short summer—man a flower;
He dies—Alas! how soon he dies!

Digitized by Goog [

The source of bappiness.

Reason's whole pleasures all the joys of sense, Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence; But health consists with temperance alone; And peace, O virtue! peace is all thy own.

Placid emotion.

Who can forbear to fmile with nature? Can The stormy passions in the bosom roll, While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove Is melody?

Solitude.*

O facred folitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth,) are innocence and peace.
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, bless'd with health, with bus'ness unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next.

Presume not on tomorrow.

In human hearts what bolder thought can rife, Than man's prefumption on tomorrow's dawn? Where is tomorrow? In another world. For numbers this is certain; the reverse Is fure to none.

Dum vivimus vivamus.

Whilst we live, let us live.

- " Live, while you live," the epicure would fay,
- "And feize the pleasures of the present day."
 "Live while you live," the facred preacher cries;
- "And give to God each moment as it flies."

 Lord! in my views, let both united be;

Lord! in my views, let both united be; I live in pleafure, when I live to thee!

DODDRIDGE.

[?] By solitude here is meant, a temporary seclusion from the world.

SECTION IV.

VERSES IN VARIOUS FORMS.

The Security of Virtue.

LET coward guilt, with pallid fear, To shelt ring caverns fly, And justly dread the vengeful fate,

That thunders through the fky.

Protected by that hand, whose law, The threat'ning storms obey, Intrepid virtue smiles secure, As in the blaze of day.

Resignation.

And O! by error's force fubdued, Since oft my stubborn will Prepost'rous shuns the latent good, And grasps the specious ill.

Not to my wish, but to my want, Do thou thy gifts apply; Unask'd what good thou knowest grant, What ill, though ask'd, deny.

Compassion.

I have found out a gift for my fair; I have found where the wood-pigeons breed: But let me that plunder forbear ! She will fay, 'tis a barbarous deed.

For he ne'er can be true, she averr'd, Who can gob a poor bird of its young: And I lov'd her the more, when I heard

Epitaph.

Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth, A youth to fortune and to fame unknown; Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth, And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his foul fincere; Heav'n did a recompense as largely send: He gave to mis'ry all he had—a tear; He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend. No farther feek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, (There they alike in trembling hope repose,) The bosom of his Father and his God.

Joy and Sorrow Connected. Still, where rofy pleafure leads, See a kindred grief purfue; Behind the steps that mis'ry treads, Approaching comforts view.

The hues of bliss more brightly glow, Chastis'd by fable tints of wo: And blended form, with artful strife, The strength and harmony of life.

The Golden Mean. He that holds fast the golden mean, And lives contentedly between

The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r Of wintry blast; the lostiest tow'r

Comes heaviest to the ground.

The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide;
And spread the ruin round.

Moderate Views and Aims Recommended.
With passions unrushed, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied;
And the rest are but folly and care,

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strike,

The many their labours employ!

Since all that is truly delightful in life,

Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

Attachment to Life.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:

Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,

That love of life increas'd with years,
So much that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

Virtue's Address to Pleasure.*

Vast happines enjoy thy gay allies!

A youth of follies, an old age of cares;

Young yet enervate, old yet never wife,

Vice wastes their vigour, and their mind impairs.

Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,

Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend; All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days. With sorrow to the verge of life they tend. Griev'd with the present, of the past asham'd, They live and are despis'd; they die, nor more are nam'd.

SECTION V.

VERSES IN WHICH SOUND CORRESPONDS TO SIGNIFICATION.

Smooth and Rough Verfe.

Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows, And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows, But when loud surges lash the sounding shore, The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

Slow Motion Imitated.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, The line too labours, and the words move slow.

Swift and easy Motion.

Not fo when fwift Camilla fcours the plain,

Elies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Felling Trees in a Wood.

Loud founds the axe, redoubling strokes on strokes; On all sides round the forest hurls her oaks Headlong. Deep echoing groan the thickets brown; Then rustling, cracking, crashing thunder down.

Sound of a Bow String.

Twang'd fhort and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.

[·] Sensual pleasure.

The Pheasant.

See; from the brake the whirring pheasant springs, And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.

Scylla and Charybdis.

Dire Scylla there a fcene of horror forms, And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms. When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves, The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves.

Boisterous and Gentle Sounds.

Two craggy rocks projecting to the main, The roaring winds tempestuous rage restrain: Within, the waves in foster murmur's glide; And ships secure without their hawsers ride.

Laborious and Impetuous Motion.

With many a weary step and many a groan, Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone; The huge round stone refulting, with a bound, Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.

Regular and Slow Movement.

First march the heavy mules fecurely flow;
O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks they go.

Motions Slow and Difficult.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

A rock torn from the brow of a Mountain. Still gath'ring force, it smokes, and urg'd amain, Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain.

Extent and Violence of the Waves.

The waves behind impel the waves before,
Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.

Pensive Numbers.

In those deep solitudes, and award cells, Where heav'nly pensive contemplation dwells, And ever musing melancholy reigns. Battle.

Horrible discord; and the madding wheels Of brazen fury rag'd.

Sound imitating reluctance.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,

This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd;

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,

Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind.

SECTION VI.

PARAGRAPHS OF GREATER LENGTH.

Connubial affection.

THE love that cheers life's latest stage, Proof against sickness and old age, Preferv'd by virtue from declension, Becomes not weary of attention:
But lives, when that exterior grace, Which first inspir'd the slame, decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate, or blind; And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.
But angry, coarse, and harsh expression, Shows love to be a mere profession; Proves that the heart is none of his, Or soon expels him if it is.

Swarms of flying insects.

Thick in you stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd.
The quiv'ring nations sport; till, tempest wing'd,
Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n so, luxurious men, unheading, pass
An idle summer life, in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on,
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Beneficence its own reward.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of morth or industry distress'd?

This fum I cheerfully impart;
'Tis fourfcore pleafures to my heart:
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you pleafe.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail,
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

Virtue the best treasure. Virtue, the strength and beauty of the foul. Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness, That even above the smiles and frowns of fate. Exalts great nature's favourites: a wealth That ne'er encumbers; nor to baser hands Can be transferr'd. It is the only good Man justly boasts of, or can call his own. Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd. But for one end, one much neglected uie, Are riches worth our care; (for nature's wants Are few, and without opulence supplied; This noble end is to produce the foul; To show the virtues in their fairest light; And make humanity the minister Of bounteous Providence.

Contemplation.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds, Slow meeting, mingle into folid gloom. Now, while the drowfy world lies loft in fleep, Let me affociate with the ferious night, And contemplation her fedate compeer; Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day, And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever tempting, ever cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorfe.
Sad, fick'ning thought! And yet deluded man,
A feene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rifes still resolv'd,
With new slush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Pleasures of Piety.

A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inspires:
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
Of glory, on the consecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity.

CHAP. II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The Bears and the Bees.

Als two young bears in wanton mood, Forth iffuing from a neighbouring wood, Came where th' industrious bees had stor'd. In artful cells, their luscious hoard; O'erjoy d they feiz'd, with eager hafte, Luxurious on the rich repast. Alarm'd at this, the little crew About their ears vindictive flew. The beafts, unable to fustain Th' unequal combat, quit the plain; Half blind with rage, and mad with pain, Their native shelter they regain; Their fit, and now, discreeter grown, Too late their rashness they bemoan; And this by dear experience gain, That pleasure's ever bought with pain, So when the gilded baits of vice Are plac'd before our longing eyes, With greedy hafte we fnatch our fill, And swallow down the latent ill; But when experience opes our eyes, Away the fancy'd pleasure flies.

It flies, but oh! too late we find, It leaves a real fling behind

MERRICK.

SECTION 11.
The Nightingale and the Glow-worm.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long Had cheer'd the village with his fong, Nor yet at eve his note suspended, Nor yet when eventide was ended, Began to feel, as well he might, The keen demands of appetite; When, looking eagerly around, He spied far off, upon the ground, A something shining in the dark, And knew the glow-worm by his spark. So, stooping down from hawthorn top, He thought to put him in his crop. The worm, aware of his intent, Harangu'd him thus, right eloquent;

"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minftrelfy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song;
For 'twas the self same power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine;
That you with music, I with light,
Alight beautify and cheer the night,"
The songster heard his short oration,

And, warbling out his approbation, Releas d him, as my story tells, And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence, jarring sectaries may learn
Their real int'rest to discern;
That brother, should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other:
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent;
Respecting, in each other's case,
The gists of nature and of grace,
Those Christians best deserve the name,
Who studiously make peace their aim;

Peace, both the duty and the prize Of him that creeps, and him that flies.

COWPER.

SECTION III.
The Trials of Virtue.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind

Life's op'ning scene survey'd;
I view'd its ills of various kind,
Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,

That virtue's path enclose:

My heart the wife pursuit approv'd; But O, what toils oppose!

For fee, ah fee! while yet her ways With doubtful ftep I tread,

A hostile world its terrors raise, Its snares delusive spread.

O how shall I with heart prepar'd.

Those terrors learn to meet?

How, from the thousand snares to guard My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mus'd, oppressive sleep Soft o'er my temples drew

Oblivion's veil,—The wat'ry deep, An object strange and new.

Before me rose: on the wide shore Observant as I stood,

The gathering storms around me roar, And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rife; Ev'n now my steps they lave;

And death to my affrighted eyes
Approach'd in every wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat! Each nerve at once unstrung;

Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet, And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I felt my heart within me die; When fudden to mine ear

A voice, descending from on high, Reprov'd my erring fear.

"What tho' the fwelling furge thou fee Impatient to devour;

Reft, mortal, rest on God's decree, And thankful own his pow'r.'

Know when he bade the deep appear, "Thus far," th' Almighty faid,

"Thus far, no farther, rage; and here " Let thy proud waves be ftay'd."

I heard; and lo; at once controll'd The waves in wild retreat

Back on themselves reluctant roll'd, And murm'ring left my feet.

Deeps to affembling deeps in vain Once more the fignal gave :

The shores the rushing weight sustain, And check'd th' usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wife The imag'd truth I read;

And fudden from my waking eyes Th' instructive vision sled.

Then why thus heavy, O my foul! Say why, diftruftful still,

Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll O'er scenes of future ill?

Let faith suppress each rising fear, Each anxious doubt exclude;

Thy maker's will has plac'd thee here, A Maker wife and good!

He to thy ev'ry trial knows Its just restraint to give;

Attentive to behold thy woes, And faithful to relieve.

Then why thus heavy, O my foul? Say why, distrustful still,

Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll O'er scenes of future ill?

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Though griefs unnumbered throng thee round, Still in thy God confide, Whose finger marks the seas their bound, And curbs the headlong tide.

MERRICK.

SECTION IV.

The Youth and the Philosopher.

A GRECIAN youth of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill,
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The ideot wonder they express'd,
Was prasse and transport to his breast.

At length, quite vain, he needs would show His master what his art could do; And bade his slaves the chariot lead To Academus' facred shade.

The trembling grove confess'd its fright, The wood nymphs started at the fight; The muses drop the learned lyre, And to their inmost shades retire. Howe'er, the youth, with forward air, Bows to the sage, and mounts the car. The lash resounds, the coursers spring, The chariot marks the rolling ring; And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes, And shouts, pursue him as he slies.

Triumphant to the gaol return'd With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd; And now along th' indented plain. The self same track he marks again, Pursues with care the nice design, Nor ever deviates from the line. Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd; The youths with emulation glow'd; Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy; And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.

For he, deep judging fage, beheld With pain the triumphs of the field: And when the charioteer drew nigh, And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye, "Alas! unhappy youth," he cry'd, "Expect no praise from me," (and figh'd.) "With indignation I survey Such skill and judgment thrown away. The time profusely squander'd there, On vulgar arts beneath thy care, If well employ'd, at less expense, Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense; And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate To govern men, and guide the state."

WHITEHEAD

SECTION V.

Discourse between Adam and Eve, retiring to Rest.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray.

Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad.

Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,

'They to their grassy couch, these to their nests.

Were slunk; all but the wakeful nightingale.

She all night long her am'rous descant sung:

Silence was pleas'd. Now glow'd the firmament

With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led

The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,

Rising in clouded majesty, at length,

Apparent queen unveil'd her peerless light,

And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair confort, th' hour. Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest, Mind us of like repose; since God hath set Labour and rest, as day and night, to men. Successive; and the timely dew of sleep, Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines. Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest: Man hath his daily work of body or of mind. Appointed, which declares his dignity, And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways; While other animals unactive range,

Tomorrow, ere fresh Morning streak the east With first approach of light, we must be risen, And at our pleasant labour; to reform Yon slow ry arbours, yonder alleys green, Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown, That mock our scant manuring, and require More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth. Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums, That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth'd, Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease. Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd; "My author and disposer, what thou bidst Unargu'd I obey; fo God ordains. With thee conversing I forget all time; All feafons and their change all pleafe alike. Sweet is the breath of morn, her rifing fweet, With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun When first on this delightful land he spreads His orient beams, on kerb, tree, fruit, and flow'r, Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth After foft show'rs; and sweet the coming on Of grateful evening mild; then filent night, With this her folemn bird, and this fair moon, And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train: But neither breath of morn, when she ascends With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flow'r, Glist'ring with dew; nor fragrance after show'rs; Nor grateful evening mild; nor filent night With this her folemn bird; nor walk by moon, Or glitt'ring star-light,—without thee is fweet. But wherefore all night long thine thefe? for whom This glorious fight, when sleep bath shut all eyes?"

To whom our gen'ral ancestor reply'd:
"Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow-ev'ning; and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Min'string light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain

Her old possession, and extinguish life In nature and all things; which these soft fires Not only enlighten, but, with kindly heat Of virtuous influence, foment and warm, Temper or nourish; or in part shed down Their steller virtue on all kinds that grow On earth, made hereby apter to receive Perfection from the fun's more potent ray. These then, though unbeheld in deep of night, Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none, That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise: Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth Unfeen, both when we wake, and when we fleep. All these with ceaseless praise his works behold, Both day and night. How often, from the freep Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard Celestial voices to the midnight air, Sole, or responsive each to others' note, Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands, While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk With heav'nly touch of instrumental founds, In full harmonic number join'd, their fongs . Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n." Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd On to their blisful bow'r.

-There arriv'd, both stood, Both turn'd; and under open fky ador'd The God that made both fky, air, earth, and heav'n, Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe, And starry pole. "Thou also mad'ft the night, Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, Which we, in our appointed work employ'd, Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help, And mutual love, the crown of all our blifs Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place For us too large, where thy abundance wants Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground. But thou hast promis'd from us two a race, To fill the earth, who shall with us extol Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake, And when we feek, as now, thy gift of fleep.

MIE ION

SECTION VI.
Religion and Death.

Lo a form divinely bright
Descends and bursts upon my aght;
A seraph of illustrious birth!
(Religion was her name on earth;)
Supremely sweet her radiant face,
And blooming with celestial grace!
Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain:
Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
And pinions slutt'ring for the sky;
Here hope, that smiling angel stands,
And golden anchors grace her hands;
There charity in robes of white,
Fairest and sav'rite maid of light.
The seraph spoke—" 'Tis reason's part

The feraph spoke—" 'Tis reason's part To govern and to guard the heart; To lull the wayward soul to rest, When hope and fears distract the breast. Reason may calm this doubtful strife, And steer thy bark through various life: But when the storms of death are nigh, And midnight darkness veils the sky, Shall reason then direct thy sail, Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale? Stranger, this skill alone is mine, Skill that transcends his scanty line."

"Revere thyfelf—thou'rt near allied To angels on thy better fide.
How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
Angels are but unbodied minds:
When the partition walls decay,
Men emerge angels from their clay.
Yes, when the frailer body dies,
The foul afferts her kindred fkies.
But minds, though fprung from heav'nly race,
Must first be tutor'd for the place:
The joys above are understood,
And relish'd only by the good.
Who shall assume this guardian care;

Who shall secure their birthright there? Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n To train them for their native heav'n."

"Know then, who bow the early knee. And give the willing heart to me; Who wifely when Temptation waits, Elude her frauds, and fourn her baits; Who dare to own my injur'd cause, Though fools deride my facred laws: Or fcorn to deviate to the wrong, Though perfecution lifts her thong; Though all the fons of hell conspire To raise the stake and light the fire; Know, that for fuch superior souls, There lies a blis beyond the poles; Where spirits shine with purer ray, And brighten to meridian day; Where love, where boundless friendship rules: (No friends that change no love that cools;) Where rifing floods of knowledge roll, And pour, and pour upon the foul!"

"But where's the passage to the skies?— The road through death's black valley lies. Nay, do not shudder at my tale; Though dark the shades, yet safe the vale. This path the best of men have trod; And who'd decline the road to God? Oh! 'tis a glorious boon to die! This favour can't be priz'd too high."

While thus she spoke, my looks express'd. The raptures kindling in my breast; My soul a fix d attention gave; When the stern Monarch of the Grave With haughty strides approach'd—amazed. I stood and trembled as I gazed. The seraph calmed each anxious fear, And kindly wip'd the falling tear; Then hasten'd with expanded wing. To meet the pale terrific king. But now what milder scenes arise! The tyrant drops his hostile guise;

He seems a youth divinely fair.
His graceful ringlets wave his hair;
His wings their whit'ning plumes display,
His burnish'd plumes reflect the day;
Light flows his shining azure vest,
And all the angels stand confess'd.

I view'd the change with sweet surprise;
And, Oh! I panted for the skies;

Thank'd heav'n, that e'er I drew my breath; And triumph'd in the thoughts of death.

COTTOM.

CHAP. III.
DIDACTIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

The Vanity of Wealth.

With av'rice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoyed the present store,
Still unenjoyed the present store,
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treasure buys!
To purchase heav'n has gold the pow'r?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No; all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind;
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

DR. JOHNSON.

SECTION II.

Nothing formed in Vain.

Let no prefuming impious railer tax.

Creative wisdom, as if aught was form'd

In vain, or not for admirable ends.

Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce

His works unwise, of which the smallest part

Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?

As if, upon a full proportion'd dome,

On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art ! A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads. An inch around, with blind prefumption bold, Should dare to tax the structure of the whole. And lives the man, whose universal eye Has fwept at once th' unbounded scheme of things; Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord, As with unfalt'ring accent to conclude, That this availeth nought? Has any feen The mighty chain of beings, less'ning down From infinite perfection to the brink Of dreary nothing, defolate abysis! From which aftonish'd thought, recoiling, turns Till then alone let zealous praise ascend, And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER, Whose wisdom shines as lovely in our minds, As on our fmiling eyes his fervant fun. THOMSON.

On Pride.

SECTION III.

Or all the causes, which conspire to blind Man's erring judgment, and mifguide the mind. What the weak head with strongest bias rules, .. Is pride, the never failing vice of fools. Whatever nature has in worth deny'd, She gives in large recruits of needful pride ! For, as in bodies, thus in fouls, we find What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind. Pride, where wit fails, steps into our defence, And fills up all the mighty void of fense. If once right reason drives that cloud away, Truth breaks upon us with refiftless day. Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know, Make use of ev'ry friend, and ev'ry foe. A little learning is a dangerous thing; Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring: There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain; And drinking largely fobersus again. Fir'd at first fight with what the muse imparts, In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts, While, from the bounded level of our mind,

Short views we take, nor fee the lengths behind; But, more advanc'd behold, with strange surprise, New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and feem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the length'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes;
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps or Alps raise.

POPE.

SECTION IV. Cruelty to Bruces tensured.

I WOULD not enter on my lift of friends, (Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense, Yet wanting fenfibility,) the man Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. An inadvertent step may crush the snail, That crawls at evening in the public path; But he that hath humanity, forewarn'd, Will tread aside, and let the reptile live. The creeping vermine, loathfome to the fight, And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes A vifitor unwelcome into fcenes Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove, The chamber, or refectory, may die. A necessary act incurs no blame. Not fo, when held within their proper bounds, And guiltless of offence, they range the air, Or take their pastime in the spacious field: There they are privileg'd. And he that hunts Or harms them there, is guiltwof a wrong; Disturbs th' economy of natures realm, Who, when she form'd, defign'd them an abode. The fum is this; if man's convenience, health, Or fafety, interfere, his rights and claims Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs. Elfe they are all, the meanest things that are, As free to live and to enjoy that life, As God was free to form them at the first,

Who in his fovereign wifdom, made them all. Ye therefore who love mercy, teach your fons. The fpring time of our years To love it too. Is foon dishonour'd and defil'd in most, By budding ills that ask a prudent hand But, alas! none fooner shoots To check them. If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth, Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all. Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule And righteous limitation of its act, By which heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man; And he that shows none, being ripe in years, And conscious of the outrage he commits, Shall feek it, and not find it in his turn. COWPER.

SECTION V.

A Paraphrase on the latter Part of the sixth Chapter of Matthew. WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care, And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear; While all my warring passions are at strife, Oh! let me listen to the words of life! Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart, And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart. "Think not, when all your scanty stores afford, Is foread at once upon the sparing board; Think not, when worn the homely robe appears, While on the roof the howling tempest bears; What farther shall this feeble life sustain, And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs gazin. Say does not life its nourishment exceed? And the fair body its investing weed? Behold! and look away your low despair-See the light tenants of the barren air: To them, nor stores, nor graturies, belong; Nought, but the woodland, and the pleasing song; Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his eye On the least wing that flits along the sky. To him they fing, when fpring news the plain; To him they cry, in winter's pieching reign; Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain; He hears the gay, and the distressful call;

And with unsparing bounty fills them all."

"Observe the rising lilly's snowy grace;
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow;
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!"

"If ceaseless, thus, the sowls of heaven he feeds;
If o'er the field's such lucid robes he spreads;
Will he not care for you, ye saithless, say?
Is he unwise? or are ye less than they?"

THOMSON.

SECTION VI.

The Death of a Gold Man a strong Incentive to Virtue. THE chamber where the good man meets his fate, Is privileged beyond the common walk Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n. Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe... Receive the bleffing, and adore the chance, That threw in this Bethesda your disease: If unrestored by this, despair your cure. For, here, refistless demonstration dwells; A death bed's a detector of the heart. Here tired dissimulation drops her mask, Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene! Here real and apparent, are the same. You see the man; you see his hold on heav'n, If found his virtue, as Philander's found. Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her friends On this fide death; and points them out to men; A lecture, filent, but of fov'reign pow'r! To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boaftful hero plays, Virtue alone has majefty and death; And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

YOUNG.

Reflections on a Future State, from a review of Winter.
'Tis done! dread winter toreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquered year.
How dread the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

T 2

COOTE

His defolate demain. Behold fond man! See here thy pictured life: pass some few years, Thy flow'ring spring, thy summer's ardent strength, Thy fober autumn fading into age, And pale concluding winter comes at last, And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled, Those dreams of greatness? those unfolid hopes Of happiness? those longings after fame? Those restless cares? those busy bustling days? Those gay spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts Loft between good and ill, that shared thy life? All new are vanished! Virtue sole survives, Immortal never failing friend of man, His guide to happiness on high. And see ! "Tis come the glorious morn! the fecond birth. Of heaven and earth! awak'ning nature hears. The new creating word; and starts to life, In ev'ry heighened form, from pain and death For ever free. The great eternal scheme, Involving all, and in a perfect whole Uniting as the prospect wider spreads. To reason's eye refined clears up apace. Ye vainly wife! Ye blind prefumptuous! now, Confounded in the dust, adore that Power, And Wisdom oft arraigned: see now the cause Why unaffuming worth in fecret lived, And dy'd neglected: why the good man's share In life was gall the bitterness of foul: Why the lone widow and her orphans pined. In starving folitude; while luxury, In palaces, lay straining her low thought, To form unreal wants: why heaven born truth, And moderation fair, wore the red marks Of superstition's scourge: why licensed pain, That cruel spoiler, that embosomed foe, Imhittered all our blifs. Ye good distressed! Ye noble few! who here unbending stand Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while And what your bounded view, which only faw. A little part, deemed evil; is no more :

The storms of wint'ry time will quickly pass, And one unbounded spring encircle all.

THOMSON.

SECTION VIII.

Adam's Advice to Eve, to avoid Temptation. "O woman, best are all things as the will Of God ordained them; his creating hand Nothing imperfect or deficient left Of all that he created, much less man, Or aught that might his happy state secure, Secure from outward force. Within himself The danger lies, yet lies within his power; Against his will he can receive no harm. But God left free the will; for what obeys Reason, is free, and reason he made right; But bid her well beware, and still erect, Left, by fome fair appearing good furprifed, . . She dictate false, and misinform the will. To do what God expressly hath forbid. Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoins That I should mind thee oft; and mind thou me. Firm we fublift, yet possible to fwerve, Since reason not impossibly may meet Some specious object by the foe suborned, And fall into deception unaware, Not keeping strictest watch, as the was warned. Seek not temptation then, which to avoid Were better, and most likely if from me Thou fever not; trial will come unfought. Wouldst thou approve thy constancy? approve First thy obedience; th' other who can know, Not feeking thee attempted, who attest? But if thou think, trial unfought may find: Us both fecurer than thus warned thou feem'ft, Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more; Go in thy native innocence; rely On what thou hast of virtue, summon all;

SECTION IX.

For God towards thee hath done his part; do thine."

MH.TON.

On Procrastination.

Be wife today; 'tis madness to deser;

Next day the fatal precedent will plead;

Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life. Procrastination is the thief of time. Year after year it steals, till all are fled; And, to the mercies of a moment leaves The vast concerns of an eternal scene. • Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears The palm, "That all men are about to live;" Forever on the brink of being born. All pay themselves the compliment to think, They, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride On this reversion takes up ready praise; At least, their own; their future selves applauds: How excellent that life they no'er will lead! Time lodged in their own hands is folly's vails; That lodged in fate's, to wildom they confign; The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone. 'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool; And scarce in human wisdom to do more. All promise is poor dilatory man; And that thro' ev'ry stage. When young, indeed, In full content, we fometimes nobly reft, Unanxious for ourselves; and only wish, As duteous fons, our fathers were more wife. At thirty, man suspects himself a fool: Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan; At fifty, chides his infamous delay; Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve; In all the magnanimity of thought, Refolves, and re-refolves, then dies the fame. · And why? Because he thinks himself immortals All men think all men mortal, but themselves ; Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate. Strikes through their wounded hearts the fudden dread: But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air, Soon close; where, past the strast, no trace is found. As for the wing no scar the sky retains; The parted wave no furrow from the keel; So dies in human hearts the thought of death. Ev'n with the tender tear which Nature sheds O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

SECTION X.

That Philosophy, which stops at secondary Causes, reproved. HAPPY the man who fees a God employed In all the good and ill that checker life! Resolving all events, with their effects And manifold refults, into the will And arbitration wife of the Supreme. Did not his eye rule all things, and intend The least of our concerns; (fince from the least The greatest oft originate;) could chance Find place in his dominion, or dispose One lawless particle to thwart his plan; Then God might be furprised, and unforeseen Contingence might alarm him, and difturb The fmooth and equal course of his affairs. This truth, philosophy, though eagle-eyed In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks; And having found his instrument, forgets Or difregards, or, more presumptuous still. Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims His hot displeasure against foolish men That live an atheist life; involves the heav'n In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds, And gives them all their fury; bids a plague Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin, And putrify the breath of blooming health. He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend Blows mildew from between his shriveled lips, And taints the golden ear; he springs his mines, And desolates a nation at a blast; Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells Of homogenial and discordant springs And principles; of causes, how they work By necessary laws their fure effects,

Of action and reaction. • He has found
• The fource of the difease that nature seels;
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?

And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means,
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye salve; ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all. COWPER.

SECTION XI.

Indignant Sentiments on National Prejudices and Hatred; and on Slavery.

On for a lodge in some vast wilderness, Some boundless contiguity of shade, Where rumour of oppression and deceit, Of unfuccefsful or fuccefsful war, Might never reach me more! My ear is pain'd, My foul is fick with ev'ry days report Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled. There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart It does not feel for man, The nat'ral bond Of brotherhood is severed as the flax That falls afunder at the touch of fire. . He finds his fellow guilty of a skin Not coloured like his own; and having pow'r T' inforce the wrong, for fuch a worthy cause Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prev. Lands interfected by a narrow frith Abhor each other. Mountains interposed, Make enemies of nations, who had elfe, Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys:

And worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, soulest blot,
Chains him, and tacks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.

Then what is man! And what man feeing this, And having human feelings, does not blush And hang his head, to think himself a man? I would not have a slave to till my ground, To carry me, to fan me while I sleep, And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth-

That finews bought and fold have ever earned.

No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price;
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home; then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.

• Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too. COWPER.

CHAP. IV.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The Morning in Summer.

THE meek ey'd morning appears, mother of dews,
At first faint gleaming in the dappled east;
Till far o'er ether spreads the wid'ning glow;
And from before the lustre of her face
White break the clouds away. With quickened step
Brown night retires: young day pours in space,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.

The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top?
Swell on the fight, and brighten with the dawn.

The dripping rock, the mountain's mifty top?
Swell on the fight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the finoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward: while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.

Roused by the cock, the soon clad shepherd leaves. His mostly cottage, where with peace he dwells.

And from the crowded fold in order, drives His flock to taste the verdure of the morn. Falfely luxurious, will not man awake: And, fpringing from the bed of floth, enjoy The cool, the fragrant, and the filent hour, To meditation due and facred fong? 4For is there aught in sleep can charm the wife? To lie in dead oblivion, losing half The fleeting moments of too short a life; Total extinction of the enlightened foul! Or else to feverish vanity alive, Wildered, and toffing through diftempered dreams? Who would in fuch a gloomy state, remain Longer than nature craves; when ev'ry muse And ev'ry blooming pleasure waits without, To bless the wildly devious morning walk? THOMSON.

SECTION II.

Rural Sounds, as well as Rural Sights, delightful.

Non rural fights alone, but rural founds Exhilarate the spirit, and restore The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds, That sweep the skirt of some far spreading wood Of ancient growth, make music, not unlike The dash of ocean on his winding shore, And lull the spirit while they fill the mind, Unnumbered branches waving in the blaft, And all their leaves fast flutt'ring all at once. Nor less composure waits upon the roar Of distant floods; or on the lofter voice Of neighb'ring fountain; or of rills that flip Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall Upon loofe pebbles, lofe themfelves at length In matted grass, that, with a livelier green, Betrays the fecret of their filent course. Nature inanimate employs tweet founds, But animated nature sweeter still, To footh and fatisfy the human ear. Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one The live long night. Nor these alone, whose notes Nice fingered art must emulate in vain, But cawing rocks, and kites that swim sublime,

In still repeated circles, screaming loud, The jay, the pye, and ev'n the boding owl That hails the rising moon, have charms for me. Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh, Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns, And only there, please highly for their sake.

COWPER.

section III.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower, Which Mary to Anna conveyed;

The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,

And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,

And it feemed to a fanciful view,

To weep for the buds it had left with regret, On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unsit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd;

And fwinging it rudely, too rudely, alas! I fnapped it; it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part,

Some act by the delicate mind,

Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,

Already to forrow refigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less, Might have bloomed with its owner a while;

And the tear that is wiped with a little address.

May be followed perhaps by a fmile.

SECTION IV.

Care of Birds for their Young.

As Thus the patient dam affiduous firs,

Not to be tempted from her tender task,

Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,

Tho' the whole loosened spring around her blows,

Her sympathising partner takes his stand

High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings

The tedious time away; or else supplies

Her place a moment, while she sudden slits

To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time

With pious toil sulfilled, the callow young,

Warmed and expanded into perfect life, Their brittle bondage break, and come to light, A helpless family, demanding food O what passion then, With constant clamour. What melting fentiments of kindly care, On the new parents seize ! Away they fly Affectionate, and undefiring bear The most delicious morsel to their young; Which equally distributed, again The fearch begins. Even so a gentle pair, By fortune funk, but formed of gen'rous mould, And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breaft, In some lone cot amid the distant woods, Sustained alone by providential Heaven, Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train, .Check their own appetites, and give them all. THOMSON.

SECTION V.

Liberty and Slavery contrasted. Part of a Letter written from Italy, by ADDISON.

How has kind heav'n adorned the happy land, And feattered bleffings with a wafteful hand ! But what avail her unexhausted stores, Her blooming mountains, and her funny shores, With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart. The smiles of nature, and the charms of art, While proud oppression in her valleys reigns. And tyranny usurps her happy plains? The poor inhabitant beholds in vain The red'ning orange, and the swelling grain; Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines, And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines. .Oh, Liberty, thou pow'r supremely bright, Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight! Perpetual pleasures in thy presence reign; And fmiling plenty leads thy wanton train. Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light; And poverty looks cheerful in thy fight. Thou mak'ft the glooiny face of nature gay; Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day. On foreign mountains, may the fun refine

The grape's foft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a diffant foil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
'In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains smile.

SECTION VI.

Charity. A Paraphrase on the thirteenth Chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians.

DID sweeter founds adorn my flowing tongue, Than ever man pronounced, or angel fung; Had I all knowledge, human and divine, That thought can reach, or science can define; And had I pow'r to give that knowledge birth, In all the speeches of the babbling earth; Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breaft inspire, To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire; Or had I faith like that which Israel faw, When Moses gave them miracles, and law: Yet, gracious charity, indulgent guest, Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breaft; Those speeches would fend up unheeded pray'r; That scorn of life would be but wild despair; A cymbal's found were better than my voice! My faith were form; my eloquence were noise. *Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind, Softens the high, and rears the abject mind; Knows with just reins, and gentle hand, to guide Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride. Not foon provoked, the eafily forgives; And much she suffers, as she much believes. Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives; She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives; Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even; And opens in each heart a little heav'n. · Each other gift, which God on man bestows, Its proper bounds, and due restriction knows;

To one fixed purpose dedicates its pow'r;
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heav'n decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live;
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

As through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass;
A little we discover; but allow,
That more remains unseen, than art can show;
So whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above,)
High as we may, we list our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirmed by hope;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day;
Heav'n's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its sight.
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispelled;
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld.

The fun shall foon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Sented sublime on his meridian throne.
Then constant faith, and holy hope shall die;

Shall stand before the host of heav'n confest, For ever blessing, and for ever bless.

SECTION VII.

Picture of a Good Man. Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw, What nothing less than angel can exceed, A man on earth devoted to the skies; Like ships at sea, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye, Behold him seated on a mount serene,

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PRIOR.

Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm; All the black cares, and tumults, of this life, Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet, Excite his pity, not impair his peace.

*Earth's genuine fons, the sceptered, and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! With higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?

The present all their care; the future his. When public welfare calls, or private want, They give to fame; his bounty he conceals. Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt. Mankind's esteem they court; and he his own.

Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;
His, the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent piece,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party coloured shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them.
A madman's robe; each puss of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs: where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity;

Behold a fun, he spies a Deity;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Fittes and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals, (which conceals
Man's real glory,) proud of an eclipse:
Himself too much he prizes to be proud;

And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;

Their int'rest, like a lion lives on prey. They kindle at the shadow of a wrong; Wrong he fuftains with temper, looks on heav'n, Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe: Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace. A covered heart their character defends; A covered heart denies him half his praise. With nakedness his innocence agrees! While their broad foliage testisies their fall! Their no joys end, where his full feaft begins: His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss. To triumph in existence, his alone; And his alone triumphantly to think His true existence is not yet begun. His glorious course was, yesterday complete: Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

SECTION VIII.

The Pleasures of Retirement. O KNEW he but his happiness, of men The happiest he! who, far from public rage; Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired, Drinks the pure pleafures of the rural life. What the the dome be wanting, whose proud gate, Each morning, vomits out the fneaking crowd Of flatterers false, and in their turn abused ! Vile intercourse! What tho' the glitt'ring robe, Of ev'ry hue reflected light can give, Or floated loofe, or stiff with maffy gold, The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not? What tho' from utmost land and sea purveyed, For him each rarer tributary life Bleeds not, and his infatiate table heaps With huxury, and death? What tho' his bowl' Flames not with costly ruice; nor funk in beds Oft of gay care, he toffes out the night, Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state-? What the' he knows not those fantastic joys, 'That still amuse the wanton, still deceive; A face of pleafure, but a heart of pain; Their hollow moments undelighted all? Sure peace is his; a folid life estranged

To disappointment, and fallacious hope: Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich, In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the fpring, When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough When fummer reddens, and when autumn beams; Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies Concealed and fattens with the richest sap; These are not wanting; nor the milky drove, Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale; Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams And hum of bees, inviting fleep fincere Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade. Or, thrown at large amid the fragrant hay; Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song, Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. Here too dwells fimple truth; plain innocence; Unfullied beauty; found unbroken youth, Patient offlabour, with a little pleafed; Health ever blooming; unambitious toil; Calm contemplation, and poetic eafe. THOMSON

SECTION IX. The Pleasure and Benefit of an Improved and well Directed Imagination.

OH! bleft of Heaven, who not the languid fongs Of luxury, the firen! not the bribes Of fordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils. Of pageant Honour, can feduce to leave Those ever blooming sweets, which, from the store Of nature, fair imagination culls, To charm th' enlivened foul! What the not all: Of mortal offspring can attain the height Of envyed life: tho' only few poffess Patrician treasures, or imperial state; Yet nature's care, to all her children just. With richer treasures, and an ampler state, Endows at large whatever happy man Will deign to use them. 4 His the city's pemp, The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns The princely dome, the column and the arch, The breathing marble and the sculptured gold, Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,

His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring Distils her dews, and from the filken gem Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand Of autumn tinges every fertile branch With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn, Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings; And still new beauties meet his lonely walk, And loves unfelt attract him . Not a breeze Flies o'er the meadow; not a cloud imbibes The fetting fun's effulgence; not a strain From all the tenants of the warbling shade Ascends; but whence his bosom can partake Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes Fresh pleasure only; for th' attentive mind. By this harmonious action on her powers, Becomes herfelf harmonious; wont fo oft: In outward things to meditate the charm Of facred order, foon the feeks at home, To find a kindred order; to exert Within herfelf this elegance of love, This fair inspired delight: her tempered pow'rss Refine at length, and ev'ry passion wears A chaster, milder, more attractive mein. But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze On nature's form, where, negligent of all! These lesser graces, she assumes the port Of that eternal Majesty that weighed The world's foundations, if to these the mind Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms. Of fervile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs? Would fordid policies, the barb'rous growth Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear? Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds And rolling waves, the fun s unwearied course, The elements and feafons: all declare For what th' eternal MAKER has constructed The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourselves-His energy divine: he tells the heart, He meant, he made us to behold and love

What he beholds and loves, the general orb Of life and being; to be great like Him, Beneficient and active. Thus the men Whom nature's works instruct, with God himself Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day, With his conceptions; act upon his plan; And form to his, the relish of their souls,

KENSIDE.

CHAP. V. PATHETIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

The Hermit.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still, And mortals the fweets of forgetfulness prove; When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill, And nought but the nightingale's fong in the grove:

'Twas thus by the cave of the mountain afar, While his harp rung fymphonious, a hermit began;

No more with himself or with nature at war,

He thought as a fage, tho' he felt as a man. # Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and wo; Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?

For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,

And forrow no longer thy bosom inthral; But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,

Mourn, fweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn; O footh him, whose pleasures like thine pass away: Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

Now gliding remote, on the verge of the fky, The moon half extinguished her crescent displays:

But lately I marked, when majestic on high She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.

Roll of, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue

The path that conducts thee to splendour again : But man's faded glory what change shall renew!

Ah fool! to exult in a glory fo vain!

"Tis might, and the landscape is lovely no more: La thern : but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you : For morn is approaching, your charms to restore, Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dewa-

Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;

Kind nature the embryo bloffom will fave:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!

O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave !

"I'was thus by the glare of false science betrayed, That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind; My tho'ts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,

Destruction before me, and forrow behind.

O pity, great Father of light, then I cryed,

Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee !.

Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;

From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.

*And darkness and doubt are now flying away 1.
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,

The bright and the balmy effulgence of morns. See truth, love, and mercy, in triumph descending,

And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!

On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,

And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

BEATTH

SECTION IL

The Beggar's Petition.

PITY the forrows of a poor old man, Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door; Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span; Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief worn cheek,
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground, With tempting aspect drew me from my road; . For plenty there a residence has found, And grandeur a magnissicent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor! Here, as I craved a morfel of their bread,

A pampared menial drove me from the door, To feek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome; Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold! Short is my passage to the friendly tomb; For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the fources of my grief,
If foft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be represt.

Heav'n sends misfortunes, why should we repine? 'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see; And your condition may be soon like mine, The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! Oppression forced me from my cot,
My cattle dyed, and blighted was my corn,

My daughter, once the comfort of my age, Lured by a villian from her native home, Is cast abandoned on the worlds wide stage, And doemed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, fweet foother of my care! Struck with fad anguish at the stern decree, Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair! And lest the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the forrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

SECTION III.

Unhappy close of Life.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death! To him that is at ease in his possessions!
Who counting on long years of pleasure here, Is quite unsurnished for the world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul

Raves round the walls of her elay tenement;
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help;
But shrieks in vain! How wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer her's!
A little longer; yet a little longer;
O might she stay to wash away her stains;
And sit her for her passage! Mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and ev'ry groan
She heaves is big with horror. But the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close thro ev'ry lane of life;
Nor misses once the track, but presses on,
Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

BLAIR.

SECTION IV.

Elegy to Pity.

HAIL, lovely pow'r! whose bosom heaves the sigh, When fancy paints the scene of deep distress; Whose tears spontaneous crystallize the eye, When rigid fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the fweets Arabia's gales convey
From flow'ry meads, can with that figh compare;
Not dew drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
Seem near fo beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear, the fawns around thee play;
Emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
No blood stained traces mark thy blameless way;
Beneath thy feet no haples infect dies.

Come lovely nymph, and range the mead with me,
To ipring the partridge from the guileful foe;
From fecret inares the struggling bird to free;
And stop the hand upraised to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
And nature droops beneath the conquering gleam,
Let us, flow wandering where the current flows,
Save finking flies that float along the fiream.

Or turn to nobler, greater tasks thy care, To me thy sympathetic gifts impart; Teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share, And justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to footh the helpless orphan's grief; With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;

To mis'ry's moving cries to yield relief;

And be the fure resource of drooping age.

So when the genial spring of life shall fade, And finking nature own the dread decay, Some soul congenial then may lend its aid,

Some foul congenial then may lend its aid, And gild the close of life's eventful day.

SECTION V.

Verses supposed to be written by Alex. Selkirk, during his Solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I furvey,

My right there is none to dispute; From the centre all round to the sea, I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

Oh folitude! where are the charms,
That fages have feen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,

Better dwell in the midit of alarms, Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach, I must finish my journey alone;

Never hear the fweet music of speech; I start at the sound of my own.

The beafts that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see.

They are so unacquainted with man, Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love, Divinely bestowed upon man,

Oh had I the wings of a dove, How foon would I tafte you again!

My forrows I then might affuage
In the ways of religion and truth;

Might learn from the wisdom of age, And be cheered by the fallies of youth-

Religion! what treasure untold Resides in that heav'nly word!

PART II.

More precious than filver or gold, Of all that this earth can afford.

But the found of the church going bell. These vallies and rocks never heard:

Ne'er fighed at the found of a knell,

Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds that have made me your sport, Convey to this desolate shore,

Some cordial endearing report

Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then see

My friends, do they now and then fend A wish or a thought after me?

O tell me I yet have a friend, Though a friend I am never to fee.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!

Compared with the speed of its flight, The tempest itself lags behind,

And the fwift winged arrows of light,

When I think of my own native land, In a moment I feem to be there;

But, alas! recollection at hand Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the fea fowl is gone to her nest. The beast is laid down in his lair;

E'en here is a feason of rest,

And I to my cabin repair. There's mercy in ev'ry place;

And mercy; encouraging thought!

Gives even affection a grace,

And reconciles man to his lot.

SECTION VI.

Gratitude.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rifing foul furveys,

Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words, with equal warmth, The gratitude declare,

That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there,

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COWPER.

Thy Providence my life sustained, And all my wants redrest,

When in the filent womb I lay, And hung upon the breaft.

To all my weak complaints and cries,

Thy mercy lent an ear,

Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumbered comforts to my foul Thy tender care bestowed,

Before my infant heart conceived From whom those comforts flowed.

When, in the slipp'ry paths of youth, With heedless steps, I ran,

Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe, And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths, It gently cleared my way:'

And through the pleafing fnares of vice, More to be feared than they.

When worn with fickness, oft hast thou, With health renewed my face, And, when in fins and forrows funk,

Revived my foul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand, with worldly blifs, Has made my cup run o'er;

And, in a kind and faithful friend, Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts My daily thanks employ; Nor is the least, a cheerful heart,

That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my life, Thy goodness I'll pursue;

And, after death, in distant worlds, The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night Divide thy works no more,

My ever grateful heart, O Lord! Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful fong I'll raife,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praife.

ADDISON.

SECTION VII.

A Man perishing in the Snow; from whence Reflections are raised on the Miseries of Life.

As THUS the snows arise; and foul and fierce, All winter drives along the darken'd air; In his own loofe revolving field, the fwain Difaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend, Of unknown joylefs brow; and other scenes, Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain; Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on From hill to dale, still more and more astray; Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps, Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth In many a vain attempt. How finks his foul! What black despair, what horror fills his heart ! When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd His tufted cottage riling through the fnow, He meets the roughness of the middle wafte, Far from the track and bleft abode of man: While round him night resistless closes fast, And ev'ry tempest howling o'er his head, Renders the favage wilderness more wild. Then throng the bufy shapes into his mind. Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep, A dire descent beyond the power of frost! Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, Smooth'd up with fnow; and what is land, unknown. What water, of the still unfrozen spring. In the loofe marsh or solitary lake, Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils, These check his fearful steps; and down he finks Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift, Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death, Mix'd with the tender anguish nature shoots Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends unscen. In vain for him th' officious wife prepares The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm; ◆In vain his little children, peeping out Into the mingled ftorm, demand their fires. With tears of artless innocence. Alas! Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold: Nor friends, nor facred home. On every nerve, The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense; And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold, Lays him along the snow-a stiffen'd corse, Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blaft. *Ah, little think the gay licentious proud, Whom pleasure, pow'r and affinence surround; They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth, And wanton, often cruel riot, waste; Ah little think they while they dance along, · How many feel this very moment death, And all the fad variety of pain. How many fink in the devouring flood, Or more devouring flames. How many bleed, By shameful variance betwixt man and man! How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms, Shut from the common air, and common use Of their own limbs WHow many drink the cup Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread Of mifery! Sore pierc'd by wintry winds How many shrink into the fordid hut Of cheerless poverty How many shake With all the fiercer tortures of the mind. Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ! How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop In deep retir'd diffress! How many stand Around the death bed of their dearest friends, And point the parting anguish! Thought fond many Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills, That one incessant struggle render life One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate, Vice in his high career would stand appall'd And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;

W. 2.

The confcious heart of charity would warm, And her wide wish benevolence dilate; The focial tear would rife, the focial figh; And into clear perfection, gradual blifs, Refining still, the focial passions work.

THOMSON

SECTION VIII.

A Morning Hymn.

These are thy glorious works, parent of good, Almighty, thine this universal frame, Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then Unspeakable who sitt'st above these heavens To us, invisible or dimly seen In these thy lowest works seet these declare Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine. Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light, Angels; for ye behold him, and with fongs And choral fymphonies, day without night, Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven, On earth, join all ye creatures to extol Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end. Fairest of stars, last in the train of night; If better thou belong not to the dawn, Sure pledge of day, that crown'ft the smiling morn With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere, While day ariles, that fweet hour of Frime. Thou fun of this great world, both eye and foul, Acknowledge him thy greater, found his praife In thy eternal course, both when thouselim'st, And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fail'st. Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now sly'st, With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies; And ye five other wandering fires that move In mystic dance, not without song, resound His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light. Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix

Vary to your great MAKER still new praise.

Ye mists and exhalations that now rife
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or gray,

And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change

Fill the fun paint your fleecy skirts with gold, in honour to the world's great AUTHOR rife! Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs, Rifing or falling, still advance his praise. His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow Breathe fost or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines, With ev'ry plant in fign or worship wave. Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise... Join voices, all ye living fouls; ye birds, That finging up to heav'n's gate ascend, Fear on your wings and in your notes his praise. Ye that in waters glide, and ye that wank The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep; Witness if I be filent, morn or even, To hill or valley, fountain, of fresh shade Made vocal by my fong, and taught his braile. Ha UNIVERSAL LORD! be bounteous mill To give us only good; and if the night Has gather'd aught or evil, or conceal'd,

I MILTON.

CHAP. VI.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

SECTION. I.

Ode to Comsent.

THOU, the nymph with placid eye!
O feldom found, yet ever nigh!

Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole

Can e'er difturb thy halcyon foul,
And fmooth th' unalter'd brow.

O come, in simplest vest array'd, With all thy sober cheer display'd,

To bless my longing sight; Thy mein compos'd, thy even pace, Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,

And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more by varying passions beat; O gently guide my pilgrim seet

To find thy hermit cell;
Where in fome pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy foft indulgent eye,

The modestrictues dwell,

Simplicity in attic veft,

And innocence with candid breaft,

And clear undaunted eye; And hope, who points to diftant years, Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears

. A vista to the sky. ,

There health, thro' ks in scalm bosom glide. The temperate joys, in even tide,

That rarely ebb or flow;
And patience there, thy fifter meek,
Prefents her mild, unvarying cheek,
To meet the licier of blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage. A tyrant master's wanton rage,

With fettled smiles to meet:
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,

And kise'd the fainted feet.

But though nymph retir'd and coy!'
In what brown hamlet doft thou joy

To tell thy tender tale;
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss rose and violet blossom round,
And lilly of the vale.

O fay what fost propitious hour I best may choose to hail thy power,

And court thy gentle fway!

When autumn, friendly to the mufe,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day?

When Eve, her dewy ftar beneath,
Vally over fpirit loves to breathe,
Ye m band every ftorm is laid?
From hand every ftorm is laid?

Fuch an hour was e'er thy choice, let me hear thy foothing voice, Low whifp'ring through the shade.

BARBAULD

SECTION II.

The Shepherd and the Philosopher.

nvex'd with all the cares of gain; is head was filver do'er with age, and long experience made him fage;

fummer's heat and winter's cold, e fed his flock and penn'd the fold; is hours in cheerful labour flew, or envy nor ambition knew: is wisdom and his honest fame brough all the country rais'd his name. A deep philosopher (whose rules of moral life were drawn from schools) he shepherd's homely cottage sought, and thus explor'd his reach of thought.

66 Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil)'er books confum'd the midnight oil? Iast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd, and the vast fense of Plato weigh'd? Hath Socrates thy foul refin'd, And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind? Or, like the wife Ulysses, thrown, 3♥ various fates, on realms unknown, Hast thou through many cities stray'd, Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?" The shepherd modestly reply'd, I ne'er the paths of learning try'd; Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts, To read mankind, their laws and arts; For man is practis'd in difguite, He cheats the most discerning eyes, Who by that fearch shall wifer grow? By that ourselves we never know. The little knowledge I have gain'd, Was all from fimple nature drain'd; Hence my life's maxims took their rile.

Hence grew my fettled hate to vice. The daily labours of the bee Awake my foul to industry. Who can observe the careful ant, And not provide for future want? My dog (the truffiest of his kind) With gratitude inflames my mind: I mark his true, his faithful way, And in my fervice copy Tray. In constancy and nuptial love, I learn my duty from the dove. The hen, who from the chilly air, With pious wing, protects her care, And ev'ry fowl that flies at large, Instruct me in a parent's charge." From nature too I take my rule, To shun contempt and ridicule. I never, with important air, In converfation overbear. Can grave and formal pass for wife, When men the folemn owl despife? My tongue within my lips I rein; For who talks much must talk in vain. We from the wordy torrent fly: Who liftens to the chatt'ring pye? Nor would I, with felonies flight, By stealth invade my neighbour's right: Rapacious animals we hate; Kites, hawks, and wolves, deferve their fate.

Do not we just abhorrence find Against the toad and serpent kind? But envy, calumny, and spite, Bear stronger venom in their bite. Thus ev'ry object of creation Can furnish hints to contemplation; And, from the most minute and mean, A virtuous mind can morals glean."

Thy same is just," the sage replies;

"Thy virtue proves thee truly wife. Pride often guides the author's pen, Books as affected are as men: But he who studies nature's laws, From certain truth his maxims draws; And those, without our schools, suffice To make men moral, good, and wise."

GAY.

SECTION III.

The road to Happiness open to all Men. OH happiness! our beings end and aim! Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name; That mething still which prompts th' eternal ligh, For which we bear to live, or dare to die; Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, O'erlook'd, feen double, by the fool and wife; Plant of celestial feed, if dropt below, Say, in what mortal foil thou deign'ft to grow? Pair opining to some court's propitious shine, Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaffian laurels yield, Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field? Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our toil, We ought to blame the culture, not the foil. Fix'd to no fpot is happiness sincere, 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where; Tis never to be bought, but always free; And, fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee. Ask of the learn'd the way. The learn'd are blind; This bids to ferve, and that to fhun mankind: Some place the blifs in action, some in ease, Those call it pleasure, and contentment these : Some funk to beafts, find pleafure end in pain; Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain; Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all. Who thus define it, fay they more or less. Than this, that happiness is happiness? Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave; All states can reach it, and all heads conceive; Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell; There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ; And mourn our various portions as we please, Equal is common fense, and common case,

Remember man, "the universal cause Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;" And makes what happiness we justly call Subsist not in the good of one, but all,

SECTION IV.
The Goodness of Providence.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noon day walks he shall attend. And all my midnight hours defend. When in the fultry glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty mountains pant; To fertile vales and dewy meads, My weary wand'ring steps he leads; Where peaceful rivers, foft and flow, Amid the verdant landscape flow. Tho in the paths of death I tread, With gloomy horrors overspread, My steadfast heart shall fear no ill; For thou, O Lord, art with me still; .Thy friendly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dreadful shade. Tho' in a bare and rugged way, Through devious lonely wilds I stray, Thy bounty shall my pains beguile; The barren wilderness shall smile, With fudden greens and herbage crown'd And streams shall murmur all around.

ADDISON.

SECTION V.

The Creator's works attest his greatness. THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Consirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in folemn filence, all Move round the dark terrestrial ball! What tho' nor real voice nor sound, Amid their radiant orbs be found! In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, For ever singing as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine,"

ADDISON

SECTION VI.

An Address to the Deity.

O THOU! whose balance does the mountains weigh; Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey; Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame. That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame; Earth's meanest fon, all trembling, prostrate falls, And on the boundless of thy goodness calls. • O! give the winds all past offence to sweep, To scatter wide, or bury in the deep. Thy pow'r my weakness, may I ever see, And wholly dedicate my foul to thee. Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow At thy command, nor human motive know! If anger boil, let anger be my praise, And fin the graceful indignation raise. My love be warm to fuccour the diffres'd. And lift the burden from the foul oppress'd. ◆Oh may my understanding ever read This glorious volume which thy wisdom made! May fea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd. To bring th' eternal Author to my mind! When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,

May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul! When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine, Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine!

Grant I may ever at the morning ray,
Open with pray'r the confectated day;
Tune thy great praife, and bid my foul arife,
And with the mounting fun afcend the fkies;
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of confummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting fun
My endless worship shall be still begun.

• And oh! permit the gloom of folemn night, To facred thought may forcitly invite. When this world's flut, and awful planets rife, Call on our minds, and raife them to the skies; Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight, And show all nature in a milder light; How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calm subsides! How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!

O how divine! to tread the milky way,

To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
His court admire, or for his favour fue,

Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
Pleas'd to look down and see the world asleep;
While I long vigils to its Founder keep!

• Can'ft thou not shake the centre? Oh control, Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul; Thou, who canst still the raging of the slood, Restrain the various tumults of my blood; Teach me, with equal firmness to sustain Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.

And with strong faith soment the holy sire!

Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
Which in eternity's deep bosom lies;
At the great day of recompense behold,
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
Then wasted upward to the blissful seat,
From age to age my grateful song repeat;
My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of thee!

YOUNG.

SECTION VII.
The pursuit of Happiness often ill directed.

THE midnight moon ferenely smiles
O'er nature's fost repose;

No low'ring cloud obscures the sky,

Nor ruffling tempest blows. Now ev'ry passion sinks to rest,

The throbbing heart lies still;

And varying schemes of life no more Distract the lab'ring will.

In filence hush'd to reason's voice, Attends each mental pow'r:

Come, dear Emilia, and enjoy. Reflection's fav'rite hour.

Come; while the peaceful scene invites, Let's search this ample round, Where shall the lovely fleeting form Of happiness be found?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell;
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom,
That shades the hermit's cell?

How oft the laughing brow of joy
A fick ning heart conceals!
And, through the cloifter's deep recess,

Invading forrow steads.

In vain, through beauty, fortune, wit,
The fugitive we trace;

It dwells not in the faithless smile That brighten's Clodia's face.

Perhaps the joy to these deny'd, The heart in friendship finds:

Ah! dear delusion, gay conceit Of visionary minds!

Howe'er our varying notions rove, Yet all agree in one, To place its being in some state,

At distance from our own:

CARTER.

O blind to each indulgent aim, Of pow'r supremely wise, Who fancy happiness in aught The hand of Heaven denies!

Vain is alike the joy we feek,
And vain what we posses,
Unless harmonious reason tunes
The passions into peace.

To temper'd wishes, just defires, Is happiness confin'd; And, deaf to folly's eall, attends The music of the mind.

SECTION VIII.

The Fireside.

DEAR Chloe, while the bufy crowd, The vain, the wealthy and the proud, In folly's maze advance; Tho' fingularity and pride Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside, Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world, we'll oft retire 'To our own family and fire,

Where love our hours employs; No noify neighbour enters here, No intermeddling stranger near, To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If folid happiness we prize, Within our breast this jewel lies;

And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our ownselves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she lest
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools fourn Hymen's gentle pow'rs, We, who improve his golden hours,

By fweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradife below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;

We ll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wifest hours engage, They'll joy our youth, support our age,

And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own, While to the world we live unknown,

Or by the world forgot:

Monarchs! we envy not your flate;

We look with pity on the great,

And blefs our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:

In this the art of living lies,

To want no more than may fuffice,

And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,. Whate'er kind Providence has sent,

Nor aim beyond our pow'r; For, if our stock be very small, 'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,

Nor loofe the prefent hour. To be refign'd, when ills betide, Patient when favours are deny'd,

And pleas'd with favours given :

Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part; This is that incense of the heart, Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat, Since winter life is feldom fweet;

But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The resics of our store.

Thus hand in hand, thro' life we'll go: Its checker d paths of joy and wo,

With cautious steps we'll tread; Quit its vain scenes without a tear, Without a trouble or a fear,

And mingle with the dead.

While confcience, like a faithful friend, Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,

And cheer our dying breath; Shall when all other comforts cease, Like a kind angel whisper peace, And smooth the bed of Death.

COTTON

SECTION IX.

Providence vindicated in the State of Man. HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of fate, All but the page prescrib'd, their present state; From brutes what men, from men what spirits know, Or who could fuffer being her below? The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day, Had he thy reason, would he skip and play? Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow ry food, And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood-Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n; Who fees with equal eye, as God of all, A hero perish, or a sparrow fall; Atoms or fystems into ruin hurl'd, And now a bubble burft, and now a world. Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions foar; Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.

What future blifs he gives not thee to know, But gives that hope to be thy bleffing now. Hope springs eternal in the human breast: Man never is, but always TO BE bleft: The foul, uneafy and confin'd from home, Rests and expaniates in a life to come. . Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; His foul proud science never taught to stray. Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way; Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n, Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heav'n Some fafer world in depth of woods embrac'd, Some happier island in the wat'ry waste; Where flaves once more their native land beholds. No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold, To BE, content's his natural defire; He asks no angel's wing, no feraph's fire: But thinks, admitted to that equal sky, Mis faithful dog shall bear him company. wifer thou! and in thy scale of sense, Weigh thy opinion against Providence; Call imperfection what thou fanciest such, Say here he gives too little, there too much. In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies; All quit their Tphere and rush into the skies. Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, Men would be angels, angels would be gods. Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,. Aspiring to be angels, men rebel: And who but wishes to invert the laws Of order, fins against th' ETERNAL CAUSE.

MOPE.

SECTION Y.

Selfishness Reproved.

Has God, thou fool! work'd folely for thy good, Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn, For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn. Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings. Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?

Loves of his own, and raptures swell the note. The bounding steed you pompously bestride, Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride. Is thine alone the feed that strews the plain? The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain. Thine the full harvest of the golden year? Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer. The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call, Lives on the labours of this lord of all. Know, nature's children all divide her care; The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear. While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!" "See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goofe. And just as short of reason he must fall, Who thinks all made for one, not one for all. Grant that the powerful still the week control; Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole: Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows, And helps another creature's wants and woes. Say, will the falcon, stooping from above, Smit with her varying plumage spare the dove? Admires the jay, the infects gilded wings? Or hears the hawk when Philomela fings? Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods, To beafts his pastures, and to fish his floods; For some his int'rest prompts him to provide, For more his pleafure, yet for more his pride. All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy Th' entensive bleffing of his luxury. That very life his learned hunger craves, He faves from famine, from the favage faves; Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast; And, till he ends the being, makes it bleft: Which fees no more the stroke, nor feels the pain, Than favour'd man by touch etherial slain. The creature had his feast of life before Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!

POPE

SECTION XI.

Human Frailty.

WEAK and irrefolute is man; The purpose of to day,

Woven with pains into his place, Tomorrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and fmart the spring, Vice seems already slain; But nothing rudely spans the string.

But passion rudely snaps the string, And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent Finds out his weaker part;

Virtue engages his affent, But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wife, Through all his art, we view;

And while his tongue the charge denies, His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length, And dangers little known, A pranger to fuperior strength,

to vainly trusts his own.

To are alone can ne'er prevail

To reach the distant coast;

The breath of heav'n must swell the fail,

Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

SECTION XII.

Ode to Peace.

COME, peace of mind, delightful guest! Return, and make thy downy nest

Once more in this fad heart: Nor riches I, nor pow'r purfue, Nor hold forbidden joys in view; We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell, if not with me, From av'rice and ambition free,

And pleafure's fatal wiles; From whom, alas! dost thou prepare The sweets that I was wont to share,

The banquet of thy fmiles?
The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heav'n that thou alone canst make;

' And wilt thou quit the stream,
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shade,

To be a guest with them?
For thee I panted, thee I priz'd,
For thee I gladly facrific'd
Whate'er I lov'd before;

And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
Farewell! we meet no more?

COWPER.

SECTION XIII.

Ode to Adversity.

DAUGHTER of heav'n, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unselt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth Virtue, his darling child, design'd, To thee he gave the heav'nly birth, And bade to form her infant mind.

Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore With patience many a year she bore. What forrow was, thou bad'ft her know;

And from her own the learn'd to melt at others' wo.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly Self pleafing folly's idle brood, Wild laughter, noife, and thoughtless joy, And leave us leifure to be good. Light they disperse; and with them go The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe. By vain prosperity receiv'd,

To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd, Immers'd in rapt'rous thought prosound, And melancholy, silent maid, ith leaden eye, that loves the ground.

Still on thy folemn steps attend;
Warm charity, the gen'ral friend,
With justice to herself severe,
And pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy fuppliant's head,
Dread pow'r lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen,)
With thund ring voice and threat'ning mien,
With screaming horror's funeral cry,

Despair, and fell disease, and ghastly poverty.

Thy form benign, propitious wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan;
at others are to seel; and know myself a man.

GRAY.

SECTION XIV.

The Creation required to Praise its Author.

BEGIN, my foul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,

And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rife,

To fwell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light celestial plains, Where gay transporting beauty reigns,

Ye scenes divinely fair!

Your Maker's wond'rous pow'r proclaim, Tell how he form'd your shining frame, And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling found! While all th' adoring thrones around His boundless mercy sing:

Let ev'ry list'ning saint above

Wake all the tuneful foul of love, And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir; Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,

The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as gray ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vaft abode; Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,

Who call'd you worlds from night: "Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal said; At once th' involving darkness sled,

And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains; That wings the air, that skims the plains,

United praise bestow:
Ye dragons, found his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim,

Ye fwelling deeps below.

Let ev'ry element rejoice; Ye thunders burst with awful voice

To HIM who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him ye graceful cedars, bow; Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low.

Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted Nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye infects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And wast its spoils a sweet persume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake all ye mounting tribes, and fing 3
Ye plumy warblers of the fpring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd, The feeling heart the judging head,

In heav'nly praise employ;

Spread his tremendous name around,

Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the found,
The gen'ral burft of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please, Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,

Fall prostrate at his throne:

Ye princes, rulers, all adore; Praise him, ye kings, who makes your pow'r

An image of his own.
Ye fair by nature form'd to move,

O praise th' eternal source of Love,
With youth's enliv'ning fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest name; then foar away,

And ask an angel's lyre.

ogilvie.

SECTION XV.

The Universal Prayer.

FATHER OF ALL! in ev'ry age, In ev'ry clime, ador'd, By faint, by favage, and by fage, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou GREAT FIRST CAUSE, least, understood, Who all my sense confin'd,
To know but this, that Thou art good,

And that myself am blind; Yet give me, in this dark estate,

To see the good from ill; And binding nature fast in fate, Left free the human will;

What conscience dictates to be done, Or warns me not to do,

This teach me more than hell to thun,
That more than heav'n purfue.

What bleffings thy free bounty gives Let me not cast away;

For God is paid, when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand Prefume thy bolts to throw; And deal damnation round the land, On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ftay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way!

Save me alike from foolish pride, Or impious discontent,

At aught thy wildom has denied, Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's wo, To hide the fault I fee;

That mercy I to other's show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean the I am, not wholly fo, Since quicken'd by thy breath;

O lead me wherefoe'er I go, Thro' this day's life or death!

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All elife beneath the fun

Thou know'it if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space, Whose altar, earth, sea, skies! One chorus let all being raise! All Nature's incense rise.

POPE.

SECTION XVI.

Conscience.

O treach'rous conscience! white she seems to sleep. On rose and myrtle, lull'd with siren song; While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein, And give us up to licence, unrecalled, Unmark'd; see, from behind her secret stand, The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault, And her dread diary with horror sills. Not the gross act alone employs her pen; She reconnoitres sancy's airy band, A watchful soe! the formidable sby.

A watchful foe! the formidable fpy,
Lift'ning, o'erhears the whifpers of our camp;
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.

As all rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday book from all consuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spend-thrists of inestimable time;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
Writes our whole history; which death shall read
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear;
And judgment publish; publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound.

YOUNG.

SECTION XVII.

On an Infant.

To the dark and filent tomb, Soon I hasted from the womb: Scarce the dawn of life began, Ere I measur'd out my span.

I no fmiling pleasures knew; I no gay delights could view: Joyless sojourner was I, Only born to weep and die. Happy infant, early bles'd!
Reft, in peaceful flumber, reft;
Early refcu'd from the cares,
Which increase with growing years.
No delights are worth thy stay,
Smiling as they feem, and gay;
Short and fickly are they all,
Hardly tasted ere they pall.
All our gaiety is vain,
All our laughter is but pain:
Lasting only, and divine,
Is an innocence like thine.

SECTION XVIII.

The Cuckoo.

HAIL beauteous stranger of the wood, Attendant on the Spring! Now heav'n requires thy rural seat,

And woods thy welcome fing. Soon as the daify decks the green,

Thy certain voice we hear: Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee

I hail the time of flow'rs, When heav'n is fill'd with music sweet Of birds among the bow'rs.

The school-boy wand'ring in the wood, To pull the flow'rs so gay, Starts, thy curious voice to hear,

And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom, Thou fly'ft thy vocal vale, An annual guest, in other lands,

Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy fky is ever clear;
Thou hat! no forrow in thy fong,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee: We'd make, with focial wing, Our annual visit o'er the globe, Companions of the Spring.

LOGAN.

SECTION XIX.

DAY. A Pastoral in three parts.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock, Close to Partlet perch'd on high, Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!) Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly, from the mountain's brow,
Shadow's nurs'd by night retire;
And the peeping funbeam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,

Plaintive where the prates at night;

And the lark to meet the morn, Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low roof'd cottage ridge, See the chatt'ring fwallow fpring; Darting through the one arch'd bridge,

Quick the dips her dappled wing. Now the pine tree's waving top

Gently greets the morning gale;

Kidlings now begin to crop. Daifies, on the dewy vale.

From the balmy fweets uncloy'd, (Restless till her task be done,)

Now the bufy bee's employ'd, Sipping dew before the fun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock, Where the limpid stream distils, Sweet refreshment waits the flock.

When 'tis fun drove from the hills.

Colin's for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe).

Anxious; whilft the huntiman's horn,
Boldly founding, drowns his pipe.

Y 2

Sweet; O fweet the warbling throng, On the white embloffom'd fpray! Nature's universal fong Echos to the rifing day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood, Now the noontide radiance glows: Drooping o'er its infant bud,

Not a dew drop's left the rose.

By the brook the fhepherd dines, From the fierce meridian heat, Shelter'd by the branching pines,

Pendant o'er his graffy feat. Now the flock forfakes the glade,

Now the flock forfakes the glade, Where uncheck'd the funbeams fall, Sure to find a pleafing shade

By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round, O'er the river, rock, and hill,

Cannot catch a fingle found, Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland, Whire the streamlet wanders cool,

Or with languid filence fland, Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream, Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;

Fearful lest the mountide beam Scorch its soft, its filken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to ffir, Nature's lull'd, ferene and still!

Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur, Sleeping on the heath clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round

Till the fresh descending show'rs.
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting slow'r.

Now the hill, the hedge, are green, Now the warbler's throat's in tune 3:

3lithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

D'ER the heath the heiser strays
Free, (the surrow'd task is done;)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.
Now he sets behind the hill.

Sinking from a golden fky: Can the pencil's remic fkill Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go, (To the fmoking hamlet bound,) Giant like their fhadows grow,

Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.
Where the rifing forest spreads

Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with vari'd tune, Carols to the ev'ning loud; Mark the mild resplendent moon, Breaking through a parted cloud;

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twifted brake;
And the blue mift flowly creeps,
Curling on the filver lake.

As the trout in fpeckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs.
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the filken grafs
O'er the path divided dale,
Mark the rose complexion'd lass
With her well pois'd milking pail;

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning fweet their mellow throats,
Bid the fetting fun adieu.

CUNNINGHAM.

SECTION XX.

The Order of Nature. SEE, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth, All matter quick, and burfting into birth. Above, how high progressive life may go! Around, how wide! how deep extend below! Vast chain of being! which from God begun, Nature etherial, human, angel, man; Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see, No glass can reach; from infinite to theb, From thee to nothing. On superior pow'rs Were we to press, inferior might on ours; Or in the full creation leave a void, Were, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd: From nature's chain, whatever link you strike, Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike. And, if each fystem in gradation roll, Alike effential to th' amazing whole, The least confusion but in one, not all That fystem only, but the whole must fall, Let earth, unbalanc'd from her orbit fly, Planets and funs run lawless thro' the sky; Let ruling angels from their fpheres be hurl'd. Being on being wreck'd, and world on world; . Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod, And nature tremble to the throne of God. All this dread ORDER break, for whom? for thee? Vile worm! Oh madness! pride! impiety! What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread, Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head? What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd To ferve mere engines to the ruling mind? Just as absurd for any part to claim: To be another, in this gen'ral frame: Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,. The great directing MIND of ALL ordains. All are but parts of one stupendous whole, Whose body pature is, and God the foul: That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same, Great in the earth, as in th' etherial frame; Warms in the fun, refreshes in the breeze,

Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees; Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent; Breathes in our foul, informs our moral part, As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart; As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns, As the rapt feraph that adores and burns; To him no high no low, no great no fmall; He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. Cease then, nor order imperfection name; Our proper blifs depends on what we blame. Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee. In this, or any other sphere, Secure to be as bleft as thou canft bear: Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r, Or in the natal, or the mortal hour. All nature is but art, unknown to thee; All chance, direction, which thou canft not fee; All discord, harmony not-understood; All partial evil, univerfal good: And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite, One truth is clear, WHATEVER 18, 15 RIGHT.

POPE

SECTION XXI.

Confidence in Divine Protection.

How are thy fervants bleft, O Lord!
How fure is their defence!
Eternal Wifdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote, Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt, And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy fweeten'd ev'ry foil,
Made ev'ry region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my foul, devoutly think, How, with affrighted eyes, Thou saw'st the wide extended deep.

In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord, Thy mercy fet me free; While in the confidence of pray'r My foul took hold on thee.

For the in dreadful whirls we hung.
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not flow to hear,
Nor impotent to fave.

The from was laid, the winds retir d, Obedient to thy will; The fea, that roar'd at thy command, At thy command was still:

In midst of dangers, fears and deaths, Thy goodness I'll adore; And praise thee for thy mercies past, And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preferv'st my life,
Thy facrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my foul to thee.

4 DDISON

SECTION XXII.

Hymn on a Review of the Seasons.

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these, Are but the varied God. The rolling year Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love, Wide shush the fields; the fost ining air is balm; Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles; And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months, With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun Shoots sull perfection thro the swelling year;

gitized by $G\omega$

l oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks; l oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve, brooks and groves, in hollow whifp'ring gales, bounty flaines in autumn unconfin'd, i spreads a common feast for all that lives. winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms ound Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd. jestic darkness! On the whirlwinds wind, ling sublime, Thou bidst the world adore; d bumbleft nature with Thy northern blaft. Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine. ep felt, in these appear! a simple train, t fo delightful mix'd, with fuch kind art. ch beauty and beneficence combin'd; ade, unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade, ad all fo forming and harmonious whole, nat, as they still succeed, they ravish still. at wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious gaze, lan marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand, hat, ever bufy, wheels the filent spheres; Vorks in the fecret deep; shoots, streaming, thence he fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring; lings from the fun direct the flaming day; eeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth; .nd, as on earth this grateful change revolves, Vith transport touches all the springs of life. Nature, attend! join ev'ry living foul, eneath the spacious temple of the fky, a adoration join! and, ardent, raife me general fong !e, chief, for whom the whole creation smiles. t once the head, the heart, and tongue of all. own the great hymn! or me, when I forget the darling theme, hether the bloffom blows; the fummer ray uffets the plain; inspiring autumn gleams; winter rifes in the black ning eaft; my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more, ind dead to joy forget my heart to beat! Should fate command me to the farthest verge

Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes, Rivers unknown to fong: where first the fun Gilds Indian mountains, or his fetting beam Fiames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me; Since God is ever prefent, ever felt, In the void waste as in the city full: And where HE vital breathes there must be joy. When e'en at last the folemn hour shall come, And wing my mystic slight to future worlds, I cheerful will obey; there, with new pow'rs, Will rising wonders fing: I cannot go Where Universal Love fmiles not around, Suffaining all you orbs, and all their funs; From feeming evil still educing good, And better thence again, and better kill, In infinite progression. But I lese Myself in HIM, in light inestable! Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

THOMSON.

....THE END....

Contents.

PART I. PIECES IN PROSE.

CHAPTER I.

Page.

SELECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS,	
CHAP. II.	
NARRATIVE PIECES.	
Sect. I. No rank or possessions can make the guilty mind	
happy,	17
Sect. II. Change of external condition often adverse to	
virtue,	18
Sect. III. Haman; or the mifery of pride,	20
Sect. IV. Ortogrul; or the vanity of riches,	21
Sect. V. Lady Jane Grey,	23
Sect. VI. The hill of science,	27
Sect. VII. The journey of a day; a picture of human life,	30
CHAP. III.	
DIDACTIC PIECES.	
Sect. I. The importance of a good education,	35
Sect. II. On gratitude,	35
Sect. III On forgiveness,	ik 37
Sect. IV. Motives to the practice of gentleness,	37
Sect. V. A suspicious temper the source of misery to its	
poffeffor,	38
Sect. VI. Comforts of religion,	39
	40
Sect. VIII. On the importance of order in the distribu-	
	41
Sect. IX. The dignity of virtue amidst corrupt examples,	43

	Page.
Sect. X The mortifications of vice greater than those of	£
virtue,	44
Sect. XI. On contentment,	45
Sect. XII. Rank and riches afford no ground for envy,	48
Sect. XIII. Patience under provocations our interest a	S
well as duty,	49
Sect. XIV. Moderation in our wishes recommended,	51
Sect. XV. Omniscience and omnipresence of the Deity	
the fource of confolation to good men,	53
CHAP. IV.	
ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.	
Sect. I. Happiness is founded in rectitude of conduct,	57
Sect. II. Virtue man's highest interest,	ib.
Sect. III. The injustice of an uncharitable spirit,	58
Sect. IV. The misfortunes of men mostly chargeable of	n
themfelves,	60
Sect. V. On difinterested friendship,	62
Sect. VI. On the immortality of the foul,	65
CHAP. V.	
DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.	
Sect. I. The feafons,	68
Sect. II. The cataract of Niagara, in Canada, North	
America,	69
Sect III. The grotto of Antiparos,	70
Sect III. The grotto of Antiparos, Sect. IV. The grotto of Antiparos, continued,	72
Sect. V. Earthquake at Catanea,	73
Sect. VI. Creation,	ib.
Sect. VII. On charity,	74
Sect. VIII. Prosperity is redoubled to a good man,	75
Sect. IX. On the beauties of the Pfalms,	76
Sect. X. Character of Alfred, king of England,	. 78
Sect. XI. Character of queen Elizabeth,	ib.
Sect. XII. On the flavery of vice,	80
Sect. XIII. The man of integrity,	. 82 ib
NOT ALV UM GENTIANAIS.	18

CHAP. VI.

PATHETIC PIECES.	
-	Page.
Sect. I. Trial and execution of the earl of Strafford,	85
Sect. II. An eminent instance of true fortitude of mind	l, 86
Sect. III. The good man's comfort in affliction,	87
Sect. IV. The close of life,	∕88
Sect. V. Exalted fociety, and the renewal of virtuous conections, two fources of future felicity,	n- 90
Sect. VI. The clemency and amiable character of a patriarch Joseph,	he 91
Sect. VII. Altamont,	94

CHAP. VII.

DIALOGUES.

Sect. I. Democritus and Heraclitus,			96
Sect. II. Dionyfius, Pythias, and Damon,	,		98
Sect. III. Locke and Bayle,	•	,	101

CHAP. VIII.

PUBLIC SPEECHES.

Sect. I. Cicero against Verres,	107
Sect. II. Speech of Adherbal to the Roman Senate, im-	
ploring their protection against Jugurtha,	110
Sect. III. The apostle Paul's noble defence before Festus	
and Agrippa,	113
Sect. IV. Lord Mansfield's speech in the House of Lords,	
1770, on the bill for preventing the delays	
of justice, by claiming the privilege of Par-	
liament,	115
Sect. V. An address to young persons,	119

CHAP. IX.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES.

	Page
Sect. 1. Earthquake at Calabria, in the year 1638	8, 12
Sect. II. Letter from Pliny to Geminius,	12
Sect. III. Letter from Pliny to Marcellinus, on the	e death
of an amiable young woman,	12
Sect. IV. On discretion,	12
Sect. V. On the government of our thoughts,	13
Sect. VI. On the evils which flow from unrefl	trained
paffions,	133
Sect. VII. On the proper state of our temper, w	ith re-
spect to one another,	134
Sect. VIII. Excellency of the Christian religion,	136
Sect. IX. Reflections occasioned by a review of th	e blef-
fings, pronounced by Christ on his di	sciples,
in his fermon on the mount,	137
Sect. X. Schemes of life often illusory,	138
Sect. XI. The pleasures of virtuous sensibility,	141
Sect. XII. On the true honour of man,	149
Sect. XIII. The influence of devotion on the har	ppincfs
of life,	144
Sect. XIV. The planetary and terrestrial worlds	com-
paratively confidered,	146
Sect. XV. On the power of custom, and the u	uses to
which it may be applied,	148
Sect. XVI. The pleasures resulting from a prope	er ufe
of our faculties,	150
Sect. XVII Description of candour,	ib.
Sect. XVIII. On the imperfection of that happing	nefs
which refts folely on worldly pleafur	es, 152
Sect. XIX. What are the real and folid enjoyme	nts of
human life,	150
Sect. XX. Scale of beings,	157
Sect XXI. Trust in the care of Providence recomme	ended, 160

CONTENTS:

	Page.
Sect. XXII. Piety and gratitude enliven prosperity,	162
Sect. XXIII. Virtue, when deeply rooted, is not fub-	2
ject to the influence of fortune,	164
Sect. XXIV. The fpeech of Fabricius, a Roman ambaf-	
fador, to king Pyrrhus, who attempted	
to bribe him to his interests, by the offer	
of a great fum of money,	165
Sect. XXV. Character of James I. king of England,	166
Sect. XXVI. Charles V. emperor of Germany, refigns	;
his dominions, and retires from the	
world,	167
Sect. XXVII. The fame fubject continued,	170

PART II.

PIECES IN POETRY.

CHAP. I.

SECECT SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Sect. 1. Short and easy fentences,	173
Sect. 11. Verses in which the lines are of different length,	175
Sect. 111. Verses containing exclamations, interrogations	
and parenthesis,	177
	179
Sect. v. Verses in which found corresponds to fignifica-	
tion,	181
Sect. vi. Paragraphs of greater length,	183

CHAP. II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

Sect. 1. The bears and the bees,

	Page.
sect. 11. The nightingale and the glow worm,	186
Sect. III. The trials of virtue.	187
Sect. iv. The youth and the philosopher,	189
Sect. v. Discourse between Adam and Eve, retiring to	0
rest,	190
Sect. vi. Religion and death,	193
СНАР. ІІІ.	
DIDACTIC PIECES.	
Sect. 1. The vanity of wealth,	195
Sect. 11. Nothing formed in vain,	ib.
Sect. 111. On pride,	196
Sect. iv. Cruelty to brutes censured,	197
Sect. v. A paraphrase on the latter part of the sixth	
chapter of Matthew,	198
Sect. vi. The death of a good man a strong incentive	
to virtue,	199
Sect. vri. Reflections on a future state, from a review of	
winter,	ib.
Sect. VIII. Adam's advice to Eve, to avoid temptation,	201
Sect. Ix. On procrastination,	νib.
Sect. x. The philosophy, which stops at secondary caus-	;
es, reproved,	203
Sect. x1. Indignant fentiments on national prejudices	1.50
and hatred; and on flavery,	204
CHAP. IV.	
DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.	
	-00e
Sect. 1. The morning in fummer,	205
Sect. 11. Rural founds, as well as rural fights, delightful,	
Sect. III. The rose,	207 ib.
Sect. 1v. Care of birds for their young,	208
Sect. v. Liberty and flavery contrasted,	# V.W.

	Page.
Sect. vi. Charity. A paraphrase on the 13th chapter	
of the first epistle to the Corinthians,	209
Sect. vir. Picture of a good man,	210
Cast vivi The pleasures of retirement,	212
Sect. 1x. The pleasures and benefits of an improved and	
well directed imagination,	213
CHAP. V.	
PATHETIC PIECES.	3
Sect. 1. The hermit,	215
Sect. 11. The beggars petition,	216
Sect. 111. Unhappy close of life,	217
Soft in Flery to pity.	218
Sect v. Verses supposed to be written by Alex. Selkirk,	1
during his folitary abode in the Island of	
Juan Fernandez,	219
Sect. VI. Gratitude,	220
Soft wir A man perishing in the inow; from whence	
reflections are raised on the miseries of	
life,	222
Sect. viii. A morning hymn,	224
CHAP. VI.	
TO OPERATION OF THE COR.	
PROMISCUOUS PIECES.	
Sect. 1. Ode to content,	225
Sect. 11. The shepherd and the philosopher,	227
Sect. III. The road to happiness open to all men, Sect. IV. The goodness of Providence,	229
Sect. IV. The goodness of Providence,	230
Sect. v. The Creator's works atteit his greatness,	ib.
Sect. vi. Address to the Deity,	231
Sect. VII. The pursuit of happiness often ill directed,	233
Sect. VIII. The firefide.	234
Sect. IX. Providence vindicated in the present state o	000
man,	236

62	K of	••		Page.
燙	ect. x. Selfishness reproved,			237
gen erz	Ject. XI. Human frailty,	•		238
	Sect. XII. Ode to peace,	•	\$.	239
	Sect. XIII. Ode to adverfity,	A		240
1.	Sect. xiv. The creation required to	to praise i	ts Author,	241
	Sect. xv. The universal prayer,	-		245
	Sect. xvi. Confcience,			245
	Sect. xvii. On an infant,	,		ib.
	Sect. xvIII. The cuckoo,			246
	Sect. XIX. Day. A pastoral in three	ee parts,		24
	Sect. xx. The order of nature,	,		2 50
	Sect. xxi. Hymn composed during	g ficknefs	•	251
	Sect. XXII. Hymn, on a review of	the feafor	ns,	¥ 52



